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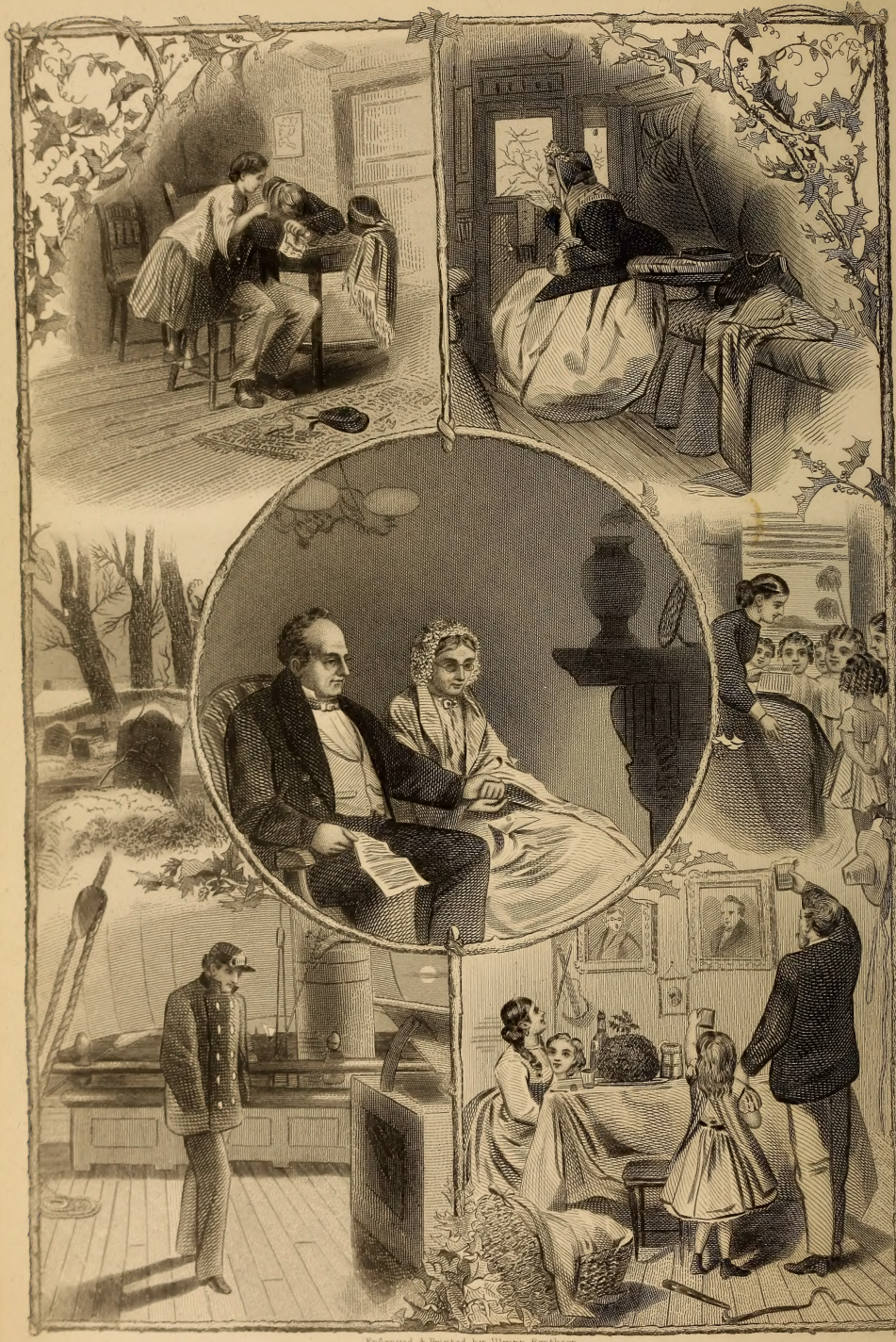

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LIFE.

A TRUE LIFE;

OR, THE

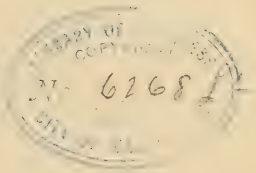
HIGHWAY TO FORTUNE,

HAPPINESS AND HEAVEN.

BY

JEROME PAINE BATES, A. M.

ILLUSTRATED.



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PREFACE.

To the first question which will naturally arise as to the object of the present volume, we answer, the peculiar features and excellence, of this book are to be found in the following specifications:

1. A harmonious combination of subjects and themes never before inclosed within a single volume. While separate and detached portions of this book may be found elsewhere, the volume, as a whole, is not to be duplicated in the literary realm.

2. Its adaptation to all classes of people. Fortune, Happiness and Heaven constitute the three principal objects of life. There is, therefore, hardly any person, no matter what may be his or her age, avocation, or condition, but can find in this book something which will please, instruct, and benefit.

3. The wide range and fundamental nature of the topics treated. Only by a thorough and careful perusal of the book, can it be learned what an immense territory of thought, feeling, sentiment, and doctrine, has therein been traversed.

Now, whether we have succeeded in accomplishing our design, we will leave our readers to judge. The author has freely emptied into this book the contents of his own thought, experience, and observation, and has as freely drawn from the thought and experience of others, more gifted than himself,

whenever his object was to be advanced by so doing. Particularly in the preparation of Part First, the author acknowledges his indebtedness to the previous efforts of Professor Mathews, Mr. Smiles and other gleaners in the same field. Before he undertook the work, as well as while engaged in its preparation, his deepest thought and motive in reference to its prosecution was a strong desire to do good by scattering broadcast such seeds of truth and fact as would be found in the final harvest-day to have borne fruit into life—business life—social life—religious life. The author cherishes the warmest and strongest sympathy with all young hearts and earnest lives, and fervently hopes that the words herein found will be as a spirit-guide to lead eager footsteps along the world's highway to Fortune, Happiness and Heaven.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. THE HIGHWAY TO FORTUNE OR SUCCESS IN BUSINESS LIFE.

PART II. THE HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS IN SOCIAL AND FAMILY LIFE.

PART III. THE HEAVENLY HIGHWAY TO ETERNAL LIFE.

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PART I.

Success in Business Life.

"Years ago, a penniless boy on a journey paid for a meal by doing a job of work. Afterward he came to be the possessor of millions which he bestowed with a lavish hand upon works of charity and philanthropy. Thus fortune honored him, and he honored fortune. And when he died, the ships of two nations carried the remains of George Peabody to his native shores."

"It is lesson after lesson with the scholar, blow after blow with the laborer, crop after crop with the farmer, picture after picture with the painter, and mile after mile with the traveler, that secures what all so much desire—success."

No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application.

A. T. Stewart.

I have always had these two things before me: Do what you undertake thoroughly. Be faithful in all accepted trusts.

Nicholas Longworth.

PART I.

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

The Purpose Stated.

Our souls whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving with the restless spheres,
Wills us to wear ourselves and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all.

Christopher Marlowe.

IN the palmy days of Roman glory, before railroads were known or even thought of, when the Eternal City "sat upon her seven hills and from that throne of beauty ruled the world," there were constructed imperial and military highways or roads leading from Rome to the most distant provinces of the Empire. Parts of these highways after the lapse of more than 2,000 years, are still seen in a comfortable state of preservation—so solidly were they built. These roads became very useful; in fact, without them the vast empire could hardly have been held together. Over them the victorious legions passed rapidly from one point to another to quell revolts or make new conquests. They were, as far as possible, built

straight and level, smooth and wide. On them, many soldiers could march abreast. Hills were cut down and valleys filled up, ravines were bridged and swamps embanked. Enormous were the sums of money expended upon them, and prodigious the amount of labor bestowed; and they are universally regarded the most useful, as they are the most lasting, of all Rome's public works.

To a spectator it must have been a most inspiring sight to have seen the Roman cohorts marching solidly and grandly over one of those paved highways on their way to a distant province. The superb discipline manifested in their every movement, the bright eagles on their banners flashing in the sunlight, the stern visages of the warriors themselves, the bows and shields and spears, the equipages and retinue of the commanding officers, and the heavy, lumbering catapults (machines for throwing stones and darts) and battering rams bringing up the rear, were enough to quicken the blood in the veins of any man, even though he had lived in our famous 19th century. Sometimes royal personages with official splendor passed over these highways, either in conjunction with the army or without it, and hence they were truthfully styled *Imperial* highways. They were still more imperial, however, on account of the scientific and durable manner in which they were built, and the right royal and noble purposes which they subserved.

In like manner, there is an imperial highway (as we shall endeavor to show) to Fortune, Happiness and Heaven; but like those which existed in olden time, it is not found ready-made. On the other hand, it must be built and perfected, as those were, at some expense of time and toil. And it is the object of this volume to tell you how to build it, and what materials to use. Such imperial highways have been built all along through the ages from the very beginning of time. Noble, brave, heroic men and women have lived who have resolved to carve out for themselves through opposing hills of difficulty, and valleys of poverty and quagmires of discouragement, a straight, level, and solid road to success, usefulness

and final felicity; and they have done it. It cost them years of patient labor and persevering courage; it tried their souls sometimes pretty severely; but yet, in spite of all drawbacks, *the highway was built.*

Now and then some rich man's son, or some persons with kind and influential friends, are set down upon such a highway which was bequeathed to them. They were unfortunate enough to inherit a road to wealth and happiness which had been constructed by the lifetime toils and sacrifices of over-fond parents or deceased relatives, and they have stepped right out upon such a highway without being compelled to spend an hour in the process of building. But with what result, in the majority of cases? Why, the foolish fellows or silly girls not knowing what the road cost, or what it was actually worth to them, have soon tired of the monotony of walking along a highway which they did not themselves build, and have wandered off into by-ways and wild paths, and at length have found themselves lost in the tangled undergrowth of some forest of ignorance, or sunk in the depths of some swamp of dissipation, and were never able to get back to the solid roadway again. Thousands of them have died, poor, miserable and wretched, because they did not first build up their own highway and so know what it was worth to them. Young man, don't covet riches until you know by experience how riches are gained. Ready-made highways to fortune and happiness, in too many cases, lead only to disaster and the devil. Better build your own road and then walk upon it with firm and even step. As James Russell Lowell sings:

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold,
And he inherits (bah!) soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares he wear a garment old.
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble-shares;

Then, soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit!
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O poor man's son, scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine.
Toil only gives the soul to shine
And makes rest fragrant and benign.

We lay it down as one of the fundamental facts of life that every man can be something and do something worthy of himself and his opportunities, if in the first place he knows how to go to work, and then keeps at it until he accomplishes his chosen object. The poet Longfellow has well said that "the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you *can* do well, without a thought of fame." That is, by working conscientiously and faithfully without trying to make a big "splurge" over it, or attempting to "show off" too much, every man or woman can, in his or her sphere, be successful and fulfill life's great mission. This is not saying that all persons are equally endowed with mental gifts, or that every man is a natural genius and only needs suitable opportunity to become the peer of the really great and good who, in all ages, have largely guided the current of thought and activity in the times when they lived, and who have left their indelible impress upon the pages of human history. There are, without doubt, real and specific differences in the minds and hearts of men, as there are real and visible differences in their physical constitutions and bodily powers. Some men are made up on scant and small patterns; others are simply medium or mediocre in ability; while others still are large and heroic by nature; but as every man is made in the "image of God," so he can, by the proper cultivation and training of his powers and by the diligent use of all the means within his reach, be

a truly fortunate or successful man in his business life, in his family and social life, and in his moral and religious life. Does the reader remember that old, familiar, yet immortal poem by Longfellow, entitled "The Psalm of Life?" Its easy, flowing numbers and strong, pertinent truthfulness stir the thoughtful soul like the clarion call of a trumpet. Let me quote a few verses here.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But *to act* that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
Be a Hero in the strife!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make *our* lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time."

There can be no truer utterance than this: "What a man *does* is the real test of what a man *is*." Among the different kinds of ability which different men possess, the kind which all men respect and most men rank as highest in the scale of their estimation, is that which enables its possessor to do what he undertakes, and attain the object of his ambition or desire. Human ability in general can be classified under distinctive heads, and is commonly called by distinctive names. For example, there is the speculative or philosophical cast of intellect; the ability to think long and connectedly upon abstract truth or propositions; the ability to investigate and discuss intelligently the higher range of questions and topics in physical, mental and moral science. Then there is the poetical talent; the power to see visions of beauty and phases of truth in the

scenes and events of ordinary life, and the power to express these in easy, flowing and melodious rhyme. Then there is the executive talent; the power to manage well, large and critical enterprises; the power of handling men and facts; the power to carry a scheme or purpose into immediate and telling effect; the power to "run things" generally and make them "go." Then again there is the ingenious, inventive talent; the capacity for making discoveries in science, mechanics, and the useful arts; the power which makes a man fertile in expedients and leads him to contrive all sorts of objects for ornament or use, or for both combined. Then there is the ability to write, which authors and editors are supposed to have; the ability to sing, play and compose, which is the peculiar characteristic of musicians; the ability to imitate and personify which belongs especially to actors; together with a hundred other kinds which we will not now attempt to enumerate. But after all, the ability to succeed in life, or as another has happily expressed it, the talent to "get on in the world," is something superior to all these if a man can have but one kind; because it is infinitely more practical and useful.

A striking and shining example of this ability of which we are speaking and which it is the avowed object of this book to stimulate, is seen in the life and wonderful career of the man who has already filled a place in American history second only to that of Washington himself, and who has recently been honored at home and abroad as no other American ever was since the nation achieved its independence. We allude to General and Ex-President Grant. A more ordinary looking and appearing man never before occupied such a foremost place in the world's thought. He exhibits in his features and manner not the least sign of genius, or rather, as Senator Dick Yates of Illinois once faithfully remarked of him, "his genius is neither ostentatious or dramatic, but it is the *genius of accomplishment.* When his work is done, there it is, done; and there is the man, except for the work, ordinary as before."

As is well known, Grant's early career was as checkered, and at times as unpromising, as any person's could be. He has

not always been where he is now, on the topmost round of the ladder of fame, but has known what it was to be down at the foot of the dizzy steep up which he has so successfully climbed. As a boy at home, he was distinguished for nothing save fearlessness, slowness of comprehension, and a certain invincible pertinacity of will. At West Point, he occupied only a medium position in his class, and gave little promise of his subsequent eminence. As a Captain, in the war with Mexico he did nothing extraordinary. In Oregon, with his regiment after the war closed, he became positively dissipated and was compelled by the War Department to resign therefor. When he landed in New York on his way home, he had not a single dollar in his pocket and was forced to borrow. On his farm near St. Louis, he had hard work to support himself and family. As a business man, subsequently, he was not a success. But when the Civil War broke out, every power in his nature came into play, and he went quietly to his work, doing that which first came to hand, and never complaining of any want of appreciation on the part of the public. How he rose from one position to another, until he held the very destiny of the Nation in his hand; how well he discharged the responsibilities which the people, through their representatives, put upon him; how he brought the war to a triumphant close, was chosen President, re-elected, and is now considered the best living specimen of an American hero by all the crowned heads of Europe who vie with each other in doing him honor, is too fresh in our thought and memory to need recapitulation.

But General Grant with all his honors thick upon him is nothing more than a good, common-sense man, with a level head, a patient, plodding mind, a true heart and a heroic, fearless, persistent purpose and will. He never tries to do anything which he does not know how to do, and when he begins a work he proposes to himself to stick to it until he accomplishes his object, "if it takes all summer." In a word, he has patiently built for himself, and now walks with firm and even step upon an imperial highway to fortune, fame and earthly happiness.

Similar in nature to the career just outlined is that of Sir Francis Horner, the eminent Scotchman. Lord Cockburn in his "Memorials" of this man says: "The light in which his history is calculated to inspire every right-minded youth, is this: he died at the age of thirty-eight, possessed of greater public influence than any other private man, and admired, beloved, trusted, and deplored by all except the heartless or the base. No greater homage was ever paid in Parliament to any deceased member. Now let every young man ask, How was this attained? By rank? He was the son of an Edinburgh merchant. By wealth? Neither he nor any of his relatives ever had a superfluous sixpence. By office? He held but one, and only for a few years, of no influence, and with very little pay. By talents? His were not splendid, and he had no genius; cautious and slow, his only ambition was to be right. By eloquence? He spoke in calm, good taste, without any of the oratory that either terrifies or seduces. By any fascination of manner? His was only correct and agreeable. By what, then, was it? Merely by sense, industry, good principles, and a good heart,—qualities which no well-constituted mind need ever despair of attaining. It was the force of his character that raised him, and this character not impressed upon him by nature, but formed out of no peculiarly fine elements by himself. Horner was born to show what moderate powers, unaided by anything whatever except culture and goodness, may achieve, even when these powers are displayed amidst the competition and jealousy of public life."

Some men are always saying: "If and if this and that thing were not as it is, or if I had lived in other days it would have been different with me." But such kind of reasoning and murmuring never yet built an imperial highway to success in any undertaking or enterprise. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu used to say, "If you wish to succeed, you must do as you would to get in at a door through a crowd. Hold your ground and push hard. To merely stand still is to give up your chance and hope." No man has any right to ask himself whether he is a genius or not; what he has to do is to go to

work quietly and steadily, and if he has but moderate abilities, industry will at least partly supply their deficiency. What most men want is not talent, but purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. Said good old Richard Sharp, "After many years of thoughtful experience I can truly say, that nearly all those who began life with me have succeeded or failed as they deserved." The wants of society raise thousands to distinction who are not possessed of uncommon endowments. The *utility* of actions to mankind is the standard by which they are measured, and not the intellectual supremacy which is established by their performance.

CHAPTER II.

The Power of Circumstances.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and miseries.

SHAKESPERE.

THERE is hardly any quotation in literature, or any current sentiment in the mind, which is oftener dwelt upon secretly, or more frequently paraded upon paper, than the one expressed above. There are hundreds of men who are always talking about good and bad luck, and who seem to think that some mysterious and invisible Fate is ordering the course of their lives and bestowing success or failure as its caprice or fancy may at the time decide. It will be well, therefore, at the outset to examine this question a little, and see, if we can, how much of truth there is involved in it, and how much of error.

That circumstances have a good deal to do in determining the course and current of human life, no thoughtful person will deny; for his own experience, to say nothing of observation and historical research, would immediately convict him of falsehood if he should deny it. "There is a divinity (or something else) which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." But even Shakespere's thought here is not that this divinity, or this something else, invariably dictates just what a man shall be or shall do, but rather that this divinity is so kind, merciful and fatherly in his feelings toward the race, as well as in his government over it, that he comes into life's workshop where man is building up an eternal character and destiny, and graciously smooths, polishes and

rounds off what man in his ignorance and feebleness leaves in a rough-hewn state. In other words, he so fixes up the results of human life for men, that they are in a much better shape and condition than they would be but for his kindly interference and assistance.

But there is no absolute dictation or iron-bound fatality in all this—rather the opposite. While, therefore, we would not ignore the existence of a great Superintending Power in the universe, in whose hands and under whose control are all things in heaven and on earth; while we willingly recognize the existence of some circumstances over which man has no jurisdiction; still there is nothing in these two facts which in any way hinders man from being successful and happy if he observes well the laws of his being and the great laws which govern and control the movements of ordinary life, commercial activity, and historic development. We are not mere living and breathing human machines, by any means; but on the contrary, we are free and responsible agents gifted with the power of choice, capable of discovering right from wrong, and with full and complete liberty to do what we will,and be what we can.

Dr. Mathews has well said that "there is hardly any word in the whole human vocabulary which is more cruelly abused than the word 'luck.' To all the faults and failures of men, their positive sins and their less culpable short comings, it is made to stand a godfather and sponsor. Go talk with the bankrupt man of business, who has swamped his fortune by wild speculation, extravagance of living or lack of energy, and you will find that he vindicates his wonderful self-love by confounding the steps which he took indiscreetly with those to which he was forced by 'circumstances,' and complacently regarding himself as the victim of ill-luck. Go visit the incarcerated criminal, who has imbrued his hands in the blood of his fellow-man, or who is guilty of less heinous crimes, and you will find that, joining the temptations which were easy to avoid with those which were comparatively irresistible, he has hurriedly patched up a treaty with conscience, and stifles its

compunctious visitings by persuading himself that, from first to last, he was the victim of circumstances. Go talk with the mediocre in talents and attainments, the weak-spirited man who, from lack of energy and application, has made but little headway in the world, being outstripped in the race of life by those whom he had despised as his inferiors, and you will find that he, too, acknowledges the all-potent power of luck, and soothes his humbled pride by deeming himself the victim of ill-fortune. In short, from the most venial offence to the most flagrant, there is hardly any wrong act or neglect to which this too fatally convenient word is not applied as a palliation."

And yet it is singular how many men have professed to believe in this foolish idea of luck or chance. "Beau Brummell," as he was familiarly known, (real name, George Bryan Brummell,) had what he called a lucky sixpence, which he always carried in his pocket. Like all other fashionable men of his day, (1812-20) he was addicted to gaming, and with this lucky sixpence about him he is said to have won 40,000 pounds in the clubs of London and Newmarket. Afterwards, he lost his sixpence and with it his "luck," as he was pleased to term it, was beaten out of his fortune, ran away to Calais in France, where he dragged out a miserable existence, and finally died in Caen, in beggary and imbecility. But for what, pray, was Beau Brummell distinguished? Simply for the fastidiousness of his dress. He aspired to be the best-dressed gentleman in England, and won his greatest victories tying his cravats. Is he very good authority on this subject? Cardinal Mazarin, the successor of Richelieu under Louis XIII, and the original Rothschild, seem also to have been wedded to this idea, while the ancient Greeks and Romans fully accepted the theory and called the mysterious governing power, Destiny. "Some people," says Pliny, "refer their successes to virtue and ability; but it is all fate." The great Alexander depended much upon luck. Cicero speaks of it in connection with the Roman Emperors and Generals as a settled thing. Cæsar was carried away with the idea, and once when crossing the sea in a storm,

he pompously told the frightened pilot, "You carry Cæsar and his good fortune." Napoleon, the Cæsar of modern times, was always talking about his "star." Marlborough, one of England's greatest generals, had some similar notions about destiny, and so did Cromwell and Lord Nelson. But Wellington, the "Iron Duke," as he was called, though he never lost a battle, never spoke of luck or destiny, but always carefully guarded himself against all possible accidents.

About all of solid truth there is in the idea of "chance" is this: Circumstances do combine sometimes to give men very favorable *opportunities* for improving their condition, as well as for grasping rare and precious prizes in life. These happy combinations of circumstances are apparently fortuitous, but, on the other hand, they *may* be the result of regular and established forces whose operations are entirely hidden from human vision; and this, doubtless, is the idea that Shakespere intended to convey in the famous quotation which opens this chapter. "There is a tide," he says, "in the affairs of men, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fame and fortune;" but who controlled this tide, or by what laws its ebbings and flowing were regulated, he does not pretend to state. And with good reason; for he did not know. Neither does any one. The utmost which can be said about the matter is, that circumstances will, and do combine to help men at some periods of their lives, and combine to thwart them at others. This much we freely admit; but there is no fatality in these combinations, neither any such thing as "luck" or "chance," as commonly understood. They come and go like all other opportunities and occasions in life, and if they are seized upon and made the most of, the man whom they benefit is fortunate; but if they are neglected and allowed to pass by unimproved, he is unfortunate.

There are also such things as "happy accidents," although the difference between this term and the one already used is not very great. For example, we read of a man who, worn out by painful disorder, attempted suicide, and was cured by opening an internal abscess; of a Persian, condemned to lose

his tongue, on whom the operation was so bunglingly performed that it merely removed an impediment in his speech; of a painter who produced an effect he had long toiled after in vain, by throwing his brush at the picture in a fit of rage and despair; of a musical composer, who, having exhausted his patience in attempts to imitate on the piano a storm at sea, accomplished the precise result by angrily extending his hands to the two extremities of the keys, and bringing them rapidly together. We also read of Mahomet, who, flying from his enemies, was saved by a spider's web; of a Whig Ministry, which was hurled from power in England by the spilling of some water on a lady's gown; of our own Franklin, who always ascribed his turn of thought and conduct through life to the finding of a tattered copy of Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good;" of Jeremy Bentham, who attributed similar effects to the single phrase, "The greatest good of the greatest number," which caught his eye at the end of a pamphlet.

But again, there are as many bad accidents as good ones, and they come and go just as mysteriously; so nothing definite can be determined concerning the causes of either good or bad. One man sucks an orange and is choked by the pit, and another swallows a penknife and recovers. One man runs a small thorn into his hand and dies in spite of the utmost efforts of medical skill, and another runs the shaft of a gig completely through his body and lives. The Scottish hero, Bruce, after passing through a series of perils greater than any ever conceived by the most daring romance-writer, dies from a fall in handing a lady down stairs after dinner. The African explorer, Speke, after escaping innumerable dangers in penetrating to the sources of the Nile, accidently shoots himself at his home in England.

A writer in the Dublin University Magazine gives the following facts concerning the poetical immortality of Sir John Moore which have a bearing on this subject. He says: "Moore had fought as other generals had, with alternate success and reverse, but on the whole had just been able to keep his head above water before the advancing army of Soult.

On the walls of Corunna he met his fate, and might have lain there, as hundreds of others did, in an unrecorded grave, to this and to all future ages, had not an ordinary Irish parson, from a remote country parish, and from amid common prosaic pursuits, caught a glance, in his imagination, of the lifeless warrior, as he was hurried to a hasty grave, in the silence of the night, within the sound of the advancing enemy's guns. The look was enough,—the picture was taken, with its full significance of pathos, into the heart of the poet; and, when it reappeared, it was found to have been incrusted with amber, thereafter nevermore to pass away. It is true, little ceremony was observed at that burial,—

'Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note;'

but the lyre was struck, and the echoes went forth to the ends of the earth; and so John Moore passed, by the narrow channel of those few hasty and careless stanzas, from the shores of oblivion, where he would have wandered till doomsday with thousands of unrecorded comrades, to those same Isles of the Blest, wherein, as we have already observed, the favorite heroes of all ages have pitched their tents and exalted their standard."

So far then from the power of circumstances being a hindrance to men in trying to build for themselves an imperial highway to fortune, these circumstances constitute the very quarry out of which they are to get paving stones for the road. They are, changing the figure, the rounds in Fortune's ladder. They give men opportunities and occasions to do something. The successful man is not he who sits down and idly folds his arms saying, it is of no use; but rather he who takes advantage of circumstances when they are propitious, and endeavors to overcome them when adverse. "'Tis not in our stars, dear Brutus, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." Luck is a mere bugbear for the idle, the languid, and the indifferent. Here are two boys for example in the same home, with the same parents and the same opportunities and means; one grows up and uses his circumstances as stepping-stones to for-

tune, the other becomes reckless and dissipated and worthless. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong; but by the *right application* of swiftness and strength to the object in view, most any one can achieve success. For the world in general is won by doing the right thing, in the right way, and at the right time. Says Wendell Phillips: "Common sense bows to the inevitable and makes use of it"—as a skillful mariner uses the trade-wind. "It does not ask an impossible chess-board, but takes the one before it, and plays the best game"—possible under existing combinations.

> "Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
> And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
> And breasts the blows of circumstance,
> And grapples with his evil star,"

is, in nine cases out of ten, the fortunate or successful man. Every man is placed more or less under the influence of events, and the influence of other men, and it is for himself to decide whether he will rule, or be ruled by them. Those whom the world calls "lucky fellows" will be found in the majority of cases, to be keen-sighted men who have surveyed the world with a scrutinizing eye, and who, to clear and exact ideas of what is necessary to be done, unite the skill necessary to execute their well-approved plans.

As another has said: "In the life of the most unlucky person there are always some occasions when, by prompt and vigorous action, he may win the things he has at heart. Raleigh flung his laced jacket into a puddle, and won a proud queen's favor. A village apothecary chanced to visit the state apartments at the Pavilion, when George the Fourth was seized with a fit. He bled him, brought him back to consciousness, and, by his genial and quaint humor, made the king laugh. The monarch took a fancy to him, made him his physician, and made his fortune. Probably no man ever lives to middle age to whom two or three such opportunities do not present themselves. 'There is nobody,' says a Roman cardinal, 'whom Fortune does not visit once in his life; but when she finds he is not ready to receive her, she goes in at the door, and

out through the window.' Opportunity is coy. The careless, the slow, the unobservant, the lazy, fail to see it, or clutch at it when it has gone. The sharp fellows detect it instantly, and catch it when on the wing."

Fortune has usually been represented as a *blind* goddess. Rare Old Ben Jonson wrote many years ago that

> All human business fortune doth command
> Without any order; and with her blind hand
> She, blind, bestows blind gifts.

But he was speaking with poetic license just then, and told a practical untruth, although he only expressed a popular idea. Equally untrue is the following heathenish conception:

> "On high, where no hoarse winds or clouds resort,
> The hood-winked goddess keeps her partial court,
> Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits,
> Gives and resumes, smiles and frowns."

Let us away with all such crude notions—they are unworthy the intelligence and enlightenment of our nineteenth century. Robert Burns had better sense when he wrote,

> To catch dame fortune's golden smile,
> Assiduous wait upon her.

Fortune, luck, chance—whatever you call it—is nothing more or less than a happy or fortunate combination of circumstances; and circumstances arise partly from the operation of invisible but regular and established forces in nature and in God, and partly from the activity of strong minds and wills in brave, heroic souls. Consequently, they can be used to advantage or allowed to crush one, just as the person himself decides.

> "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
> Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
> Gives us free scope; and only backward pulls
> Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."
>
> Walk
> Boldly and wisely in that light thou hast;
> There is a hand above will help thee on.
> BAILEY'S FESTUS.

CHAPTER III.

The Right Vocation.

Brutes find out where their talents lie;
A bear will not attempt to fly,
A foundered horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barred gate.
A dog by instinct turns aside
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats nature;
Who, when she loudly cries—forbear!
With obstinacy fixes there;
And where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Dean Swift.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

Pope.

ANY years ago, P. T. Barnum, the great showman, went through the country delivering a lecture on "Success in Life, or How to Make Money." There were many very funny sayings and anecdotes in the lecture, furnishing abundant material for laughter and enjoyment, and also many good, sober, useful remarks and observations. Among the latter were two points worthy of special emphasis, since they may be justly considered as lying at the foundation of this subject, and also at the foundation of the imperial highway to fortune in business life. The two most important things for a young man just starting out in life to determine, said the lecturer, are *vocation* and *location*, or what shall he turn his hand to, and where shall he settle? This chapter will be devoted to the consideration of the first of these topics, and the following one to the second.

Concerning the calling or occupation which a young man should choose as his life-work, we urge first that the question should engage his most serious thought and earnest study before coming to any decision. A mistake here may prove fatal through life, and no man can afford to throw away his time and energies recklessly. At the very best we have only one life to live on earth, and that one is not very long at the longest. There is many a man who has made perfect shipwreck of himself and his prospects, by rushing hastily and ill-advisedly into some business or profession for which he was in no wise adapted, and then not finding out his mistake until so many years of his life had passed away in experimenting, that it became too late to change callings to advantage. A man's only alternative in such a case is to continue on as he begun and make the best of his choice, or throw up his calling and try again with the feeling that he starts in his new line of work ten or fifteen years behind others in his class. Either horn of this dilemma will be sure to gore the mind and feelings of the one choosing it, and leave behind a perpetually sore spot in his memory and consciousness. Therefore we repeat the remark, that this question should be well considered by all concerned, by young men, their parents and friends, before any decision is made.

The primal inquiry must so look in the direction of the person's capacities and inclination as to discover, if possible, for what he is best adapted. Says Sidney Smith, the famous English critic and wit, "Be what nature intended you for and you will succeed; but be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing." And still earlier than Sidney Smith, good old Roger Ascham, who was the preceptor of Queen Elizabeth, and one of the first writers on education in the English language (living about 1540) said upon this subject, "The ignorance in men who know not for what time and to what thing they be fit, causeth some to wish themselves rich for whom it were better a great deal to be poor; some to desire to be in the court, which be born and be fitter rather for the cart; some to be masters and rule others, who never

yet began to rule themselves; some to teach, which rather should learn; some to be priests, which were fitter to be clerks."

Again, Dr. Mathews has well observed that "to no other cause, perhaps, is failure in life so frequently to be traced as to a mistaken calling. A youth who might become a first-rate mechanic chances to have been born of ambitious parents, who think it more honorable for their son to handle the lancet than the chisel, and so would make him a doctor. Accordingly he is sent to college, pitchforked through a course of Latin and Greek, attends lectures, crams for an examination, gets a diploma, and, with 'all his blushing honors thick upon his vacant head,' settles down to pour, as Voltaire said, drugs of which he knows little into bodies of which he knows less,—till his incapacity is discovered, when he starves. In another case, a boy is forced by unwise parents to measure tape and calico, when nature shows by his intellectual acumen,—by his skill in hair-splitting, his adroitness at parry and thrust, his fertility of resources in every exigency, and a score of other signs,—that she designed him for the bar or the forum."

Many a man has gone into business possessing no business brains. But as no sensible father would try to make a musician of his son unless he had a natural ear for music, so no sensible father will put his son into business unless he discover in him some natural aptness for trade. Again, the idea that no man can be really respectable or honorable among men without going into one of the three learned professions, as they are called, namely, Law, Medicine and Divinity, is one of the most false, mischievous notions which ever obtained a lodgment in the popular mind. This idea "has spoiled many a good carpenter, done injustice to the sledge and the anvil, cheated the goose and the shears out of their rights, and committed fraud on the corn and the potato field. Thousands have died of broken hearts in these professions,—thousands who might have been happy at the plough, or opulent behind the counter; thousands, dispirited and hopeless, look upon the healthful and independent calling of the farmer with envy

chagrin; and thousands more, by a worse fate still, are reduced to necessities which degrade them in their own estimation, and render the most brilliant success, but a wretched compensation for the humiliation with which it is accompanied."

To illustrate the truthfulness of the foregoing observations, the writer remembers the case of a boy whom he knew in early youth. The lad was born and reared in a sparsely-settled and rather out-of-the-way corner of a New England town. His parents were poor but sensible farming people, working hard to bring up a somewhat numerous family on a naturally rocky and somewhat sterile piece of land. The boy was a bright, active lad, easy to learn and with a very retentive memory. His advantages for learning, however, were nothing more than ordinary, and up to early manhood he had attended nothing higher than the common district school. But as he began to read and expand mentally, he tired of his lowly and humble surroundings, and panted for distinction and greatness in a larger sphere of life.

It was common in that part of the world and at that time, for the minister of the parish church to be looked upon as the highest in rank and ability of all the surrounding population. Moreover, the boy's mother was the daughter of a widely-known and justly-revered minister, whose visits to the boy's home, taken in connection with the general sentiment of the place and time, naturally turned his thoughts toward the ministerial calling. His mother, too, was very anxious that one of her sons should imitate her father's example, and follow in the same path of usefulness and honor. This little boy, whom we will call Jerry, had been selected by her almost from his birth as the one to be thus consecrated to the Lord. So, when at the age of eighteen, Jerry was converted, joined the parish church and began to exhort in the evening meetings, his own thoughts, as well as those of his mother and the parish priest, at once recurred to this pre-determined choice of a profession. The duty of entering the ministry was urged upon him with a force which he found very difficult to resist, accompanied, as it was, by a mother's appeals and pray-

ers, and a minister's solemn adjurations. Still Jerry hesitated; he did not really *want* to be a minister. In fact he had marked out in his own mind a career of a different sort.

From boyhood he had always loved composition, and to be able to write an article for a paper or a magazine was at that time the acme of his ambition. While working on the farm with his father, he went into the neighboring woods, set snares for wild game, sold it when caught, took the money and bought paper, pens and ink, built himself a rude, unplaned, and unpainted pine table in the old attic, and there went to work to write articles for the weekly paper which came regularly to his home. The first three articles sent were rejected, but the fourth one, much changed by the editor, was published. The joy of Jerry's heart on seeing his own composition in print, along with others from higher and more gifted minds, was greater than can well be described here. He inwardly resolved then and there that he would be an author if it was a possible thing, and to that project his whole heart was given. Still, urged on by his mother and the parish minister, whose exhortations and warnings were half reinforced by the misgivings and fears of his own mind, should he dare to refuse, he gave his consent to enter upon the sacred work, and posted off to school to prepare himself for it.

Years rolled by and the close of them found Jerry still halting between two opinions; endeavoring outwardly to conform to the requirements of his chosen profession, and wishing inwardly that he could follow out the bent of his nature. The struggle went on between these forces up to the day of his formal entrance upon his work; yea, more than this, went right on after that event just the same as before. And so Jerry lived and worked twelve years in a divided state of mind. Did he succeed in his profession? It is almost superfluous to inquire. By the strictest attention to his work, buoyed up by the hope of being able to rise in his profession after a while, he passed among others of his class as a man who had ability enough to succeed, but whose heart was not in sympathy with the duties and sacrifices of his calling. The

best thing about Jerry's ministerial life was his sermons. While writing these in his study alone, he could easily imagine himself composing moral treatises or writing articles for some religious periodical, and so was able to enter into their construction with enthusiasm and delight. Neither did he object to the public delivery of his discourses, but the rest of his work was performed more or less professionally and reluctantly.

Finally, after these twelve years of varying experience, Jerry resolved to live such a divided life no longer. It cost him a terrible struggle to come to this conclusion, but he found the old, inward love of his heart daily growing stronger, and the outward professional service daily becoming correspondingly feeble and unsatisfactory; and so there was no other alternative. But the next question was what should he do, after the change was made? He realized he was throwing away the results of all his years of preparation and experience. He had reached the age of 40 and was pretty old to commence a new manner of life. His habits of thought and feeling by this time had become somewhat fixed. And now it would be necessary for him to break these all up, and commence anew. He also found it very much harder than he had expected to adapt himself to his new service and its conditions. The transition trial and struggle was fearful. For a time it seemed doubtful whether Jerry would go on to fame and fortune, or "go to the dogs" in despair. But, like the traveler in the fable, as the storm increased he drew his cloak of resolution more tightly about him and pressed on towards the distant goal. By and by the clouds began to break a little and the sun of prosperity came out on Jerry's lonely pathway. He had forded the stream running between the two vocations of life in which he had tried to walk, but he came within a step of being drowned in the passage.

Jerry still lives and is working away bravely to realize his early hope and dream, but he feels that he will always be a crippled man to what he might have been, had he been allowed to follow the bent of his nature from the beginning. Hence

we now urge upon parents the folly of trying to make children over into something for which they were never fitted by birth, endowments, or early training. Better far allow them to choose their own calling in life, after giving the matter proper attention and thought, than try to coerce them into vocations which they naturally and instinctively shun.

It often happens that this bent or leaning of a child's nature towards a certain calling or vocation, displays itself quite early in life. Thus Handel, the great musical composer, when a little boy, secretly bought a musical instrument, called a clavichord, hid it away in the attic, and at midnight used to go up there and play on it. The strings of the instrument were muffled with small bits of fine woolen cloth so that the softened sounds should not wake the sleeping inmates of the house. Another equally famous composer, Bach, used to copy whole books by moonlight when a candle had been meanly denied him. Benjamin West, the famous painter, began his career when a boy in the garret of his home, and made his brushes out of the long hairs of the old family cat. Michael Angelo, the Italian architect and painter, neglected school to copy drawings which he dared not bring home. Murillo, a Spanish artist, filled the margin of his school-book with drawings. Dryden, an English poet, read Polybius before he was ten years old. Le Brun, in childhood, drew with a piece of charcoal on the walls of the house. Alexander Pope wrote excellent verses at fourteen. Blaise Pascal, the celebrated French mathematician, composed at sixteen a tract on the Conic Sections. Lawrence painted beautifully when a mere boy. Madame de Stael was deep in the philosophy of politics at an age when other girls were dressing dolls. Lord Nelson had made up his mind to be a hero before he was old enough to be a midshipman; and Napoleon was already at the head of armies when pelting his comrades with snow-balls at the military school of Brienne.

Richard Wilson when a mere child indulged himself with tracing figures of men and animals on the walls of his father's house with a burnt stick. He first directed his attention to

SPRING IN THE COUNTRY.

portrait-painting, but when in Italy, calling one day at the house of Zucarelli and growing weary with waiting, he began painting the scene on which his friend's chamber-window looked. When Zucarelli arrived, he was so charmed with the picture that he asked if Wilson had not studied landscape, to which he replied that he had not. "Then, I advise you," said the other, "to try; for you are sure of great success." Wilson adopted the advice, studied and worked hard, and became a great English landscape-painter. Sir Joshua Reynolds, when a boy, forgot his lessons, and took pleasure only in drawing, for which his father was accustomed to rebuke him. The boy was destined for the profession of physic, but his strong instinct for art could not be repressed, and he became a painter. Gainsborough went sketching, when a school-boy, in the woods of Sudbury, and at twelve he was a confirmed artist; he was a keen observer and a hard worker,—no picturesque feature of any scene he had once looked upon, escaping his diligent pencil. William Blake, a hosier's son, employed himself in drawing designs on the backs of his father's shopbills and making sketches on the counter. Edward Bird, when a child only three or four years old, would mount a chair and draw figures on the walls, which he called French and English soldiers. A box of colors was purchased for him, and his father, desirous of turning his love of art to account, put him apprentice to a maker of tea-trays! Out of this trade he gradually raised himself by study and labor, to the rank of a Royal Academician.

Hogarth, though a very dull boy at his lessons, took pleasure in making drawings of the letters of the alphabet, and his school exercises were more remarkable for the ornaments with which he embellished them, than for the matter of the exercises themselves. Mulready when a boy went to the house of the sculptor Banks, but the servant, angry at the loud knock he had given, scolded him, and was about sending him away, when Banks overhearing her, himself went out. The little boy stood at the door with some drawings in his hand. "What do you want with me?" asked the sculptor. "I want, sir, if

you please, to be admitted to draw at the Academy." Banks explained that he himself could not procure his admission, but he asked to look at the boy's drawings. Examining them, he said, "Time enough for the Academy, my little man! go home,—mind your schooling,—try to make a better drawing of the Apollo,—and in a month come again and let me see it." The boy went home,—sketched and worked with redoubled diligence,—and, at the end of the month, called again on the sculptor. The drawing was better, but again Banks sent him back, with good advice, to work and study. In a week the boy was again at his door with drawing much improved. Banks now bid him be of good cheer, for if he continued to improve thus, he would be sure to distinguish himself; which prophecy was afterward amply fulfilled.

Faraday, the noted scientist, made his first electrical machine out of a bottle, while Lord Bacon, at the age of sixteen, had successfully pointed out the errors of Aristotle's philosophy. John Smeaton, the builder of the Eddystone lighthouse, on the English coast, when in petticoats was discovered on the top of his father's barn fixing up the model of a windmill which he had constructed. M. Carnot who, during the Napoleonic wars, could direct the movements of fourteen armies at one and the same time, went to a theater when a boy, and seeing some poor military tactics on the stage, instinctively cried out his disapprobation at the players.

Sometimes little circumstances wake up the right idea in a boy or man. Thus George Law, the steamboat king and millionaire, found in an old, stray volume the story of a farmer's son who went away to seek his fortune, and came home rich; whereupon George himself set out and beat the achievements of the boy in the story all out of sight. It is said of the great philanthropist, Thomas Clarkson, that when he was a competitor for the prize essay at Cambridge, he had never thought upon the subject to be handled, which was, "May one man lawfully enslave another?" Chancing one day to pick up in a friend's house a newspaper, advertising a History of Guinea, he hastened to London, bought the work, and there found a

picture of cruelties that filled his soul with horror. "Coming one day in sight of Wade's mill in Hertfordshire," he says, "I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the roadside, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that, if the contents of this essay were true, *it was time that some person should see those calamities to their end.*"

Sometimes also a youth is put at one calling and fails, and then tries another and succeeds. But this must always be done in early life. To change vocations after many years have gone by, is more or less dangerous, as has been shown. It is said that the father of John Adams the second President of the United States tried to make a shoemaker of his son, and accordingly gave him one day some uppers to cut out by a pattern that had a three-cornered hole in it, by which it had hung upon a nail. John went to work and followed the pattern exactly, three-cornered hole and all! In Macmillan's Magazine there is an incident of a similar nature. A young man, whose bluntness was such that every effort to turn him to account in a linen-drapery establishment was found unavailing, received from his employer the customary note that he would not suit, and must go. "But I'm good for something," said the poor fellow, unwilling to be turned out into the street. "You are good for nothing as a salesman," said the principal, regarding him from his selfish point of view. "I am sure I can be useful," repeated the young man. "How? tell me how." "I don't know, sir; I don't know." "Nor do I." And the principal laughed as he saw the eagerness of the lad displayed. "Only don't put me away, sir; don't put me away. Try me at something besides selling. I cannot sell, I know I cannot sell." "I know that, too; that is what is wrong." "But I can make myself useful somehow; I know I can." The blunt boy, who could not be turned into a salesman, and whose manner was so little captivating that he was nearly sent about his business, was accordingly tried at something else. He was placed in the counting-house, where his aptitude for figures soon showed itself, and in a few years he became not only chief cashier in the concern, but eminent as an accountant throughout the country.

The only remaining point in this connection to be considered is this: after choosing a vocation in life deliberately and thoughtfully, it will be better, as a general rule, to stick to it than to change. Each man will have to determine for himself whether his case furnishes an exception to the rule. If it does, then it will be best to change; but he ought to be sure he is right, before he goes ahead. A late writer on this point has forcibly said: "In hours of despondency, or when smarting under some disappointment, a young man is apt to fancy that in some other calling he would have been more successful. It is so easy, while regarding it at a distance, to look at its bright side only, shutting the eyes at what is ugly and disagreeable, —it is so easy to dream of the resolution and tenacity of purpose with which he would follow it, and to mount up in imagination to its most dazzling honors, and clutch them in defiance of every rival,—that it is not strange that men abandon their professions for others for which they are less fitted. But when we reflect that the *man* remains the same, whatever his calling, —that a mere change of his position can make no radical change of his mind, either by adding to its strength or diminishing its weakness,—we shall conclude that in many cases what he is in one calling, that he would be, substantially, in any other, and that he will gain nothing by the exchange."

It makes little difference what vocation a man follows, if honorable and legitimate, so far as his success is concerned, if he really likes it and finds himself adapted to it. All callings are alike honorable, if pursued with an honorable spirit; it is the *heart* only which degrades, the intention carried into the work, and not the work itself. The most despised calling may be made honorable by the honor of its professors; a blacksmith may be a man of polished manners, and a millionaire a clown; a shoemaker may put genius and taste into his work, while a lawyer may only cobble. Better be a first-class bootblack, than a miserable, starving lawyer or doctor. The day has long gone by when a man needed to hang down his head because of the humbleness of his vocation, if it is useful. Lord Townsend, who introduced the culture of the turnip into

England, was nicknamed "Turnip Townsend" by the wits of a licentious court; but there are few persons to-day who would not admit that he did more for his country thereby than was done by all the popinjays that have spread their butterfly wings in the sunshine of the British court from the days of Charles II. to those of Victoria.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

> For contemplation he and valor formed,
> For softness she and sweet, attractive grace;
> He for God only, she for God and him.
>
> MILTON.

Although the observations made in the preceding pages with regard to the right vocation, apply with equal force to all young persons who expect to work for a living, yet the importance attached to what is called the "Woman Question," justifies us in adding a page or two of remarks addressed directly to the classes designated. It need hardly be said at the outset that women are always (or most always) objects of interest not alone to single men, but to all men who have any regard for the future welfare of the nation. They are to be the wives and mothers of the generations which will succeed each other on life's stage as the years and ages roll by. It is a well-known fact, however, that at present in this country the proportion of the population is not equally divided between the sexes. There is a large surplus of women, take the country through. In some of the states, Massachusetts for example, the women outnumber the men by 70,000 or more. In other states there is a numerical superiority, though not as large as in the old "Bay State." It follows, therefore, that large numbers of women will be compelled to remain single, and compelled to work for their daily subsistence, in competition with men. And the question arises, what can they do best; what avenues of employment shall be thrown open to them, and what extra rights and privileges, if any, shall be granted to them? These three inquiries have awakened in modern times a good deal of thought and discussion.

We lay it down as an axiom that the true, regular, normal position and work of women in the world lies in the home circle. God made them to be wives and mothers. If he had not intended them for this sphere, he would have made them men, instead of women. Sex in children is no more the result of accident, than any other fact in the world which is controlled by hidden law. No woman therefore should scout, or treat lightly, the subject of marriage. When a woman is properly mated in life, the three questions asked above, are at once happily answered. The home sphere then becomes her field of labor, the duties of wifehood and motherhood furnish her with appropriate employment, and her rights and privileges are immediately assured her in connection with those of her husband. We are aware that some women who like to be considered as particularly "strong-minded," affect to deny this assertion in regard to the true design and destiny of women, and claim that most women are better off not to marry. We purpose to hold no argument with such. They have become wise above what is written and claim to know better how this world should be regulated and governed than God himself. Their "strong" (?) minds are really so shallow and full of blinding self-conceit that they only excite the contempt and ridicule of all decent and sensible people. Let them prate and scold away to their heart's content—they will never succeed in changing the immutable laws of human nature, if they talk until doomsday. So long as young men and young women are allowed to act out the instincts and feelings of their natures, they will always love and marry each other. And this is right, because God intended it to be so when he created the world. No true woman can or will despise a proper marriage. If she does refuse such offers from foolish or insufficient reasons, and afterward suffers for her thoughtless and frivolous conduct, no person will pity her, and she will be compelled to take care of herself as best she can.

In regard to those who from any cause or causes are compelled to live a single life and support themselves, there are some avenues of employment open to them for honorable com-

petition with men. There are many kinds of manufacturing labor which women can perform as well as men, if not better. They can weave cloth and tend looms in cotton mills; they can always do housework and find plenty of it to do; they can teach, although this profession is usually overcrowded like all others; they can become clerks in some departments of trade; or they can carry on a few kinds of business alone. But it is practically useless for them to try and compete with men in regular professional life. They can never make much progress as lawyers, doctors, ministers, or politicians. The profession of medicine is more congenial to their nature and capacities than either of the others mentioned, but in this they necessarily work at a great disadvantage. They can hardly expect to be called upon for professional services outside of their own sex, and even many women prefer a man-physician to a lady, for the simple reason that they have more confidence in their ability and judgment. As nurses, however, women will always excel, being peculiarly adapted for that difficult and delicate work. There are also some kinds of editorial and literary work which women perform well, although this requires a high order of intellectual power and literary taste. But as a rule, taking all things into consideration, women cannot hope to succeed in business life, as well as men. They have not sufficient physical strength to sustain them in equally arduous labor. They have not, as a general thing, equal business capacity and tact. Their sex is against them, except in those departments of business specially set apart for women, in which, as already remarked, they do better than men. But in business life generally, they work at a greater or less disadvantage, because they were primarily intended for another and a different sphere.

Young women desiring to get an education, have every facility in this country which they could well ask for. Not only do female colleges and special schools abound, but they are now privileged to enter many colleges of a regular grade, and can take their places side by side with young men in acquiring knowledge. It will always be a question, however,

whether women need just the kind of education which they receive in these masculine colleges, and whether a course of study more adapted to their natures, would not serve them a better purpose and be more lastingly beneficial to them in their struggle for life.

Concerning the right of women to the ballot, there is such a great diversity of sentiment, and there are so many good people to be found on either side of the question, that we dare not venture to decide this matter for others, but will present the strongest arguments we can find both for and against, and leave each reader to take that side which pleases him or her most. The chief speaker on the affirmative side of the question shall be Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, one of the editors of "The Woman's Journal," published in Boston, Mass., and the official organ of the National Woman's Suffrage Association. His speech, which follows, in favor of the Suffrage movement was delivered at the State House in Boston, Jan. 29th, 1878, before a committee of the Mass. Legislature. Mr. Blackwell said: In behalf of the thousands of petitioners who are already before you, and of thousands more who, day by day, are sending in similar petitions, I desire to state, 1st, What we ask; 2nd, Why we ask it.

We ask for three things.

1. For a change in the law which regulates elections for town, city and county officers, removing the restriction of sex, so that, hereafter, women may be enabled to vote in such elections on the same terms as men.

2. For a change in the law which regulates Presidential elections, removing the restriction of sex, so that hereafter women may be enabled to vote for electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

3. For a Joint Resolve for a Constitutional Amendment abolishing all political distinctions on account of sex.

To take the first and second steps, no change in the Constitution is needed, but only a majority of the Senate and House of Representatives, with the assent of the Governor.

To change the Constitution requires the action of two suc-

cessive Legislatures, ratified afterwards by a majority of the qualified voters.

So much for what we ask; now why do we ask it?

First, because the fundamental principle of American Government affirms, that all mankind are endowed by nature, with certain inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that to secure these rights, governments are instituted deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Every one will admit that a women has the same right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as a man; that to secure these rights government exists; that she is governed; why then should she be forbidden to consent or dissent like other citizens? What is Suffrage? The authoritative expression of an opinion. What is its essence? Rational choice. Are rational choice and its expression a masculine function? Are they a feminine function? No; they are a human function. We ask that women may vote, for the same reason that they vote already as stockholders in a railroad company or in a manufacturing corporation. They are equal stockholders, as citizens, in the great political corporation called Government, and it is unjust to deprive them of their equal expression, since they are equally interested in its safety and prosperity.

The principles of our State Constitution affirm that "all power resides in the people and is derived from them." Women are people.

"The people . . have a right to institute government and to reform, alter or change the same." They can do so only by voting.

"No part of the property of any individual can with justice ever be taken from him and applied to the public use without his own consent or that of the representative body of the people." Is not a woman an individual?

Again, we ask Suffrage for women, because the qualities which specially characterize women are the very ones in which our government is deficient. Women excel men in gentleness, temperance, chastity, economy and respect for law.

They are and will be the wives and mothers of men. Woman suffrage therefore means the representation of the Home; the domestic interests directly expressed by women, just as the business interests are directly expressed by men. Instead of an aristocracy of sex, which is class legislation, we want human nature manifested in a truly representative government of men and women.

It is said that women do not want it. Yet two thirds of the petitioners who annually come before you are women. In order to ascertain the real opinions of any class of men, you do not count numbers, you take the expression of the representative leaders. Try the women by this test. Look at the splendid lists of names attached to the Boston petitions headed by Mrs. Sarah Shaw Russell and others. Almost all the women of our state who are eminent in public work, in art, literature, charities and reforms, are Suffragists. L. Maria Child, Abby Kelly Foster, Angelina Grimke Weld, Louisa Alcott, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, Maria Mitchell, Abby W. May, Lucia Peabody—I might multiply the list indefinitely —are Suffragists. Almost all our school-teachers are women, and seven-eights of these are Suffragists. All women physicians, so far as I know, without an exception, are Suffragists.

We do not care what qualifications for Suffrage you impose, so only they apply alike to all. Charles Sumner used to say that though Suffrage must be regulated, no qualification insurmountable in its character can be justly imposed. You may require mental maturity, permanent residence, ability to read and write, the payment of a tax; these can be attained by all. But when you say a negro must not vote, and use the word "white;" or when you say a woman must not vote, and use the word "male," you establish a qualification which no amount of effort can overcome, and which is therefore arbitrary and unjust.

At the same time and place, in addition to the above, Miss Anna C. Garlin said: Let me ask the Committee to consider three important facts. The first relates to the Public Schools.

Counting out the High and Normal Schools and the Colleges, nine-tenths of the public instructors are women. Therefore, as the great majority of children graduate from our free schools before reaching the higher institutions, the public education of American citizens is practically in the hands of women.

The second part relates to the homes. In no country in the world do women have such a controlling influence in family government as in America. The absorption of American men in business, professions, or public affairs, lays a great and responsible burden of authority in the home, on the mother. Hence, in America, not only the public but the private home-education of our youth is largely in the hands of women.

The third fact relates to our political condition. A cry rings from Maine to California that our political machinery is in the hands of inferior or corrupt men, that the intelligence and virtue which should control governmental affairs are indifferent to them and neglectful of the highest duties of citizenship.

Have these facts no connection with each other? "Whatever you want in the State, you must put into the Public Schools," says a great Prussian educator. And we would add, "Whatever you want in the schools must be put into the character of the teachers." The schools supported by the State must teach an active patriotism, if a people's government is to be a success.

Among the causes of the decline and fall of the Roman empire, historians mention the decay of public spirit among the ruling classes of Rome growing out of the general employment of Greeks as teachers in the patrician families. These men, superior to the Romans in art and science and literature, were politically subjects, not citizens. Having no interest in or knowledge of public affairs, they failed to instil such interest or knowledge into the minds of their pupils; and thus the young patricians became unfitted for the responsibilities of their position. Is there not a similar danger in our own country, if women, the teachers of your children, are excluded from political interests and responsibilities? No class,

counted outside of government, reckoned as political ciphers, can teach active patriotism. Therefore, our claim for the ballot for woman is no narrow though noble one of rights alone, but it rests on the broad ground of public safety. Somehow, we must bring to bear upon political affairs the vital educational forces of the home and school, if we would secure those reforms in governments which all thoughtful men are urging. These educational forces are largely directed by women. The need, therefore, is imperative, that women be placed in a position of political responsibility, that the natural teachers of the race may educate American citizens in political honor and devotion.

What is suffrage? The authoritative expression of an opinion; rational choice in reference to principles, measures and men. Are women capable of forming an opinion? Have they the capacity of rational choice? Have they interests to be affected by legislation; rights to protect; wrongs to remedy? If so, women ought to vote as citizens, just as they now vote as stockholders in the Bank of England and in railroad or manufacturing corporations.

So much for the affirmative side of this question. The reader shall now listen to the other side, as stated by Dr. J. G. Holland, poet, author, and editor of Scribner's *Monthly*, who asks: "*First*, is it right that women should have an equal or a determining voice in the enactment of laws which they do not propose to execute, or assist in executing, which they could not execute if they would, and which they expect men to execute for them?

Second, supposing that women would give us better laws than we have (which is not evident), what would be the practical advantage to them or to us, so long as they must rely upon us to execute them—upon us who find it impossible to enforce our own laws, some of the best of which are the outgrowth of the pure influence of women in home and social life?

Third, is it right—is it kind and courteous to men—for women to demand an equal or a determining voice in the es-

tablishment of a national policy which they do not propose to defend, which they do not propose to assist in defending, which they could not defend if they would, and which they expect men to defend for them?

It has been said that women pay taxes on large amounts of property, and that if they be denied the right of the ballot, there is taxation without representation. But who earned the money now in the hands of women and on which they pay taxes? Did they earn it themselves, by their own labor, or was it bequeathed to them by men who earned it and then gave it to them? If women are, or ever have been, taxed as women (which they are not, and never have been); if they produced this wealth, or won it by legitimate trade (which they did not); if nine-tenths of the wealth of the State were not in the hands of business men whose pursuits have specially fitted them to be the guardians of the wealth of the State; if the counsels of these tax-paying women could add wisdom to the wisdom of these men; if there were any complaint of inadequate protection to this property on account of its being in the hands of women—if all or any one of these suppositions were based in truth—then some sort of plea could be set up for giving the ballot to women on account of their holding property. As the facts are, we confess our inability to find in it any comfort or support for those who seek for the revolution under consideration. On the contrary, we find that the ballot as it stands to-day, with its privileges, responsibilities, and limitations, secures to woman complete protection in the enjoyment of revenues which are proved to be immense, all drawn from land and sea by the hands of men whose largess testifies alike of their love and their munificence."

The right vocation for women, then, summed up in the order of preference, is as follows: First and foremost, that of wife and mother in the home circle; next, housekeeping, nursing, etc.; third, those branches of trade for which they are best adapted, avoiding as much as possible damaging competition with men; fourth, professional life, teaching, writing, etc.; lastly, clerkships, manufacturing, and like pursuits.

CHAPTER IV.

The Right Location.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That Life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?

COWPER.

IN this chapter we purpose to speak of the comparative merits and advantages of city and country as places for settlement in life. It has been a matter of common observation with those who study tendencies and movements in American society, that there is, on the part of young men in the country quite generally, an eager, restless desire to get away from farm life and go to a city. They dislike the drudgery, the steady, hard work of the farm, and think it would be much better and nicer if they could stand behind a counter in some dry-goods store, or work in an office, or even drive a city team. They would then be "among folks," they think, and would be able to see for themselves "what was going on." The glare and glitter, the noise and bustle, the activity and commotion, the apparent splendor and gayety of a city life, they think, would just suit them, and would be so different from the solitude and lonesomeness of the farm and the farm home.

Says Dr. J. G. Holland, writing upon this subject: "We see young men pushing everywhere into trade, into mechanical pursuits, into the learned professions, into insignificant clerkships, into salaried positions of every sort that will take them into towns and support and hold them there. We find it impossible to drive poor people from the cities with the

threat of starvation, or to coax them with the promise of better pay and cheaper fare. There they stay, and starve, and sicken, and sink. Young women resort to the shops and the factories rather than take service in farmers' houses, where they are received as members of the family; and when they marry, they seek an alliance, when practicable, with mechanics and tradesmen who live in villages and large towns. The daughters of the farmer fly the farm at the first opportunity. The towns grow larger all the time, and, in New England, at least, the farms are becoming wider and longer, and the farming population are diminished in numbers, and, in some localities, degraded in quality and character."

While the last part of this quotation will not apply as forcibly to Western life as to Eastern, yet the remainder of it is very appropriate and very true. All cities are generally overcrowded. One-fifth of the entire population of this country is now in cities. Many of these are men with families, but a large proportion of the number are young men and women who crowd to the cities from all quarters, looking for a chance to change their mode of life. Somehow or other, the social life of the village and the city has intense fascination to the lonely dwellers on the farm, or to a great multitude of them. Especially is this the case with the young. The youth of both sexes who have seen nothing of the world have an overwhelming desire to meet life and to be among the multitude. "They feel their lot to be narrow in its opportunities and its rewards, and the pulsation of the great social heart that comes to them in rushing trains and passing steamers and daily newspapers, damp with the dews of a hundred brows, thrill them with longings for the places where the rhythmic throb is felt and heard." Still this fascination, we are inclined to think, is akin in nature, if not in destructiveness, to the fascination of gaming-tables for some minds, of drinking-cups for others, and of theatrical performances for all.

We have a few words to say to this class of young people. Shakespere wrote more than two hundred years ago, that it was "better to endure the ills we already have, than fly to

others we know not of." And this remark holds good in its application to the subject in hand. The temptations and seductiveness of city life, its opportunities for self-destruction by gambling, drinking, licentiousness, and a thousand other evils, the peculiar isolation and lonesomeness of living and moving among people whose names, even, you do not know, is not half as pleasant as might appear at first thought. No one by looking merely at the outside can begin to tell the amount of magnificent misery and gilded poverty which exist within city walls. Besides, there is as much drudgery to be done in the city, as in the country, and if anything, even more. There is also as much hard, steady work. It is a little different in kind, to be sure, but then it tires you out just as soon, and you feel just as weary at night. In fact, one can work to better advantage in the stillness and quietude and amidst the unexcitable surroundings of country life, than he can with the noise and confusion of passing multitudes around him. There will be far less of nerve-exhaustion and consumption of vital forces at the old home, than in any great city. The man who ought to be the happiest of all men, is he who has a good farm, free from debt, and under a good state of cultivation, with a cheerful, loving wife, and a number of healthy, bright, dutiful children around him to make music, and assist in keeping his homestead.

More than this, the fact is patent to all that the only really prosperous class, as a whole, is the agricultural. The farmer is demonstrably better off, more independent, fares better, lodges better, and gets a better return for his labor, than the worker in the city. We often witness the anomaly of thrifty farmers and starving tradesmen. The country must be fed, and the farmers feed it. The city family may do without new clothes, and a thousand luxurious appliances, but it must have bread and meat. There is nothing that can prevent the steady prosperity of the American farmer but the combinations and "corners" of the middle-men that force unnatural conditions upon the finances and markets of the country. The gains of the husbandman are slow but sure. Speculation is not legitimate

farm business. Farm stock cannot be watered like railroad stock, and made to expand at pleasure. Those who go into farming expecting to make sudden fortunes will be disappointed. It is a highway to health and competence, but not to sudden wealth and luxury.

Says Alexander Hyde, himself a large and successful farmer in Massachusetts: "While we concede that the profits of farming are slow and sure, rather than rapid and uncertain, we still maintain that no business pays better in the long run for the capital and skill invested. Farmers rarely fail. While 90 per cent. of those who enter upon a mercantile career become bankrupt, it is an anomaly for a farmer to ask his creditors to take fifty cents on a dollar. We never hear of farmer princes, and we can not point you to millionaires among husbandmen, but we can point you to thousands and tens of thousands among the cultivators of the soil who are independent as any prince, and live surrounded with the comforts, if not the luxuries of life, all brought from the bountiful earth. The number of these might be increased indefinitely, if more intelligence, and more system generally, attended the labors of the husbandman. In this, as in every other pursuit, it is intelligent labor that commands success. Were a manufacturer to conduct his business in the shiftless manner in which many farmers direct their affairs, he would speedily come to the end of his career.

"Agriculture was not only the primeval occupation of man, and the pursuit which the majority of men in all ages have followed, but it has been, is, and ever must be the main spring of all industry. All are dependent upon it for their daily sustenance. 'The king himself is served by the field. The profit of the earth is for all.' The banker and the beggar, the prince and the peasant, are alike fed from the products of the soil. Nothing can supply the place of these products. All the gold of California, and all the Erie railroad stock, multiplied indefinitely, cannot keep the soul and body of man together. No matter what business we pursue, we must, like the fabled Antæus, draw our life afresh every day from mother earth.

"Agriculture not only gives life to man and beast, but is the foundation of all other business. All trades and manufactures, all commerce, in short all business, is the result directly or indirectly of agriculture. The thousands of wheels which are revolving in the country to-day, whether moved by water or steam, are only re-molding the products of the earth into some useful form, and the thousands of ships which are traversing the oceans and rivers of the world are merely transporting these products, either in raw or manufactured state, to a market. The merchants, whether wholesale or retail, are the mediums of exchange for the produce of the soil. The millions of money deposited in our banks represent the capital accumulated from this produce. Our costly and commodious public buildings, our beautiful private residences, our splendid turn-outs, the adornments of fashion, indeed all the representatives of value,—are ultimate results from the crops of the earth. A merchant prince once said to us, pointing to his splendid mansion, "Every stone in this house is the result of the prairie soil of Illinois." Were the annual harvests of the earth to cease, the whirling spindles and flying shuttles of our manufactories would also cease, our ships would rot by the wharves, and our banks would have no demand for discounts. When the labors of the husbandman are rewarded with bountiful harvests, the spindles multiply, the ships are well freighted, and money is current. The resources of a country exist mainly in the soil.

"Moreover, the adaptation of agriculture to all ranks and conditions of society is not less wonderful. The king himself, without any loss of dignity, can be a farmer. Most of the presidents of these United States have been farmers, and have retired from their high position to the cultivation of their broad acres. We should be sorry to see a president reduced to selling lace and broadcloth, but of Washington as a farmer, we are almost as proud as of Washington the president. Adams on his farm at Quincy, Jefferson on his estate at Monticello, Jackson at the Hermitage, were just as dignified as when in the presidential chair. Van Buren prided himself as

much upon his large patch of cabbages at Kinderhook as upon his sharp diplomacy at Washington. Clay, surrounded by his short-horns at Ashland, was as much a nobleman as when gazed upon with delight by his compeers in the Senate chamber. The massive intellect of Webster was as conspicuous in the guidance of his farm at Marshfield as when he guided the affairs of State.

"Prince and peasant alike feel that in cultivating the soil they are fulfilling the mission which the Creator gave to man when he placed him in the garden of Eden. The pleasure, too, which the cultivator feels in raising his own fruits and flowers is very analogous to the pleasure of the Creator when he looked upon the works of his hands and pronounced them good. We doubt not there is pleasure in the successful prosecution of any branch of useful industry. The conversion of cotton and wool into fabrics for the protection and adornment of our persons is a species of creation, a re-molding of raw material into forms of beauty and utility, which must give the manufacturer great satisfaction; but this does not seem so much like a miracle as the creation of new life from inert matter; a transformation which the farmer constantly sees going on around him, and in the conduct of which he has a directing agency. In the case of the manufacturer, no new life is the result of his skill and labor. Matter is transformed and is made useful and beautiful, but cloth, glass and paper have no life.

"Not so with the products of the farm. Here dead, inert matter is transformed, not only into a thing of beauty and utility, but becomes also a thing of life. An apple lives and grows, and this vegetable life is destined to enter into the composition of a still higher organization in animal life. How the vile, offensive matter in the compost heap is converted into the luscious and fragrant peach, is beyond the power of human ken to discern. It is a living, perpetual miracle, attesting the wisdom and power of the great Creator; but the farmer acts an important part in the transformation. He prepares the compost, determines whether it shall fertilize

a melon or a cabbage, sows the seed, and cultivates the plant, and so is a co-worker with the First Great Cause, and shares with him the pleasure of creation, as the worker in no other branch of industry can.

"Many a professional man, with his head aching with the perplexities of his business, sighs for the quiet, simple pleasures of farm life, and many a merchant constantly on the *qui vive* to outstrip his competitors in trade, and fearing commercial revulsions which may strip him of the results of a life of toil and enterprise, longs for a home in the country, where he may spend quietly the evening of his days. A professional man with a brilliant genius, fitting him 'to govern men and guide the State,' and shine in the most polished society, recently said to us, 'Can I manage a few acres of land? I long to be the owner of some land and a tiller of the soil.' An extensive manufacturer, who in former years expatiated on the pleasure he derived from the music of his water-wheels, and the satisfaction he found in guiding the labors of a multitude of men, and seeing the town prosperous from the stimulus which he gave to business generally, has lately turned his attention to agriculture, and confesses that he finds in his new pursuit an enjoyment he never experienced before. Living in the open air, and exercising his muscles more vigorously and his brains more gently, dyspepsia, which formerly tormented him, has disappeared. He finds the sleep of a laboring man sweet, whether he eats little or much. In draining his swamps and creating fertile land from a worthless bog; in tending his herds and studying and developing the good points of his animals; in planting his vines and fruit trees, he says 'he finds a pleasure which the old mill never gave.'"

HISTORY OF AGRICULTURE.

It may not be amiss at this point to compile for the reader a very brief and condensed history of agriculture. As has been already observed, tilling the soil was man's primeval occupation. Adam was the first farmer. God put him into the garden of Eden "to dress and to keep it." Cain and Abel

made the first great division in agricultural labor, Cain tilling the ground and Abel keeping the sheep; which distinction in kinds of work is kept up unto the present day. After the flood we read that Noah became "a husbandman and planted a vineyard." The patriarchs also dwelt in tents, and their property consisted mainly in cattle, flocks and herds. Land at that time seems to have been common property, and every man pitched his tent wherever he pleased, and moved about from place to place as often as he pleased. Egypt, called in Scripture the "Garden of the Lord," being yearly enriched by the overflowing of the Nile, early attracted the attention of the tillers of the soil. This country furnished a refuge from the terrible drouths which affected the pastures of Western Asia. As population centered on the banks of the Nile, agriculture rose in importance, but the progress was slow. The change from the state of nature, and from a wandering pastoral life, must have been the work of ages. The nutritious qualities of the cereals, wheat, barley, etc., were a long time in being discovered, and when known, these grains were cultivated in the rudest manner. They were sown on the rich deposit of mud made by the annual overflow of the river, and the only harrowing they received was done by a herd of swine trampling the seed into the ground. In Egypt, too, animal power was first applied to agriculture, but the plow, as delineated among the hieroglyphics on the ancient tombs, was an instrument much resembling our common picks.

From Egypt, agriculture as well as letters migrated to Greece. Here in a soil by no means as congenial as that of Egypt, agriculture rose to a degree of perfection hitherto unknown, and here agricultural literature makes its first appearance. Hesoid, who lived a thousand years before Christ, in his homely poem, "Works and Days," gives a detailed description of a plow consisting of beam, share and handles. It must have been a clumsy, unwieldy instrument, for he recommends that the plowman be forty years old before he undertakes to handle it. He says:

"Let a plowman yeared to forty, drive,
And see the careful husbandman fed
With plenteous morsels, and of wholesome bread."

There is no question but that in the palmy days of Greece, agriculture attained a a high degree of perfection. Fine breeds of cattle and horses were raised, and extensive importations were made to improve the native stock. The use of manures was also well understood, which Pliny says was first taught by the old king Augeas. The compost heap was skillfully cared for, and everything added to it which could contribute to the fertility of the soil. Drainage was understood and practiced, and the swamps and marshes around Sparta were drained and rendered tillable. Farm tools were greatly improved, and the land was thoroughly ploughed, and even subsoiled by the aid of mules and oxen. The Greek farmers also enjoyed the luxury of fruits, and had apples, pears, quinces, cherries, plums, peaches, nectarines and figs. With good culture of the soil, good houses became also a necessity, and rural architecture was carried to a high degree of perfection, though their architects devoted their highest skill to the construction of temples and public buildings.

With the march of empire Westward, the march of agriculture took its way from Greece to Italy. The culture of the soil was a fundamental idea in the Roman civilization. Seven acres of land were allotted by the State to each citizen, and in the early years of Rome no man was allowed to own more than this. Trading was never a characteristic of the Romans, and a merchant was ever considered by them inferior to a farmer. As the territory of the empire was extended, the right of freehold to each individual was increased to fifty acres, and still later to five hundred, but as in Germany every man was once expected to learn a trade, so in Rome every citizen was expected to be a farmer, and Pliny ascribed the exceeding fertility of Italy to the fact that "The earth took delight in being tilled by the hands of men crowned with laurels and decorated with triumphal honors."

A Roman coveted, next to the honors of war, the honor of

being a good husbandman. Distinguished generals and private soldiers, statesmen and citizens, the learned and the unlettered, alike prided themselves on their skill in architecture. Cato, the wise censor, eloquent orator and able general, wrote a treatise on agriculture. Cato's summary of the art of terraculture cannot be excelled by the president of any modern agricultural college. He says: "The first thing is to plow thoroughly, the second to plow, the third to manure, the fourth to choose good seeds and plenty of them, the fifth to root out all weeds." Neither Lord Bacon nor Horace Greeley ever uttered more practical truth for farmers in less space. They are the grand principles on which successful agriculture ever has rested and will ever rest. Science may explain these principles, but will never annul them. Cato not only understood the value of the plow, but insisted upon a thorough pulverization of the soil by the harrow. He also knew the necessity of drainage, and recommended plowing wet land so as to throw it into ridges with deep furrows between them to carry off the water.

From Columella's account of a Roman farm establishment we conclude the seven-acre arrangement was outgrown in his day. He divides the farm buildings into three classes, the mansion house, the laborers' cottages, and the barns and fruit houses. The details of these buildings show an age of great wealth and luxury among the rural classes. The mansion house is a large, square building constructed around an inner court with two complete suites of apartments, the one on the sunny side designed for winter, the other for summer. The drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, bathing-rooms, library, and servants' apartments are all on a scale of magnificence which no seven or fifty acres, however highly cultivated, could support. Italy, however, had far greater facilities for the advancement of agriculture than Greece. Her soil was naturally fertile, agriculture was the honorable employment, and she had all the experience of Egypt and Greece to enlighten her in the art. Still, with all these advantages there were many other things in the very organization of Roman society which pre-

vented the art from reaching its highest development. The farmer received little aid from the merchant. Commerce was looked upon with contempt, and the merchant was treated as belonging to an inferior caste. Mechanics also received but little encouragement from the State, the mechanic arts consequently languished, and hence there was little co-operation of labor. Agriculture cannot rise to its highest perfection without the aid of commerce, manufactures and the mechanic arts. They support each other as do the trees of the forest, and any jealousy between them is foolish and suicidal.

Another impediment to the advance of agriculture in Italy, was the want of general intelligence. The patricians and nobles were highly educated, but the plebeians were kept in ignorance. The masses toiled on without knowledge or hope, serving the nobility and amassing property for the few to whom wealth brought luxury, and that extreme refinement known by the ungallant term, "effeminacy." The tillage of the soil was left more and more in the hands of menial slaves, till in the fifth century, when the vast tide of Barbarians from the North swept over Italy, and indeed the whole of Southern Europe, bringing on the long night of the middle ages, when might made right, and all kinds of property, and especially the products of the farm, as most exposed, were insecure. This long night continued with scarcely a gleam of light from the fifth to the sixteenth century, during which time agriculture maintained but a feeble existence.

We pass now from Italy to Britain, and from the old to the modern type of agriculture. The Romans introduced the art into England during the first four centuries of the Christian era. But when the Roman power fell and the Saxons invaded England, a great check was given to agriculture. These Saxons were a rude people, subsisting mainly by the chase and by keeping large numbers of cattle, sheep and swine. The latter were fattened in the forests on the mast of the oak and beach, as but small quantities of grain were raised, not enough to furnish a decent supply of breadstuffs. The character of the food is said by physiologists to determine somewhat the char-

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acter of the man and the nation. We are inclined to think there is a basis of truth in this, but whether true or not we can not deny that our Saxon ancestors were wild and semi-savage, too much like the beasts they hunted, and on whose flesh they mainly subsisted. No hoed crops and no edible vegetables were raised, and as late as the time of Henry the VIIIth, salad was brought over from Holland to supply the table of Queen Catharine, who had been accustomed in her childhood to a more civilized diet than England afforded. Neither Indian corn, nor potatoes, nor squashes, nor carrots, nor cabbages, nor turnips were known in England till after the beginning of the sixteenth century. The suffering among the people was often intense. The shelters for man and beast were of the rudest kind, and it was estimated that one-fifth of the cattle perished each winter for the want of proper food and care.

The condition of the peasantry was miserable in the extreme. They seemingly had no rights which the landlords were bound to respect. If an estate was sold, the tenants were obliged to give up all, even their standing crops, without compensation. With such an uncertain tenure of property, agriculture could not be expected to flourish. So late as 1745, Marshal Noailler remarked to the king of France, "The misery of the mass of the people is indescribable;" and the remark was as applicable to England as to France. The feudal system gave some little protection to persons and property against petty feuds and depredations among neighbors, but it was too much like the protection that cats give to mice. The ignorant and tyrannical lords protected the peasantry much as they protected their cattle and horses, and for the same selfish reasons.

The darkness of the Middle Ages retired slowly. It was left to Jethro Tull, in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, to make the first long stride in both the science and art of agriculture. Tull investigated the principles of fertility, and invented a horse-hoe and the grain-drill to carry out his idea of thorough tillage. He also invented the threshing ma-

chine, but the ignorant English landholders declared it to be an "engine of the devil," and continued the use of the flail and fan until the commencement of the present century. If Tull had not made the great mistake of rejecting the aid of manure, his theory of the thorough pulverization of the soil, and his improved agricultural implements, would have been adopted at a much earlier day. What Tull did for the benefit of the culture of the soil, Bakewell did in the improvement of the herds of cattle and sheep. He studied the laws of breeding patiently and intelligently, and laid the foundation for the present thoroughbreds of England, which confessedly stand at the head of the herds and flocks of the world, though we expect to see still better in America.

To Arthur Young, who died in 1820, the world is indebted more than to any other man for the advancement of the modern science of agriculture. He visited different parts of Europe to study his favorite art, and made many experiments to ascertain the causes of fertility. To him we are indebted for ascertaining the value of ammonia, which, previous to his time, had been thought to be injurious to vegetation. Young tried it on various soils and various crops, and found it in every trial to succeed. We now look upon ammonia as the test of value for most manures. Young also experimented with summer fallows, and came to the conclusion that covering the soil is more beneficial than naked fallow, and that a rotation of crops is all the rest the land needs; a conclusion which has added millions to the wealth of England and America. Young drew from his experiments the important principle that nitrogenous manures increase the power of plants to avail themselves of the mineral resources of the soil, thus establishing the necessity for the use of both these classes of manure; a principle fully corroborated by all experimenters since his day. By him, also, salt was first introduced into England as a manure. Young embodied the results of his investigations in a comprehensive work called the "Annals of Agriculture."

In 1793, at the request of the English board of agriculture, Sir Humphrey Davy, the first chemist of his age, was induced

to investigate the elements of soil and manure, and his lectures mark an important era in the history of the art. They were published in 1813 under the title, "Elements of Agriculture." In this work, Davy explains the construction of plants, gives the analysis of soils and manures and their adaptation to each other. The zeal of Davy for agriculture led him to a practical testing of his theories in the field. We find him in 1805 experimenting with guano, which Baron Humboldt had discovered in the islands of the Pacific. He first recommended the use of bones for manure, which have since played so important a part in English agriculture. What Davy and Johnston did for agriculture in England, Liebig has done in Germany.

While our own country has been slow in adopting all the theories of the European savans, yet their works have been extensively circulated, and the seed sown by them has borne legitimate and satisfactory fruit. In the department of farm implements we are leading the world. In cattle and sheep breeding, we also compare favorably with the Old World. But still the capacities of American agriculture, as a whole, have only begun to be developed, and there never was a time when, and never a country where, husbandry could be carried on to such advantage as in this country. Farmers have only to be true to themselves and their opportunities to be esteemed as the real noblemen of the land.

So much for the pleasure, dignity and profitableness of a country life, and the history of agricultural pursuits. These however, are the sober and prosaic aspects of the subject. Let us now glance at its poetical side. In the Odyssey of Homer, written in the noontide vigor of Grecian life, we find the following description of the garden of Alcinous:

"Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenced with a green enclosure all around;
Tall thriving trees confined the fruitful mold,
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear

And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail,
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise.
The same mild season gives the bloom to blow,
The buds to harden and the fruits to grow.
Here ordered vines in equal ranks appear
With all th' united labors of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun;
Others to tread the liquid harvest join;
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flowers descried,
Here grapes discolored on the sunny side,
And there in Autumn's richest purple dyed."

Thomas May, a poet and historian of the parliament of England, says:

"None can describe the sweets of country life
But those blest men that do enjoy and taste them.
Plain husbandmen, though far below our pitch
Of fortune placed, enjoy a wealth above us.
They breathe the fresh and uncorrupted air,
And in pure homes enjoy untroubled sleep.
Their state is fearless and secure, enriched
With many blessings such as greatest kings
Might in true justice envy, and themselves
Would count too happy, if they truly knew them.

Sir Walter Raleigh, a courtier and warrior of Queen Elizabeth's time, writes:

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers
And seek them in rural bowers.

John Gay, another English poet, writing of "Rural Sports," says:

O happy shepherds who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve their fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor.

And again in the same poem he adds:

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labor while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what heaven hath sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring, gaudy trappings sighs.
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.

Goldsmith, in the "Deserted Village," thus paints a picture of country life:

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingled notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the gentle wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

James Beattie, the Scottish minstrel, asks:

How can'st thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven—
O how can'st these renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

Coming to our own country, listen to what Ralph Waldo Emerson says:

O when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;

And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
When the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the Sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit
When man in the bush with God may meet?

On the other hand, Cowper, writing of *city* life and pleasures, says:

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread the encroachment of growing streets,
Tight boxes neatly sashed, and all in a blaze,
With a July's sun collected rays,
Delight the city man, who, gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust and calls it country air.

Again, Matthew Prior, living a little earlier than Cowper, hits off the same contrast as follows:

The city merchant has his house in town,
But a country-seat near Banstead down;
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods and duns his debtors;
In the other, during hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe and takes his pleasure.

To sum up, therefore, on this question of location, we say to the reader, whether young man or young lady or middle-aged man without a family, go where you are *sure* you can do the best, be it in city, in town, or in the country; but be *very sure* that you will better yourself materially, before leaving a good, comfortable place in the country to go to the city. The chances are ten to one that before a year passes over your head, you will wish yourself back again in the old place. If a man has plenty of money to spend or to invest in business, he can get along in a city very nicely *while his money lasts;* but the moment that is gone, he might as well be in a prison, or in a desert, as in a city. As financial and business matters go in times of depression, the city is the last place on earth for a poor man with a family, or even for single persons, unless they know just what they are to do before they go there, and

unless they are pretty certain they will succeed in their new work after beginning it.

To go to a city with a vague idea or hope of getting into some kind of profitable business, or falling in with some grand chance to make money, is the greatest folly imaginable. Such chances rarely occur to begin with, and when found, a thousand men on the ground, waiting and watching, stand ready to seize upon it before the opportunity is an hour old. As a rule, there is no greater slave on earth than the average city clerk, book-keeper, apprentice or workman of any kind. Late and early hours, steady application, conformity to strict rules and a constant liability to discharge for the smallest offenses, are a permanent quantity in the life of every working man or working woman in a city. Nor is it much better for the capitalist, if he be not well posted in all the games of sharpers and confidence men and rascals of every kind, and if he be not very sharp and keen himself; for his money will be cheated out of him, or he will lose it in unlucky speculation, before he is aware of it. The history of all kinds of business or of speculative ventures in any city would not offer any encouragement to a man of means to try his hand in such uncertain enterprises; for where one succeeds, a dozen or twenty fail.

To be sure there is more to be seen and heard in a city than in the country, there is also much more life and bustle, noise and clatter. The shop windows display elegant goods of every description, but there is little satisfaction to sensible minds in seeing and wanting, and not being able to purchase. Again, there is always a higher and more aristocratic class of people living in cities, generally speaking, than in small places, but poor people, or people below a certain social level, cannot associate with them, so their superior elegance does one no good unless he or she is *within the ring.*

If a man commences life in a small place with limited opportunities for expansion, fairly and honestly outgrows his straightened quarters, and, like Alexander the Great, sighs for more worlds to conquer, in such a case, if he takes pains beforehand to inquire thoroughly into the difficulties likely to be

encountered in a new situation, and if he feels competent to grapple with them and conquer them, let him come to a city and try his hand in a new and larger sphere. But other things being equal, if a man is doing well and is comfortably situated in the country, he had by all means better let well enough alone, than venture out on an unknown and untried city sea, where financial and moral shipwrecks abound on every hand, and where possible disasters multiply and thicken in about an equal ratio with the increase of population. Time was, when young business men could go into cities and do well, but that time has gone by and will probably never return, for the simple reason that the cities are overcrowded already, and there is no prospect of their population growing less.

Beware, then, of that foolish fascination which the idea of living in the city is liable to exercise over every young heart and mind. There is a class of people who had rather die by inches in a city than live well in the country, but such people are so shallow and weak-minded that it makes but little difference where they live or die. They are simply human moths fluttering round the great city candle. With proper care and effort, a country life can be made just as enjoyable as a life in the city, and much more healthy and profitable.

How can it be done? By following out these suggestions: "Fill the farm-houses with periodicals and books. Establish central reading rooms, or neighborhood clubs. Encourage the social meetings of the young. Have concerts, lectures, amateur dramatic associations. Establish a bright, active, social life, that shall give some significance to labor. Above all, build, as far as possible, in villages. It is better to go a mile to one's daily labor than to place one's self a mile away from a neighbor. The isolation of American farm-life is the great curse of that life. The towns of Hadley, Northfield, Hatfield and Deerfield, on the Connecticut River, to this day remain villages of agriculturists. Europe for many centuries was cultivated by people who lived in villages. And this is the way in which all farmers should live. Settle in colonies, instead of singly, whenever feasible or possible."

A RURAL SCENE. Page 72.

CHAPTER V.

SUCCESSFUL ELEMENTS IN CHARACTER.

NUMBER ONE.

Concentration of Mind and Power.

Think not too meanly of thy low estate;
Thou hast a choice—to choose is to create!
O. W. Holmes.

AN imperial highway to fortune cannot and must not be a very wide one, neither must it branch off in a hundred different directions. On the contrary, it must be a "straight and narrow way," and well trodden. The man who attempts to know or do everything, will succeed in really knowing and accomplishing but very little. Sidney Smith says in a lecture upon the conduct of the understanding, "Very often the modern precept of education is, Be ignorant of nothing. But my advice is, have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, that you may avoid the calamity of being ignorant of all things."

It is generally thought that when a man is said to be dissipated in his habits he must be a drinking man, or a gambler, or licentious, or all three; but dissipation is of two kinds, coarse and refined. A man can dissipate or scatter all of his mental energies and physical power by indulging in too many respectable diversions, as easily as in habits of a viler nature. Property and its cares make some men dissipated; too many friends make others. The exactions of "society," the balls, parties, receptions, and various entertainments constantly being given and attended by the *beau monde*, constitute a most

wasting species of dissipation. Others, again, fritter away all their time and strength in political agitations, or in controversies and gossip; others in idling with music or some other one of the fine arts; others in feasting or fasting, as their dispositions and feelings incline. But the man of concentration of purpose is never a dissipated man in any sense, good or bad. He has no time to devote to useless trifling of any kind, but puts in as many strokes of faithful work as possible towards the attainment of some definite good.

Thousands of men have failed in life by dabbling in too many things. In ancient times, great men and scholars aspired to know everything, but the day of universal knowledge and scholarship is past. The range of human inquiry has now extended to a degree when the true measure of a man's learning will be the amount of his *voluntary* ignorance, or the number of studies which he chooses to let alone. And as with knowledge so with work. Every man who means to be successful must single out from a vast number of possible employments some specialty, and to that devote himself thoroughly. It will, in fact, puzzle the wisest and strongest of men now to keep fairly abreast of any single branch of knowledge or of industrial enterprise. "It is said that a Yankee can splice a rope in many different ways; an English sailor knows but one mode, but that mode is the best. The one thing which an Englisman detests with his whole soul is a Jack-of-all-trades, the miscellaneous man who knows a little of everything. England is not a country for average men; every profession is overstocked, and the only chance of success is for the man of signal ability and address to climb to a lofty position over the heads of a hundred others. America on the other hand, is full of persons who can do many things, but who do no one thing well. The secret of their failure is mental dissipation,—the squandering of the energies upon a distracting variety of objects, instead of condensing them upon one." And what is true of England in respect to numbers is true of all European countries; hence, the best workmen in almost every department of industry in this country, are

largely foreigners, who, in the Old World, devoted the early part of their lives to the learning of some one trade or profession, and then emigrated to this country bringing their superior attainment in workmanship with them.

There are very few universal geniuses in the world. Said a learned American chemist, "My friend laughs at me because I have but one idea, but I have learned that if I wish ever to make a breach in a wall, I must play my guns continually upon one point." And such gunnery is usually successful. Said Charles Dickens, "Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely." This he found to be a golden rule. Says Dr. Mathews: "Many a person misses of being a great man by splitting into two middling ones. The highest ability will accomplish but little, if scattered on a multiplicity of objects; while, on the other hand, if one has but a thimbleful of brains, and concentrates them all upon the thing he has in hand, he may achieve miracles. Momentum in physics, properly directed, will drive a tallow candle through an inch board."

Once in a great while a man appears in history like Cicero, or Bacon, or Dante, or Leonardo da Vinci, who is a real prodigy of genius, and who, like these, acquires an immense amount of learning, and does a great many different kinds of work, and does them all well; but the very rareness of such men proves the contrary condition to be the rule. Da Vinci, the last-named of the above four, was a Florentine painter and sculptor, living from 1452 to 1519. Besides his devotion to painting and sculpture, he excelled in architecture (as did Michael Angelo, his cotemporary), engineering and mechanics generally, botany, anatomy, mathematics and astronomy. He was also a poet and an admirable performer on the lyre. His greatest work in painting, by which he became most famous, was "The Last Supper," originally executed in oil on the wall of a Dominican convent, and considered at the time to be the best work of art ever produced. Gladstone, when Prime Minister of England, not only attended to the multi-

plied affairs of State, but at the same time made experiments with Sykes' hydrometer (an instrument for determining the specific gravity of liquids), answered letters innumerable, conducted a correspondence with half a dozen Greek scholars concerning controverted points in Homer, translated scores of English hymns into Latin verse, and wrote occasional pamphlets of forty pages or so on some legal point. But this very distraction of thought, this want of concentration in effort, was the precise cause of his failure as a party leader, and gave occasion for Disraeli, his rival and political opponent, to take advantage of his weakness, oust him from his exalted seat, and sit down there himself in triumph!

But with these few exceptions, made by minds essentially creative and phenomenally great, most of the great historic names are identified with some single achievement to which they gave their lives. When you read of James Watt, his name stands associated with improvements in the steam-engine. This was his great and only life-work. Sir Richard Arkwright's work was the invention and improvement of machinery for spinning cotton. Dr. Wm. Harvey is distinguished for the discovery of the circulation of the blood, and for that alone. Professor Morse only succeeded in working out one thing, and that the electric telegraph. Count Cavour gave his life to the unification of his beloved country, Italy, and Bismarck has accomplished the same political result for Germany. Commodore Macdonough, the hero of Lake Champlain, won his memorable naval victory by pointing all his guns at the "big ship" of the enemy, until her fire was silenced. Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, was wont to so concentrate his energies upon a case in hand, after once espousing it, that he could not sleep. His mind, as he himself said, took up the cause involved like a great ship and bore it on night and day till a verdict was reached; and he was generally so exhausted that several days elapsed before he dared to take up a new case.

Another marvelous career was that of William Pitt, the celebrated English statesmen. "If there was anything divine

in this man, whom his contemporaries called a heaven-born statesman, it was the marvelous gift of concentrating his powers. Whatever he did, he did with all his might. Ever master of himself, he converged all the rays of his mind, as into a focus, upon the object in hand, worked like a horse, and did nothing by halves. Hence with him there was no half vision, no sleepy eyes, no dawning sense. All his life he had his wits about him so intensely directed to the point required, that, it is said, he seemed never to learn, but only to recollect. He gave men an answer before they knew there was a riddle; he had formed a decision before they had heard of a difficulty. His lightning had struck and done its work, before they had heard the thunder-clap which announced it. Is it strange that such a man went straightway from college into the House of Commons, and in two years to the Prime Ministership of Great Britain,—reigned for nearly a quarter of a century, virtual king,—and carried his measures in spite of the opposition of some of the greatest men England ever produced? The simple secret of his success was, that his whole soul was swallowed up in the one passion for political power. So we see him neglecting everything else,—careless of friends, careless of expenditures, so that with an income of fifty thousand dollars yearly, and no family, he died hopelessly in debt; tearing up by the roots from his heart a love most deep and tender, because it ran counter to his ambition; totally indifferent to posthumous fame, so that he did not take the pains to transmit to posterity a single one of his speeches; utterly insensible to the claims of art, literature, and belles-lettres; living and working terribly for the one sole purpose of wielding the governing power of the nation."

One of Ignatius Loyola's maxims was, "He who does well one work at a time, does more than all." By spreading our efforts over too large a surface we inevitably weaken our force, hinder our progress, and acquire a habit of fitfulness and ineffective working. Whatever a youth undertakes to learn, he should not be suffered to leave it until he can reach his arms round it and clench his hands on the other side. Thus he will

learn the habit of thoroughness. Lord St. Leonards once communicated to Sir Fowell Buxton, the mode in which he had conducted his studies, and thus explained the secret of his success. "I resolved," said he, "when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but, at the end of twelve months, my knowledge was as fresh as the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from recollection." Sir E. B. Lytton, once explaining how it was that, whilst so fully engaged in active life, he had written so many books, observed, "I contrived to do so much by never doing too much at a time. As a general rule, I have devoted to study not more than three hours a day; and, when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

It is not the quantity of study that one gets through that makes a wise man, but the appositeness of the study to the purpose for which it is pursued; the concentration of mind, for the time being, upon the subject under consideration; and the habitual discipline by which the whole system of mental application is regulated. Abernethy was even of opinion that there was a point of saturation in his own mind, and that if he took into it something more than it could hold, it only had the effect of pushing something else out. And every brain-worker knows by experience that this opinion is founded on fact. One of the qualities which early distinguished John C. Calhoun was his *power of attention*. A gentleman who in his youth was wont to accompany Mr. Calhoun in his strolls states that the latter endeavored to impress upon his friend the importance of cultivating this faculty; "and to encourage me in my efforts," says the writer, "he stated that to this end he had early subjected *his* mind to such a rigid course of discipline, and had persisted without faltering until he had early acquired a perfect control over it; that he could now confine it to any subject as long as he pleased, without wandering even

for a moment; that it was his uniform habit, when he set out alone to walk or ride, to select a subject for reflection, and that he never suffered his attention to wander from it until he was satisfied with its examination." It has been remarked by Sir William Hamilton that "the difference between an ordinary mind and the mind of Newton consists principally in this, that the one is capable of a more continuous attention than the other,—that a Newton is able, without fatigue, to connect inference with inference in one long series toward a determined end; while the man of inferior capacity is soon obliged to break or let fall the thread which he has begun to spin."

We would not deny, however, but that there is an injurious and even an offensive sense in which a man can be possessed of one idea. A man may become like a tree with all its branches on one side, and so become a mental and moral deformity. What would we think of a man who was all head, or all stomach, or all arms and legs? Even so a man may become so warped and one-sided, mentally, as to practically forget there is anything else in the world besides his own trade or profession; and then he is not a *whole* man, but simply a distorted fragment. The first thing to be done in human culture is to develop as far as possible *all* the powers of the mind, and then ask nature which one faculty she intended to have in the front, as leader of the rest. A clergyman all divinity and nothing else, or a lawyer all precedents and decisions and revised statutes, or a scholar all book-learning and nothing more, is always a more or less pitiable sight. The seamstress should be something more than an animated needle, and the day-laborer more than a walking spade. Saint Bernard, the pious abbot of Clairvaux, was so much of a saint that he could keep no flesh on his bones. Neander, church historian and a professor in one of the German universities, so neglected the practical side of his nature that after walking over the ground for nearly thirty years, he could not find his way from the lecture-room to his own house alone. Coleridge and Wordsworth with all their learning and poetical fame, did not together know enough to take off the collar from a horse, but had to be shown how by

a servant girl. Douglas Jerrold said he once knew a man with twenty-four languages, but who had not an idea in any of them.

All these are cases of one-ideaism pushed too far. Such characters are not good specimens of fully-developed men, but are only distortions or dwarfs. Walpole tells us that Charles James Fox, after making his great and exhausting speech in the trial of Warren Hastings, could so far drop his specialty and his lawyer-like greatness as to go out, after the speech was concluded, and hand the ladies into their coaches with all the sprightliness and easy gayety of an idle gallant. It makes not so much difference if a man have two or three side-tracks on which he can "switch off" now and then, provided the side-tracks all lead to the same terminus with the main line. But a man must not be on side-tracks all his life. Edward Everett is an example of a man who tried to do so many different kinds of work, that he really excelled in none. He started life as a Unitarian minister, then became a professor in Harvard College, from which he had previously graduated at 17, went to Europe and studied four years more, came home and became an orator and lecturer, went to Congress for ten years as a representative, was Governor of Massachusetts for four years, became Minister to England in 1841, was elected President of Harvard College in 1849, was next made Secretary of State under President Fillmore, was chosen U. S. Senator in 1853, but resigned, and lastly ran as candidate for Vice-President in 1860 on the ticket with John Bell of Tennessee. He died two or three years after the civil war broke out. De Quincy the English writer and opium eater, is another example of the same kind, and so is Coleridge, a man of gigantic intellectual capacity. When Charles Lamb heard of his death he wrote to a friend: "Coleridge is dead, and is said to have left behind him above forty thousand treatises on metaphysics and divinity —and not one of them complete." The poet Pread, describing a certain vicar, says of him:

> "His talk is like a stream which runs
> With rapid change from rocks to roses;
> It slips from politics to puns,

It glides from Mahomet to Moses.
Beginning with the laws that keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For skinning eels or shoeing horses."

It is necessary therefore to concentrate both mind and energy on any chosen pursuit in order to secure excellence or win prizes therein. Some people are always complaining that they cannot keep their thoughts from wandering whenever they sit down to write, read, or work; in other words, they have no power to concentrate their minds on any given point or theme to the exclusion of others. But such people have never really learned *to think.* They lack mental discipline and culture. They need to cultivate strength of will. Napoleon said of himself that his mind resembled a bureau. He could pull out one drawer, examine its contents to the exclusion of all others, shut it up when he had finished, and then pull out another. That is, he was able to take up one subject after another, concentrate the whole power of his mind upon it while under examination, then dismiss it at once and completely, like the shutting up of a drawer in a bureau, and so proceed until the entire range of topics in his mind had been passed upon. Such power is a very valuable acquisition; in fact, there can be little progress in mental growth without it. If a man cannot first control his thoughts in some measure, how can he control his acts? And if not able to control either thought or act, he is like a balloon in the air, or a ship on the ocean without a rudder, the sport of wind and wave. The power which he may possess will drive him ahead, but it will not drive him straight towards the goal of his ambition.

And so we end this chapter by repeating that all men who hope to be successful in life and build for themselves an imperial highway to fortune, must choose some kind of work for which they find themselves best adapted, *and then stick to it.* Bishop Butler spent twenty years of his life writing one book, the "Analogy," but the book is as immortal as the Bible itself. Edward Gibbon, the historian, worked the same number of

years over his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," but that work will never die. Immanuel Kant, the German philosopher, devoted fifty years to the investigation of metaphysic problems. Isaac Newton wrote his "Chronology" over seventeen times. Adam Smith worked ten years at "The Wealth of Nations." Indeed, "to strive for a high professional position, and yet expect to have all the delights of leisure; to labor for vast riches, and yet to ask for freedom from anxiety and care, and all the happiness which flows from a contented mind; to indulge in sensual gratification, and yet demand health, strength, and vigor; to live for self, and yet to look for the joys that spring from a virtuous and self-denying life,—is to ask for impossibilities. The world is a market where everything is marked at a settled price; and whatever we buy with our time, labor, or ingenuity,—whether riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, or knowledge,—we must stand by our decision, and not, like children, when we have purchased one thing repine that we do not possess another which we did not buy."

In one of Lucian's Dialogues, Jupiter complains to Cupid that, though he has had so many intrigues, he was never sincerely beloved. In order to be loved, says Cupid, you must lay aside your ægis and your thunderbolts, and you must curl and perfume your hair, and place a garland on your head, and walk with a soft step, and assume a winning, obsequious deportment. But, replied Jupiter, I am not willing to resign so much of my dignity. Then, returns Cupid, leave off desiring to be loved. He wanted to be Jupiter and Adonis at the same time, and he could not. Alexandre, of Paris, made "kid" gloves his specialty, and now his trade-mark imparts to manufactured ratskins a value peculiarly their own. William and Robert Chambers devoted their energies to the production of cheap books and periodicals, and their wealth is counted by millions. Faber has fabricated pencils till he has literally made his mark in every land. The genius of the great Dr. Brandreth ran to pills, and his name is now as familiar as a household word all over the world. Mason gave his whole soul to the invention of good blacking, and now his name shines

like a pair of boots to which it has been applied. Herring the manufacturer of safes, has salamandered himself into celebrity, and Tobias the watchmaker, has ticked his way to fame and fortune. A. T. Stewart made bales of dry-goods his stepping-stones to the proud position of a millionaire,—becoming at once the Crœsus and the Colossus of the trade; and Robert Bonner, advertising by the acre, discovered a new way of reaping golden harvests from the overworked soil of journalism.

The greatest actors are those who take one or a few characters and leave all others alone. Edwin Booth plays ever the same list of characters, while Joe Jefferson sticks to one, but in that he has become so perfect as to almost lose in it his personal identity. And the same is true of Lawrence Barrett John T. Raymond, and a score of others. Broad culture, many-sidedness are beautiful accomplishments to look at and admire, but it is always the men of single and intense purpose who concentrate their power, that do the hard and valuable work of the world, and who are everywhere in demand when such work is to be done.

CHAPTER VI.

SUCCESSFUL ELEMENTS IN CHARACTER.

NUMBER TWO.

Self-Help.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
At forty, knows it, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chiding infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve.
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.

EDWARD YOUNG.

OW much should one who is building a highway to fortune, depend upon himself, and how much help should he be willing to receive from others in its construction? There has been a good deal said and written about self-made men—a good deal that is true and just, and much that is the veriest "bosh" in the world. It has been held that early hardships, poverty, obstacles and difficulties of all kinds in early life, only develop and bring out the heroic qualities of a young, manly spirit, and in reality assist in making it great, strong and wise, if it ever becomes such. Whereas, on the other hand, it is held that if the pathway of a young man is made easy, safe and smooth before him by the advice and pecuniary aid of others, it will practically be ruinous to character by making him weak, irresolute and effeminate. And the supporting analogy of this view is, that it is not in the sheltered garden or the hot-house, but on the rugged Alpine cliffs, where the storms beat most violently, that the toughest plants are reared. It is not by the use of corks, bladders, and life-preservers that you can best learn to swim, but by plunging

courageously into the wave and buffeting it, like Cassius and Cæsar, with lusty sinews; that difficulties and trials in life knit one's muscles more firmly and teach him self-reliance, just as by wrestling with an athlete who is a superior in strength, one would not only increase his own strength, but learn the secret of his conqueror's skill.

Now, that there is *some* truth in this representation, no man who has himself been a warrior in the strife will deny; but the error involved is, that the theory is generally pushed farther than the facts of life and of human character warrant. A certain amount of difficulty, when happily overcome, undoubtedly does strengthen resolution, invigorate the will, and toughen the cords and sinews of the mind and heart. But let the obstacles thicken around any human spirit until they become practically insurmountable, and so far from developing its qualities, they crush it to the earth. Poe, in "The Raven," speaks of such an one

> "Whom unmerciful disaster,
> Followed fast and followed faster,
> Till his songs one burden bore;
> Till the dirges of his hope, the
> Melancholy burden bore,
> Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

No human spirit can bear up long under the crushing weight of despair, and whenever difficulties and trials in life are of such a nature, or come so fast, as to induce this state then they cripple, hinder and bruise the mind more than they assist in developing its latent resources. The mother eagle, when her birdlings have grown large and strong enough to fly, calls them out of the nest, drives them to the edge of the cliff, and then deliberately pushes them off. But does she abandon them then? By no means; on the contrary, when she sees them fluttering and falling farther and farther down, swifter than an arrow she darts beneath them, lets them fall upon her strong, wide back, and carries them triumphantly to the old nest again. This is Nature's method of developing latent power, and from this we may gain a hint for human reason to profit by in the treatment of young and growing minds.

A certain amount of hardship in early life seems essential to ultimate success, but every young mind needs to be under the constant watchcare of some fostering and protecting parent or guardian. To send young people out into the world and then leave them to shift for themselves, or to start a young man on a course of education, and then say, "Oh, if he has the right stuff in him he will manage to get along somehow," is not only hazardous, but a policy which is prompted by false philosophy, not to say by criminal ignorance of life's dangers, and of the inherent susceptibilities of an ardent, youthful nature.

We fully agree with Dr. Mathews, when he denounces "young men of vivid imaginations, who, instead of carrying their own burdens, are always dreaming of some Hercules coming to give them a 'lift.' The vision haunts their minds of some benevolent old gentleman,—a bachelor, with no children, of course, but with a bag full of money, and a trunk full of mortgages and stocks, who, being astonishingly quick to detect merit or genius, will give them a trifle of ten or twenty thousand dollars, with which they will earn a hundred thousand more. Or, perhaps they will have a legacy from some unheard-of relative, who will suddenly and conveniently die." Also with another writer who says, "one of the most disgusting sights in this world is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, presentable calves, and a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets longing for help." It is told of Lord Thurlow, the Chancellor of England, that, on being consulted by a parent as to the best means his son could adopt to secure success at the bar, he thus replied: "Let your son spend his own fortune, marry and spend his wife's, and then go to the bar; there will be little fear of his failure." It was for this reason that Thurlow withheld from Lord Eldon, when poor, a commissionership of bankruptcy which he had promised him, saying it was a favor to Eldon to withhold it. "What he meant," says Eldon, "was, that he had learned (a clear truth) that I was by nature very indolent, and it was

only want that could make me very industrious." Beethoven said of Rossini, that he had the stuff in him to make a good musician, if he had only been well flogged when a boy; but he was spoiled by the *ease* with which he composed. Shelley tells us of certain poets that they

> "Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

A great musician once said concerning a promising but passionless cantatrice: "She sings well, but she wants something, and in that something, everything. If I were single, I would court her; I would marry her; I would maltreat her; I would break her heart; and in six months she would be the greatest singer in Europe."

These, however, are extreme views and extreme cases, and while such a course of treatment might be beneficial in some cases, it would in as many others prove the opposite. There is and must be in the very nature of things a wise limit, a golden mean, which may be said to constitute the boundary line between judicious giving or aiding, and judicious withholding of aid. Parents are often blamed for working hard to accumulate property for their children, and are sometimes called their children's worst enemies for so doing, but there are a great many heavier curses for children to bear than a "good start in the world" through inherited wealth. Sometimes, indeed, the proverb holds good that those rich young men who begin their fortunes where their fathers leave off, generally leave off where their fathers begun. But all rich men's sons are not fools or spendthrifts, any more than all poor children are bright, energetic, thrifty and saving. The Astor boys manage to keep that great estate together and even to increase its proportions; Wm. H. Vanderbilt is no unworthy descendant of the great Commodore, and so in hundreds of similar instances. In fact, take the country through, the large accumulations of property, as a rule, continue in the same family through successive generations; the father handing it over to the children, and they in turn preserving it, if not adding to

it, for the next generation, and so on. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, as to all rules, but these exceptions are no more numerous among the rich than among the poor. A far greater number of poor children turn out bad, than rich ones, according to the size of the respective classes. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is more of a misfortune than a blessing to be poor.

But this is not saying that poor young men can do nothing, because they are poor, or because they have no one to help them—far from it. Many of the great names in history, many of the world's greatest heroes and benefactors have been men of humble parentage "whose cradles were rocked in lowly cottages, and who buffeted the billows of fate without dependence, save upon the mercy of God and their own energies." Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton used to say that "no man ought to be convinced by anything short of absolute failure, that he is not meant to do much for the honor of God and the good of mankind." Neither has any man, young or old, a right to be discouraged on account of adverse circumstances or feeble abilities. Every giant oak in the forest was once contained in a little acorn, and was kicked about by the feet of passing swine. Mohammed who founded a new religion and changed the face of empires, was an orphan at eight, and afterwards a camel-driver. Pope Gregory VII., was a carpenter's son; Copernicus, who introduced the modern system of astronomy, was the son of a baker; Kepler, hardly less distinguished, was a waiter-boy in a hotel kept by his father.

In England, Captain Cook, the famous navigator, James Brindley the first man who devoted himself to civil engineering as a profession, and the originator of the canal system, and Robert Burns, the poet, belonged all of them to the class of common day-laborers. Masons and bricklayers can boast of Ben Jonson, who worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket, Edwards and Telford the engineers, Hugh Miller the geologist, and Allan Cunningham the writer and sculptor; whilst among distinguished carpenters we find the names of Inigo Jones the

architect, Harrison the chronometer-maker, John Hunter the physiologist, Romney and Opie the painters, Professor Lee the Orientalist, and John Gibson the sculptor. From the weaver class have sprung Simpson the mathematician, Bacon the sculptor, the two Milners, Adam Walker, John Foster, Wilson the ornithologist, Dr. Livingstone the missionary traveler. Shoemakers have given us Sir Cloudesley Shovel the great Admiral, Sturgeon the electrician, Samuel Drew the essayist, Gifford the editor of the "Quarterly Review," Bloomfield the poet, and William Carey the missionary; while Morrison, another laborious missionary, was a maker of shoelasts.

Cardinal Wolsey, Daniel Defoe, the writer, Akenside and Kirke White, poets, were sons of butchers; the immortal Bunyan was a tinker. Newcomen, Watt, and Stephenson, names connected with the invention and perfecting of the steam-engine, were all of poor and humble origin like the others, —the first a blacksmith, the second a maker of mathematical instruments, and the third an engine-fireman. John Bewick, the father of wood engraving, was a coal-miner, Baffin, discoverer of "Baffin's Bay," began his seafaring career as a man before the mast, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel as a cabin-boy. Herschel played the oboe in a military band. Chantrey was a journeyman carver, Etty a journeyman printer, and Sir Thomas Lawrence the son of a tavern-keeper. Michael Faraday, the son of a poor blacksmith, was in early life apprenticed to a book-binder, and worked at that trade until he reached his twenty-second year; he now occupies the very first rank as a philosopher, excelling even his master, Sir Humphrey Davy, in the art of lucidly expounding the most difficult and abstruse points in natural science.

Drawing nearer home, look at the early life of Andrew Jackson whose soubriquet of "Old Hickory" is still so potent with large numbers of his countrymen. His father, after whom Andrew was named, emigrated to North Carolina in 1765, and died five days after his son's birth. The mother, with her babe and two other children, then moved into a destitute por-

tion of South Carolina where Andrew's boyhood was passed. Their means were slender. When the Revolution broke out the oldest boy enlisted and was killed. At the age of thirteen, Andrew with his brother Robert joined a corps of volunteers attached to General Sumter's brigade.

In the next year, 1781, both the boys were captured by a party of dragoons. Andrew was ordered by a Tory officer to clean a pair of muddy boots, but proudly refused, whereupon the officer aimed a sword-stroke at his head, which the boy parried, and thereby received a wound upon the hand which he bore for life. His brother was ordered to do the same thing for another officer, and for his refusal actually received a sword-cut upon the head from which he never recovered. In the prison at Camden, the boys suffered severely from their undressed wounds, and also from small-pox which raged among the prisoners. When at length they were exchanged with five neighbors and given to their mother, they were little more than mere wrecks. From the prison to their home was a distance of forty miles, and there were but two horses for the whole party. On one, without saddle or bridle, Mrs. Jackson rode, and on the other the weak and wounded Robert was borne; young Andrew, barefooted, half-naked and half-sick with the small-pox, trudging the whole distance on foot. A heavy rain set in and drenched the party to the skin, and drove the disease back again into the systems of the two boys. Two days after, Robert died, and Andrew hung upon the brink of death for two weeks. After his recovery, his mother died, and then the seventh President of the United States was left alone upon the earth, penniless and friendless.

For a time he became reckless and dissipated, but in his eighteenth year he suddenly changed his course of life and commenced to study law at Salisbury, N. C. Two years after he was licensed to practice and received from the Governor of the State, without asking, the appointment of solicitor for the western district, embracing the present State of Tennessee. In the spring of 1788, at just twenty-one years of age, he crossed the mountains to his new home, and as the country

was wild and unsettled, he immediately engaged in bloody warfare with the fierce savage. His subsequent history has become part and parcel of the national record. He settled at Nashville, married a beautiful woman, went to Congress, and from thence on, step by step, until he was seated in the Presidential chair and had his name enrolled among the world's great men.

Surely no boy or young man in these days could have a harder time getting started in life than did young Jackson. His success was owing to several causes, but chiefly to his own determination, courage, pluck, ability and will. His extreme youthfulness while passing through that series of trials was much in his favor, as boys usually recover from the stunning effect of such blows much easier and quicker than maturer minds. His first appointment from the Governor and his well-chosen marriage, also, were events greatly in his favor and helped him much; but after that, Andrew Jackson depended chiefly upon his own resources and powers.

Generally, as another has said, "our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas; bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect makes them something else. Thus it is that in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives forever amid ruins; the block of granite, which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the resolute. The difficulties which utterly dishearten one man only stiffens the sinews of another, who looks on them as a sort of mental spring-board by which to vault across the gulf of failure on to the sure, solid ground of full success." When John C. Calhoun was in Yale College he was ridiculed by his fellow-students for his intense application to study. "Why, sir," he replied, "I am forced to make the most of my time, that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress." A laugh followed, when he exclaimed, "Do you doubt it? I assure you, if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the

national capital as a representative within the next three years, I would leave college this very day!"

Therefore instead of being one of the "foiled potentialities" or possibilities of which the world is so full; instead of being merely a "subjunctive hero" who always might, could, would, or should do great things, but whose not doing great things is what nobody can understand, let every man be in the imperative mood, and do that of which his talents are indicative. If this lesson of self-help is once learned and acted on, every man will be able to discover within himself, under God, the elements and capacities of usefulness and honor.

INDEPENDENCE OF THOUGHT.

Thus far in this chapter we have spoken of self-help in its relation to pecuniary aid, but another question, closely akin to that, is, how far should one depend upon himself for those ideas, principles, and maxims of wisdom by which conduct is governed? Lessing, the great German philosopher and author, used to say, "Think wrongly if you please, but think for yourself." This advice, to say the least, needs a little explanation and modification before it should be accepted as the utterance of final wisdom. To a certain extent, or rather after the age of maturity has been reached, one should learn to think for himself, and learn to be guided by his own conclusions; but before this can be done with entire safety, one must learn to think correctly and reason soundly. While a too great intellectual dependence on the one hand is productive of mental weakness and servility, a too great intellectual confidence on the other, is sure to lead into rashness and folly.

It would be dangerous advice to give any young man, to say, "Think for yourself and follow out your own ideas, right or wrong;" for one of the most besetting sins of a youthful mind is that of ignoring the past and rejecting the counsels of the aged. Every man who has reached the age of forty can look back and see how foolish and rash and headstrong he was when the hot, wild impulses of youth and early manhood were burning like fire in his heart and bones; when he felt he could do

anything, and knew as well what was good for him as those by whom he was surrounded. Where a man is confident at twenty, he is quite likely to be cautious at forty; where he was *sure* he was right at twenty-five, he is more than likely to be mistrustful and timid at forty-five or fifty. One difficulty about over-confidence with immature minds in early life, is, that they are very liable to mistake imaginings and fancies for sound reasoning and solid fact. Never is the imagination more active or more deceptive than in the fresh morning of life. This faculty of the mind seems to be the first to develop. Even in childhood its power is great, and a little later on it becomes well-nigh supreme among the mental forces. And very few realize what an arch and gay deceiver this intellectual sprite and trickster is among men. Sir Walter Scott exclaims in "Rokeby,"

> Woe to the youth whom fancy gains,
> Winning from reason's hand the reins.

And another old poet adds:

> "Subtle opinion,
> Working in man's decayed faculties,
> Cuts and shapes illusive fantasies;
> Whereon we ground a thousand lies."

Then Shakespere culminates the accusation by declaring that "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all compact." Therefore when young men and maidens become susceptible to the influences of the sweet and tender passion; when they begin to read (and to write, if they can,) sentimental poetry; when the world looks all bright and fascinating to them; when every power of body and mind is intensely alive and eager for distinction, and the spirit thirsts for activity and glory, it will hardly be safe for them to follow out blindly their own ideas, or to trust too much to their own independent thought and judgment. The advice of older and cooler heads should never be contemptously thrown aside at such a period of life.

There comes a time, however, sooner or later in human ex-

perience, when all persons are compelled to think and act for themselves. We are not advocating abject intellectual subserviency as the greatest good, neither would we recommend a premature self-confidence which almost invariably results in the growth of that hideous and poisonous mental fungus, known as Self-Conceit. For

> "This self-conceit is a most dangerous elf.
> He who doth trust too much unto himself,
> Can never fail to fall in many snares."

Indeed, if we were called upon to describe an intellectual devil with horns and hoof and tail arrayed, whose very presence was like blasting mildew upon the mind and heart, whose looks destroyed and whose breath benumbed, we should say his name was Self-Conceit. When this habit of mind becomes confirmed and settled, the man or woman might as well be dead as alive so far as doing good or being successful is concerned. There is no intellectual disease, no malady of brain, to be compared with it for deadliness of nature. It makes one disagreeable to all around, it turns him into a laughing-stock, it destroys the power of all true thought and right action, it creates a false world out of a real one. No man can be respected, or be useful, or amount to anything in the world, if he bears the character of a conceited coxcomb. Any so-called independence of thought, therefore, which leads to this evil, we most thoroughly deprecate and abominate.

But a wholesome fear of this mild form of lunacy need not deter any one from trying to the utmost of his capacity to be original in thought, and ingenious in methods and aims. It need not and must not lead any one to be *afraid* to think for himself, or to seek to carry out his ideas in all legitimate ways, and to a reasonable extent. Indeed, after one has thoroughly and conscientiously endeavored by all means within his reach to ascertain the absolute truth and the best possible way, he must then be true to his own matured convictions and ideas, whether these prove to be in harmony with the convictions and ideas of others or not. But there is a world of

difference between being rash, headstrong, self-conceited, uppish and indolent, and being firm, intelligent, thoughtful, persistent, ingenious and wise.

We also recognize that this age of the world is in many respects unlike past ages, and calls for different measures and plans. The world is rushing on at a fearful rate of speed, and he who would keep up with his fellows must learn to think quickly, be fertile in expedient, be shrewd, active and wise, and able to travel fast. We fully coincide with Dr. Mathews when he says: "The days when a man could get rich by plodding on, without enterprise and without taxing his brains, have gone by. Mere industry and economy are not enough; there must be intelligence and original thought. Quick-witted Jacks always get ahead of the slow-witted giants. Whatever your calling, inventiveness, adaptability, promptness of decision must direct and utilize your force; and if you cannot find markets you must make them. In business, you need not know many books, but you must know your trade and men; you may be slow at logic, but you must dart at a chance like a robin at a worm. You may stick to your groove in politics and religion; but in your business you must switch into new tracks, and shape yourself to every exigency. Every calling is filled with bold, keen, subtle-witted men, fertile in expedients and devices, who are perpetually inventing new ways of buying cheaply, underselling, or attracting custom; and the man who sticks doggedly to the old-fashioned methods —who runs in a perpetual rut—will find himself outstripped in the race of life, if he is not stranded on the sands of popular indifference. Keep, then, your eyes open and your wits about you, and you may distance all competitors; but ignore all new methods, and you will find yourself like a lugger contending with an ocean racer."

Again, he is right when he says that "we are not the only people who run everything into the ground, but we certainly do it more generally, and with greater rapidity than any other nation on the globe. No matter what branch of business is started,—from the manufacture of pills or matches to that of

sewing-machines or watches, from the ice-trade to the traffic in guano or Japanese goods,—the moment any business is discovered to be profitable, it is rushed into by thousands and tens of thousands, till a reaction follows, and it is ruined." These facts call for the formation and exercise of a strong individuality of character, and for true independence of thought and act, but they need not and must not make a man crazy or foolish through over self-confidence or disgusting conceit in opinion.

The present age is also an age of advertising, pre-eminently, and it is a profitable and interesting inquiry to know how far one should seek to advertise his own ability and skill. One thing is certain, there must be no false modesty in him who would be successful, and at the same time there need be no display of excessive impudence and brazen-faced boldness. True courage in character is a far different article from either of these. There is, as has been well said, a happy medium between the two extremes; between the "noisy, blatant pretension that is forever stunning us with proclamations of its own ability, and that excessive humility which strips itself of all real merits and shrinks into a corner frightened at its own shadow. This medium, although somewhat difficult to describe, is not impossible to realize in practice, and at this every one should aim. Because there is danger of invoicing yourself above your real value, it does not follow that you should always be underrating your own worth. The great mass of men have no time to examine the merits of others. They are busy about their own affairs, which claim all their attention. They cannot go about hunting for modest worth in every nook and corner; those who would get their good opinion must come forward with their claims, and at least show their own confidence in them by backing them with vigorous assertion."

The different ways and methods of self-advertising prac iced in these times, are legion. Some of them are ingenious to the last degree, displaying great tact and talent on the part of those wishing to get notoriety, and through that to attract custom to business, get a living and, perhaps, make money

We refer now, not to the lawful and legitimate advertising of goods in mercantile life—this is not only right in itself, but something that must be done as a matter of business policy. But we are speaking of advertising *self*, not goods, and one method which is sometimes restored to is happily hit off in the following sketch: "There are two rival doctors in town, equal in learning and skill, and who have just begun their professional careers. Dr. Easy puts his card on his door and in the newspapers, and then sits down in his office and waits patiently for patients. If, fortunately, somebody is good enough to break a leg or to be seized with the cholera at his very door, he secures a customer; otherwise he may spend years in putting knowledge into his head by study, before he will put any money into his purse. Not so with Dr. Push. He has a mean opinion of the passive system, puts up a stunning brass plate on his door, gets himself puffed in the newspapers, dresses in the height of the fashion, talks learnedly, looks wise, and keeps a "two-forty" horse and carriage, before he has a visit to make. He hires persons to startle his neighbors at midnight with the peals of his bell; is continually called out of church; and, more than once, has his name shouted, as being instantly wanted, while attending a concert or lecture at the Academy of Music. Instead of sitting down in his office and dozing over Brodie and Magendie, he scours the streets and the whole adjoining country with his carriage, driving from morning till night at a killing pace, as if life and death hung on his steps; and, neglecting no form of advertisement, is probably making two thousand dollars a year before Dr. Easy has heard the rap of his first patient."

This kind of sharp practice will sometimes succeed and sometimes fail. If it wins, the man's fortune is thereby advanced for the time being, but if it is exposed, the man will very likely be obliged to leave town and try again in another locality more favorably conditioned for scheming. Washington Irving once said that "a barking dog was often more useful than a sleeping lion," and there is some truth in the assertion; but, whether useful or not, no man would care to settle down permanently in the sphere or character of a barking dog.

CHAPTER VII.

The Spirit of Work.

If little labor, little are our gains,
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.
Robert Herrick.

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.
Byron.

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unused.
Shakespere.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor—all labor is pure and holy.
Mrs. Osgood.

THE Marquis de Spinola, one of Spain's greatest generals, asked Sir Horace Vere, an English baron, one day, "Pray, sir, of what did your brother (Sir Francis Vere, an English general, who had fought against Spinola in the Netherlands) die?" "He died," said Sir Horace, "of having nothing to do." "Alas!" said Spinola, "that is enough to kill any general of us all." If the Marquis was right in his conclusion, then the necessity for labor, imposed upon us from the beginning, is not so much a curse as it is a blessing. Jeremy Taylor, that good old English divine, wrote: "Avoid idleness, and fill up all the spaces of thy time with severe and useful employment; for of all employments bodily

labor is the most useful, and of the greatest benefit for driving away the devil." Perhaps if the earth had brought forth thorns and thistles from the first, and Adam and Eve had been put at hard work, instead of down in the midst of a garden, with plenty of time and leisure to toy with fruits and flowers and vines, they might not have yielded so readily to the voice of temptation. But having been ruined through comparative ease and idleness, the race were then put at hard work for the express purpose of preventing, as far as possible, the recurrence of the evil.

Accordingly, labor has ever been the indispensable condition of success in any and all departments of life. We are now pointing out to you, reader, an imperial highway to fortune, but we do most earnestly assure you that this highway can never be built without the most unremitting and indefatigable exertion on your part. Lazy, shiftless people are, as a rule, poor, miserable, and comparatively useless. Industry is the price of excellence in everything. They who are the most persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful. Fortune is ever on the side of the industrious, as winds and waves are on the side of the best navigators. Genius may not be necessary, though even genius of the highest sort does not despise the exercise of common qualities. The very greatest men have been among the least believers in the power of genius, and were as worldly-wise and persevering as the successful men of a commoner sort. Some have even defined genius to be only common sense intensified. A distinguished teacher and president of a college spoke of it as the power of making efforts. Buffon said of genius—"It is patience."

Newton's was unquestionably a mind of the very highest order, and yet, when asked by what means he had worked out his extraordinary discoveries, he modestly answered, "By always thinking upon them." At another time he thus expressed his method of study: "I keep the subject continually before me, and wait till the first dawnings open slowly, by little and little, into a full and clear light." In Newton's

case as it is in every other, it was only by diligent application and perseverance that a great reputation was achieved. Even his recreation consisted merely in the variety of his industry — leaving one subject only to take up another. To Dr. Bentley he said : "If I have done the public any service, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought."

Says a modern writer on this subject: "The extraordinary results effected by dint of sheer industry and perseverance, have led many distinguished men to doubt whether the gift of genius be so exceptional an endowment as it is generally supposed to be. Thus Voltaire held that it is only a very slight line of separation that divides the man of genius from the man of ordinary mold. Locke, Helvetius and Diderot believed that all men have an equal aptitude for genius; and that what some men are able to effect under the influence of the fundamental laws which regulate the march of intellect, must also be within the reach of others who, in the same circumstances, apply themselves to like pursuits. But while admitting, to the fullest extent, the wonderful achievements of labor, and also recognizing the fact that men of the most distinguished genius have invariably been found the most indefatigable workers, it must nevertheless be sufficiently obvious that, without the original endowment of heart and brain, no amount of labor, however well applied, would have produced a Shakespere, a Newton, a Beethoven, or a Michael Angelo.

"Dalton, the chemist, always repudiated the notion of his being 'a genius,' attributing everything which he had accomplished to simple industry and accumulation. John Hunter said of himself: 'My mind is like a bee-hive ; but full as it is of buzz and apparent confusion, it is yet full of order, regularity and food, collected with incessant industry from the choicest stores of nature.' We have, indeed, but to glance at the biographies of great men, to find that the most distinguished inventors, artists, thinkers, and workers of all sorts, owe their success, in a great measure, to their indefatigable industry and application. They were men who turned all things to

gold — even time itself. Hence it happens that the men who have most moved the world, have not been so much men of genius, strictly so called, as men of intense mediocre abilities, untiring workers, persevering, self-reliant, and indefatigable ; not so often those gifted with naturally bright and shining qualities, as those who have applied themselves diligently to their work, in whatever line that might lie. A great point to be arrived at is to get the working quality well trained. When that is done, the rest will be found comparatively easy. We must repeat and again repeat: facility will come with labor. Not even the simplest art can be accomplished without it."

As history is philosophy teaching by example, so biography furnishes the best illustrations of principle and theory. Therefore, to show the reader what has been done by patient industry and steadfast application, we will give a number of brief sketches of distinguished workers, taken from different ranks of life. Sir Robert Peel, one of the most distinguished statesmen and Prime Ministers that England ever had, was a noted worker. The Peel family rose from humble circumstances to a position of great renown, wholly through the power of industry. Sir Robert's grandfather, the first of the line, was a small yeoman, living on a poor, sterile farm near Blackburn. Finding he could not support his large family by farming, he began the business of calico-making. He was, in fact, the originator of the process of printing calico by machinery.

It was then customary, in such houses as the Peels, to use pewter plates at dinner. Having sketched a figure, or pattern, on one of the plates, the thought struck him that an impression might be got from it in reverse, and printed on calico with color. In a cottage at the end of the farm-house, lived a woman who kept a calendering machine, and, going into her cottage, he put the plate, with color rubbed into the figured part, and some calico over it, through the machine, when it was found to leave a satisfactory impression. Such is said to have been the origin of roller printing on calico. Robert Peel shortly perfected this process, and the first pattern he

brought out was a parsley leaf; hence he is spoken of, in the neighborhood of Blackburn, to this day, as "Parsley Peel." The process of calico-printing by what is called the mule machine — that is, by means of a wooden cylinder in relief, with an engraved copper cylinder — was afterwards brought to perfection by one of his sons, the head of the firm of Messrs. Peel and Co., of Church, England.

Sir Robert Peel (the first baronet, and the second manufacturer of the name) inherited all his father's enterprise, ability, and industry. His position, at starting in life, was little above that of an ordinary workingman; for his father, though laying the foundations of future prosperity, was still struggling with the difficulties arising from insufficient capital. When Robert was only twenty years of age, he determined to begin the business of cotton-printing, which he had by this time learned with his father, on his own account. His uncle, James Haworth, and William Yates of Blackburn, joined him in his enterprise; the whole capital which they could raise among them amounting to only about £500, the principal part of which was supplied by William Yates. The frugal style in which the partners lived may be inferred from the following incident in their early career: William Yates, being a married man, commenced housekeeping on a small scale, and to oblige Peel, who was single, agreed to take him as a lodger. The sum which the latter first paid for board and lodging was 8*s.* a week; but Yates, considering this too little, insisted on the weekly payment being increased a shilling, to which Peel at first demurred, and a difference between the partners took place, which was eventually compromised by the lodger paying an advance of sixpence a week. William Yates' eldest child was a girl named Ellen, and she very soon became an especial favorite with the young lodger. On returning from his hard day's work at "The Ground," he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her, "Nelly, thou bonny little dear, wilt be my wife?" to which the child would readily answer, "Yes," as any child would do. "Then I'll wait for thee, Nelly; I'll wed thee,

and none else." And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in beauty toward womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened ; and after the lapse of ten years —years of close application to business and rapidly increasing prosperity — Robert Peel married Ellen Yates, when she had completed her seventeenth year ; and the pretty child, whom her mother's lodger and father's partner had nursed upon his knee, became Mrs. Peel, and eventually Lady Peel, the mother of the future Prime Minister of England. Lady Peel was a noble and beautiful woman, fitted to grace any station in life. She possesssed rare powers of mind, and was, in every emergency, the high-souled and faithful counsellor of her husband. For many years after their marriage, she acted as his amanuensis, conducting the principal part of his business correspondence ; for Mr. Peel himself was an indifferent and almost unintelligible writer. She died in 1803, only three years after the Baronetcy was conferred upon her husband.

The third in the line was the statesman and prime minister. When a boy at Drayton Manor, his father was accustomed to set him up at table to practice extemporaneous speaking; and he early accustomed him to repeat as much of the Sunday's sermon as he could carry away in his memory. Little progress was made at first, but by steady perseverance the habit of attention soon became powerful, and the sermon was at length repeated almost verbatim. When afterwards replying in succession to the arguments of his parliamentary opponents,—an art in which he was perhaps unrivaled,—it was little surmised that the extraordinary power of accurate remembrance which he displayed on such occasions had been originally acquired while under the discipline of his father in the parish church of Drayton. He possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of continuous intellectual labor, nor did he spare himself. His career, indeed, presented a remarkable example of how much a man of comparatively moderate powers can accomplish by means of assiduous application and indefatigable industry. During the forty years that he held a seat in Par-

liament, his labors were prodigious. He was a most conscientious man, and whatever he undertook to do, he did thoroughly. All his speeches bear evidence of his careful study of everything that had been spoken or written on the subject under consideration. He was elaborate almost to excess; and spared no pains to adapt himself to the various capacities of his audience. Withal, he possessed much practical sagacity, great strength of purpose, and power to direct the issues of action with steady hand and eye.

Another example of a similar kind is found in the career of Lord Brougham whose indefatigable industry became proverbial. His public labors extended over a period of upwards of sixty years, during which he ranged over many fields,—of law, literature, politics, and science,—and achieved distinction in them all. How he contrived it, has been to many a mystery. Once, when Sir Samuel Romilly was requested to undertake some new work, he excused himself by saying that he had no time; "but," he added, "go with it to that fellow Brougham, he seems to have time for everything." The secret of it was, that he never left a minute unemployed; withal he possessed a constitution of iron. When arrived at an age at which most men would have retired from the world to enjoy their hard-earned leisure, perhaps to doze away their time in an easy chair, Lord Brougham commenced and prosecuted a series of elaborate investigations into the laws of light, and submitted the results to the most scientific audiences that Paris and London could muster. About the same time, he was passing through the press his admirable sketches of the "Men of Science and Literature of the Reign of George III.," and taking his full share of law business and political discussions in the House of Lords. Sydney Smith once recommended him to confine himself to only the transaction of so much business as three strong men could get through. But such was Brougham's love of work,—long become a habit,—that no amount of application seems to have been too great for him; and such was his love of excellence, that it has been said of him, that if his station in life had been only that of a

JAMES WATT AND HIS TEA KETTLE.
(From a painting by David Neale, in the Royal Academy.) Page 105.

shoeblack, he would never have rested satisfied until he had become the best shoeblack in England.

Allusion has been made in these pages to James Watt, the most conspicuous among the many names connected with the development and improvement of the steam-engine. Watt was one of the most industrious of men. Even when a boy, Watt found science in his toys. The quadrants lying about his father's carpenter-shop led him to the study of optics and astronomy; his ill health induced him to pry into the secrets of physiology; and his solitary walks through the country attracted him to the study of botany, history, and antiquarianism. While carrying on the business of a mathematical instrument-maker, he received an order to build an organ; and, though without any ear for music, he undertook the study of harmonics, and successfully constructed the instrument. And, in like manner, when the little model of Newcomen's steam-engine, belonging to the University of Glasgow, was placed in his hands for repair, he forthwith set himself to learn all that was then known about heat, evaporation, and condensation,—at the same time plodding his way in mechanics and the science of construction,—the results of which he at length embodied in the condensing steam-engine.

For ten years he went on contriving and inventing,—with little hope to cheer him,—with a few friends to encourage him,—struggling with difficulties, and earning but a slender living at his trade. Even when he had brought his engine into a practical working condition, his difficulties seemed to be as far from an end as ever; and he could find no capitalist to join him in his great undertaking, and bring the invention to a successful and practical issue. He went on, meanwhile, earning bread for his family by making and selling quadrants, making and mending fiddles, flutes, and other musical instruments, measuring mason work, surveying roads, superintending the construction of canals, or doing anything that turned up, and offered a prospect of honest gain. At length, Watt found a fit partner in another eminent leader of industry,—Matthew Boulton, of Birmingham; a skillful, energetic, and far-seeing

man, who vigorously undertook the enterprise of introducing the condensing engine into general use as a working power; and the success of both is now a matter of history.

The person most closely identified with the establishment of the cotton manufacture in Great Britian, was Richard Arkwright. His parents were very poor, and he was the youngest of thirteen children. He was never at school; the only education he received he gave himself; and to the last he was only able to write with difficulty. When a boy, he was apprenticed to a barber, and after learning the business, he set up for himself in Bolton in 1760, occupying an underground cellar, over which he put up the sign, "Come to the subterraneous barber,—he shaves for a penny." The other barbers found their customers leaving them, and reduced their prices to his standard; when Arkwright, determined to push his trade, announced his determination to give "A clean shave for a half-penny." After a few years he quitted his cellar, and became an itinerant dealer in hair. At that time wigs were worn, and this was an important branch of the barbering business. He went about buying hair, and was accustomed to attend the hiring fairs throughout Lancashire resorted to by young women, for the purpose of securing their long tresses; and it is said that in negotiations of this sort he was very successful. He also dealt in a chemical hair-dye, which he used adroitly, and thereby secured a considerable trade. Being of a mechanical turn, he devoted a good deal of his spare time to contriving models of machines, and, like many self-taught men of the same bias, he endeavored to invent perpetual motion.

He followed his experiments so devotedly that he neglected his business, lost the little money he had saved, and was reduced to great poverty. His wife—for he had by this time married—was impatient at what she conceived to be a wanton waste of time and money, and in a moment of sudden wrath, she seized upon and destroyed his models, hoping thus to remove the cause of the family privations. Arkwright was a stubborn and enthusiastic man, and being provoked by his wife, he never forgave her, and in consequence they separated.

Later, the idea of spinning by rollers was communicated to him, and he at once set about the construction of a machine to carry the idea into practice, but after completing and exhibiting it, he was compelled to change his residence on account of the ignorant hostility of the work-people in the town. He went accordingly to Nottingham, where he applied to some of the local bankers for pecuniary assistance; and the Messrs. Wright consented to advance him a sum of money on condition of sharing in the profits of the invention. The machine, however, not being perfected as soon as they had anticipated, the bankers recommended Arkwright to apply to Messrs. Strutt and Need, the former of whom was the ingenious inventor and patentee of the stocking frame. Mr. Strutt was quick to perceive the merits of the invention, and a partnership was entered into with Arkwright, whose road to fortune was now clear. The patent was secured in the name of "Richard Arkwright, of Nottingham, clock-maker," and it is a remarkable fact, that it was taken out in 1769, the very same year in which Watt secured the patent for his steam-engine. A cotton-mill was first erected at Nottingham, driven by horses; and another was shortly after built, on a much larger scale, at Cromford, in Derbyshire, turned by a water-wheel, from which circumstance the spinning-machine came to be called the water-frame.

Arkwright was a tremendous worker and a man of marvelous energy, ardor, and application in business. At one period of his life he was usually engaged in the severe and continuous labors involved by the organization and conduct of his numerous manufactories, from four in the morning until nine at night. At fifty years of age he set to work to learn English grammar, and to improve himself in writing and orthography. When he traveled, to save time, he went at great speed, drawn by four horses. Be it for good or for evil, Arkwright was the founder in England of the modern factory system.

Dr. John Hunter, one of the most remarkable men of his own or any other age, was an anatomist and a surgeon, whose improvements in his chosen line of work laid the foundation

for all progress made since his day. His career furnishes another example of the power of patient industry. He received little or no education till he was about twenty years of age, and it was with difficulty that he learned to read and write. He worked for some years as a common carpenter at Glasgow, after which he joined his brother William, settled in London as a lecturer and anatomical demonstrator. John entered his dissecting room as an assistant, but soon shot ahead of his brother, partly by virtue of his great natural ability, but mainly by reason of his patient application and indefatigable industry. He was one of the first in this country to devote himself assiduously to the study of comparative anatomy, and the objects he dissected and collected took the eminent Professor Owen no less than ten years to arrange. The collection contains some twenty thousand specimens, and is the most precious treasure of the kind that has ever been accumulated by the industry of one man. Hunter used to spend every morning from sunrise till eight o'clock in his museum; and throughout the day he carried on his extensive private practice, performed his laborious duties as surgeon to St. George's Hospital, and deputy surgeon-general to the army; delivered lectures to the students, and superintended a school of practical anatomy at his own house; finding leisure, amidst all, for elaborate experiments on the animal economy, and the composition of various works of great scientific importance. To find time for this gigantic amount of work, he allowed himself only four hours of sleep at night, and an hour after dinner. When once asked what method he had adopted to insure success in his undertakings, he replied, "My rule is, deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the thing be practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it if I give sufficient pains to it; and having begun, I never stop till the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success."

Equally valuable is the example of the immortal Dr. Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination as a preventitive of small-pox. This terrible disease had raged for a long time

and there seemed to be no way of arresting its violence. Jenner was a youth, pursuing his studies at Sudbury, when his attention was arrested by the casual observation made by a country girl who came to his master's shop for advice. The small-pox was mentioned, when the girl said, "I can't take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." The observation immediately riveted Jenner's attention, and he forthwith set about inquiring and making observations on the subject. His professional friends, to whom he mentioned his views as to the prophylactic virtues of cow-pox, laughed at him, and even threatened to expel him from their society, if he persisted in harassing them with the subject. In London he was so fortunate as to study under John Hunter, to whom he communicated his views. The advice of the great anatomist was thoroughly characteristic: "Don't think, but *try*; be patient, be accurate." Jenner's courage was greatly supported by the advice, which conveyed to him the true art of philosophical investigation. He went back to the country to practice his profession, and carefully to make observations and experiments, which he continued to pursue for a period of twenty years. His faith in his discovery was so implicit that he vaccinated his own son on three several occasions. At length he published his views in a quarto of about seventy pages, in which he gave the details of twenty-three cases of successful vaccination of individuals, to whom it was found afterwards impossible to communicate the small-pox either by contagion or inoculation. It was in 1798 that this treatise was published; though he had been working out his ideas as long before as 1775, when they began to assume a definite form.

How was the discovery received? First with indifference, then with active hostility. He proceeded to London to exhibit to the profession the process of vaccination and its successful results; but not a single doctor could be got to make a trial of it, and after fruitlessly waiting for nearly three months, Jenner returned to his native village. He was even caricatured and abused for his attempt to "bestialize" his species by the introduction into their systems of diseased matter from the cow's

udder. Cobbett was one of the most furious assailants. Vaccination was denounced from the pulpit as "diabolical." It was averred that vaccinated children became "ox-faced," that abscesses broke out to "indicate sprouting horns," and that the countenance was gradually "transmitted into the visage of a cow, the voice into the bellowing of bulls." Vaccination, however, was a truth, and notwithstanding the violence of the opposition, belief in it spread slowly. In one village, where a gentleman tried to introduce the practice, the first persons who permitted themselves to be vaccinated were absolutely pelted, and were driven into their houses if they appeared out of doors. Two ladies of title,—Lady Ducie and the Countess of Berkeley,—to their honor be it remembered,—had the courage to vaccinate their own children; and the prejudices of the day were at once broken through. The medical profession gradually came round, and there were several who even sought to rob Dr. Jenner of the merit of the discovery, when its vast importance came to be recognized. Jenner's cause at last triumphed, and he was publicly honored and rewarded.

He was invited to settle in London and told that he might easily command a practice of £10,000 a year. His answer was: "No! In the morning of my days I sought the sequestered and lowly paths of life, and now in the evening, it is not meet for me to hold myself up as an object for fortune and fame." During Jenner's lifetime the practice of vaccination had been adopted all over the civilized world, and when he died his title as Benefactor of his kind was recognized far and wide. Cuvier said: "If this had been the only discovery of the epoch, it would have made it illustrious forever."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was such a believer in the force of industry, that he held that "excellence in art, however expressed by genius, taste, or the gift of heaven, may be acquired." Writing to Barry he said, "Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or indeed any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment that he rises till he goes to bed." And on another occasion he said, "Those who are resolved to excel must go to their work, willing or

unwilling, morning, noon, and night; they will find it no play, but very hard labor. And the lives of great artists go to show that the most of them had to force their way upward in the face of manifold obstructions. Their success was achieved by no luck or chance but by sheer hard work.

Like Reynolds, Michael Angelo was also a believer in the power of labor. He was himself one of the greatest of workers and attributed (though with doubtful correctness) his power of studying for a greater number of hours than others to his spare habits of living. A little bread and wine was all he required for the chief part of the day when employed at his work; and very frequently he rose in the middle of the night to resume his labors. On these occasions, it was his practice to fix the candle, by the light of which he worked, on the summit of a pasteboard cap which he wore. Sometimes he was too wearied to undress, and he slept in his clothes, ready to spring to his work so soon as refreshed by sleep. He had a favorite device of an old man in a go-cart, with an hour glass upon it bearing the inscription, "Still I am learning!"

Titian, also, was an indefatigable worker. His celebrated "Pietro Martyre" was eight years in hand, and his "Last Supper" seven. In his letter to Charles V. he said, "I send your Majesty the 'Last Supper' after working at it almost daily for seven years." Few think of the patient labor and long training involved in the greatest works of the artist. They seem easy and quickly accomplished, yet with how great difficulty has this ease been acquired. "You charge me fifty sequins," said the Venetian nobleman to the sculptor, "for a bust that cost you only ten days' labor." "You forget," said the artist, "that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days." Once when Domenichino was blamed for his slowness in finishing a picture which was bespoken, he made answer, "I am continually painting it within myself." It was eminently characteristic of the industry of the late Sir Augustus Callcott, that he made not fewer than forty separate sketches in the composition of his famous picture of "Rochester." It may seem a simple affair to play upon a violin; yet

what a long and laborious practice it requires! Giardini said to a youth who asked him how long it would take to learn it, "Twelve hours a day for twenty years together."

The same honest and persistent industry was throughout distinctive of the career of David Wilkie. The son of a poor Scotch minister, he gave early indications of an artistic turn; and though he was a negligent and inapt scholar, he was a sedulous drawer of faces and figures. A silent boy, he already displayed that quiet, concentrated energy of character which distinguished him through life. He was always on the look-out for an opportunity to draw,—and the walls of the manse, or the smooth sand by the river side, came alike convenient for his purpose. But his progress was slow. He displayed none of the eccentric humor and fitful application of many youths who conceive themselves geniuses, but kept up the routine of steady application to such an extent that he himself was afterwards accustomed to attribute his success to his dogged perseverance rather than to any higher innate power. "The single element," he said, "in all the progressive movements of my pencil, was persevering industry." The prices which his works realized were not great, for he bestowed so much time and labor upon them, that his earnings continued small for many years. Every picture was carefully studied and elaborated beforehand; nothing was struck off at a heat. Many occupied him for years, touching, retouching and improving them until they finally passed out of his hands. As with Reynolds, his motto was, "Work! work! work!" and, like him, he expressed great dislike for talking artists. Talkers may sow, but the silent reap. "Let us be *doing* something," was his oblique mode of rebuking the loquacious and admonishing the idle.

Among such was his friend Haydon, who was always talking so big about high art, but doing so little to advance it. Haydon, perhaps, had more of what is called "genius" than Wilkie, but he had no persistency,—no work in him. The one fitful and irregular in his habits, aimed at an unattainable ideal; the other, sedulously cultivating his peculiar and original talent, aimed steadily at the success which was within his

reach, and secured it. Haydon's career was both warning and example to the gifted. He was one of a numerous class who are ready to cry out without sufficient reason against the blindness and ingratitude of the world. But, as in most of such cases, Haydon's worst enemy was himself. Half the time spent in working that he spent in complaining, would have gone far towards making him the great man that he aimed to be. While he went on holding himself forth as a persecuted genius, Wilkie, with the simplicity that belongs to true genius, made no claim whatever, but worked hard and did his best, and the world did not fail to recognize his merits.

Turner, whom Ruskin considers one of England's greatest landscape painters, was intended by his father for his own trade of a barber, until, one day, a sketch which the boy had made for a coat of arms on a silver salver, attracted the notice of a customer whom his father was shaving. The man urged the father to allow the boy to follow his bias, and he was eventually permitted to do so. But, like all young artists, Turner had many difficulties to encounter, and they were all the greater that Turner's circumstances were so straightened. But he was always willing to work, and to take pains with his work, no matter how humble the labor might be. He was glad to hire himself out at half a crown a night to wash in skies in India ink upon other people's drawings, getting his supper into the bargain. Thus he earned money and acquired expertness. Then he took to illustrating guide-books, almanacs, and any sort of books that wanted cheap frontispieces. "What could I have done better?" said he afterwards; "it was first-rate practice." He did everything carefully and conscientiously, never slurring over his work because he was ill-remunerated for it. He aimed at learning as well as living; always doing his best, and never leaving a drawing without having made a step in advance upon his previous work. A man who thus labored was sure to do much; and his advance in power and grasp of thought was, to use Ruskin's words, "as steady as the increasing light of sunrise." But Turner's genius needs no panegyric; the great works

bequeathed by him to the nation, will ever be his best monument and the most lasting memorial of his fame.

Those of my readers who may have visited the city of Edinburg, Scotland, cannot fail to have noticed the beautiful monument erected by the city to the memory of Scotland's greatest author, Sir Walter Scott. But few know the touching and pathetic career of George Kemp, whose architectural genius designed it. He was the son of a poor shepherd who pursued his calling on the southern slope of the Pentland Hills. Amidst that pastoral solitude the boy had no opportunity of enjoying the contemplation of beautiful works of art. It happened, however, that in his tenth year he was sent on a message to Roslin by the farmer for whom his father herded sheep, and the sight of the beautiful castle and chapel there, seems to have made a vivid and enduring impression on his mind. Probably to enable him to indulge his love of architectural construction, the boy besought his father to let him be a joiner ; and he was accordingly apprenticed to a neighboring village carpenter. Having served his time, he went to Galashiels to seek work, doing the journey on foot. As he was plodding along the valley of the Tweed, with his tools upon his back, a carriage overtook him near Elibank Tower ; and the coachman, doubtless at the suggestion of his master, who rode inside, having asked the youth how far he had to walk, and learning he was on his way to Galashiels, invited him to mount the box beside him, and thus to ride thither. It turned out that the kindly gentleman inside was no other than Sir Walter Scott, then traveling on his official duty as Sheriff of Selkirkshire.

Whilst working at his trade at Galashiels, Kemp had frequent opportunities of visiting Melrose, Dryburgh and Jedburgh Abbeys, and studying them carefully. Inspired by his love of architecture, he next worked his way, as a carpenter, over the greater part of the north of England, never omitting an opportunity of inspecting and making sketches of any fine Gothic building. We next find him in Glasgow, where he remained four years, studying the fine cathedral

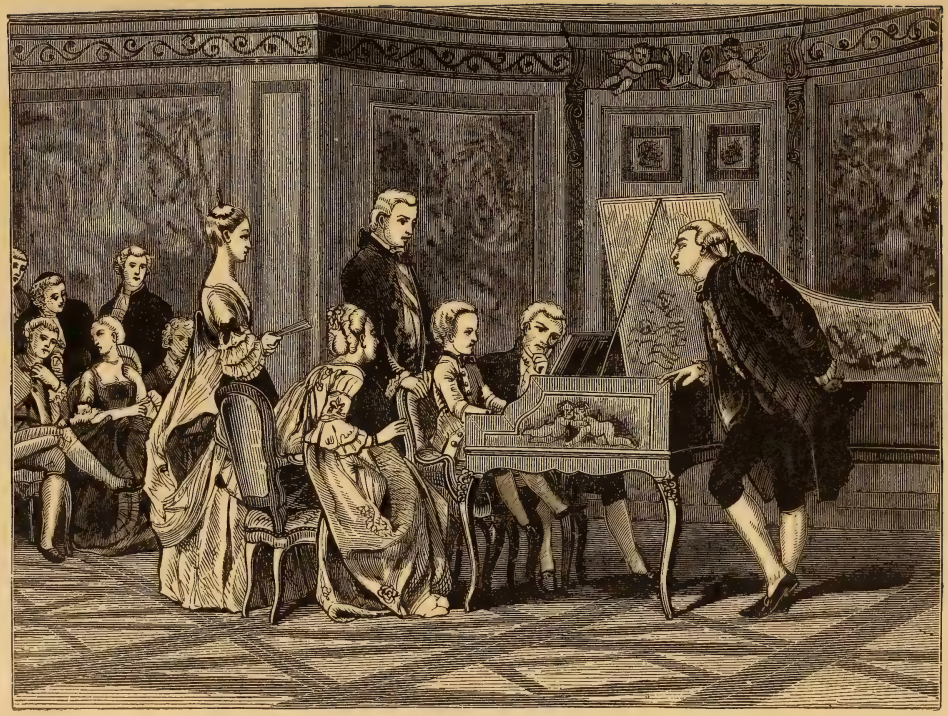
there during his spare time. In 1824 he formed the design of traveling over Europe, and supporting himself by his trade, for the purpose of studying its well-known cathedrals. He commenced at Boulogne, and from thence proceeded by Abbeville and Beauvais to Paris, spending a few weeks making drawings and studies in each place. His skill as a mechanic, and especially his knowledge of mill-work, readily secured him employment wherever he went, and he was thus enabled to choose his site of employment, which was invariably in the neighborhood of some fine old Gothic structure, in studying which he occupied his leisure hours.

After a year's working, travel and study abroad, he was abruptly summoned home by family affairs, and returned to Scotland. He continued his studies and became a proficient in drawing and perspective. Melrose was his favorite ruin ; and he produced several elaborate drawings of the building, one of which, exhibiting it in a " restored " state, was afterwards engraved. He also obtained some employment as a modeler of architectural designs ; and afterwards made drawings for a work commenced by an Edinburgh engraver, after the plan of Britton's "Cathedral Antiquities." This was a task most congenial to his tastes, and he labored at it with an enthusiasm which ensured its rapid advance ; walking on foot for this purpose over half Scotland, and living as an ordinary mechanic, whilst executing drawings which would have done credit to the greatest masters in the art. The projector of the work having died suddenly, its publication was interfered with, and Kemp sought other employment. Few knew of the genius of this man — for he was exceedingly taciturn and habitually modest — when the Committee of the Scott Monument offered a prize for the best design. The competitors were numerous, including some of the greatest names in classical architecture ; but the design unanimously selected was that of George Kemp, then working at Kilwinning Abbey, in Ayrshire, many miles off, when the letter reached him, intimating the decision of the committee. Poor Kemp! Shortly after this event he met an untimely death, and did

not live to see the first result of his indefatigable industry and self-culture embodied in stone — one of the most beautiful and appropriate memorials ever erected to literary genius.

The same spirit of work, and the same necessity for industry and application, is found exemplified among the lives of musicians. Thus Handel was an indefatigable and constant worker; he was never cast down by defeat, but his energy seemed to increase the more that adversity struck him. When a prey to his mortifications as an insolvent debtor, he did not give way for a moment, but in one year produced his "Saul," "Israel," the music for Dryden's "Ode," his "Twelve Grand Concertos," and the opera of "Jupiter in Argos," among the finest of his works. As his biographer said of him: "He braved everything, and, by his unaided self, accomplished the work of twelve men."

Haydn, speaking of his art, said, "It consists it taking up a subject and pursuing it." "Work," said Mozart, "is my chief pleasure." Beethoven's favorite maxim was, "The barriers are not erected which can say to aspiring talents and industry, 'Thus far and no farther.'" When Moscheles submitted his score of "Fidelio," for the piano-forte, to Beethoven, the latter found written at the bottom of the last page, "Finis, with God's help." Beethoven immediately wrote underneath, "O man! help thyself!" This was the motto of his artistic life. John Sebastian Bach said of himself, "I was industrious, and whoever is equally sedulous will be equally successful." But there is no doubt that Bach was born with a passion for music which formed the main-spring of his industry, and was the true secret of his success. When a mere youth, his elder brother, wishing to turn his abilities in another direction, destroyed a collection of studies which the young Sebastian, being denied candles, had copied by moonlight; proving the strong natural bent of the boy's genius. Of Meyerbeer, Bayle thus wrote from Milan in 1820: "He is a man of some talent, but no genius; he lives solitary, working fifteen hours a day at music." Years passed, and Meyerbeer's hard work fully brought out his genius, as



YOUNG MOZART.
(From a painting by Boulanger.) Page 116.

displayed in his "Roberto," "Huguenots," "Prophéte," and other works, confessedly amongst the greatest operas which have been produced in modern times.

We have now gone through the leading trades and professions of life, and have seen that among mechanics, artists of all kinds, architects and musicians, among great men and small men, public men and private men, the same law of labor holds good, and that hard work is the price of success in each and all. While the idle pass through life leaving as little trace of their existence as foam upon the water, or smoke upon the air, the industrious stamp their character upon their age, and influence all succeeding generations. It has also been found that so far from poverty being in itself a positive misfortune, it may, if it be not so great and long-continued as to crush the spirit and put out the light of hope within it, be converted into a blessing, rousing a man to that struggle with the world which will impart to him strength, confidence and triumph. Indeed, biography is all studded o'er with shining examples of the power of self-help, patient purpose, resolute working, and steadfast integrity to create and develop truly noble and manly characters ; thus exhibiting, in language not to be misunderstood, what each can accomplish for himself, in providing an honorable competence and an enduring reputation.

Ninety per cent. of what men call genius is a talent for hard work ; only the remaining tenth is the fancied ability of doing things without work. The mere drudgery which some men are said to have gone through with in executing their plans almost staggers belief. To acquire a polished style, Lord Chesterfield for many years wrote down every brilliant passage he met with in his reading, and either translated it into French, or, if it was in a foreign language, into English. A certain eloquence became at last, he says, habitual to him, and it would have given him more trouble to express himself inelegantly than ever he had taken to avoid the defect. To gain a mastery of language, Lord Chatham not only used to

translate Demosthenes into English, but also read Bailey's folio dictionary twice through with discriminating attention. For the same purpose, his son, William Pitt, before he was twenty years old, had read the works of nearly all the ancient classic authors, many of them aloud, dwelling sometimes for hours on striking passages of an orator or historian, noticing their turns of expression, and trying to discover the secret of their charm or power. The "silver-tongued" Mansfield not only translated all of Cicero's orations into English, but also retranslated the English orations into Latin.

Butler, who exhibits in his "Hudibras" an amount of wit, comic illustration, and curious and out-of-the-way learning that is absolutely portentous, kept a commonplace-book, in which, according to Dr. Johnson, he had deposited for many years, not such events or precepts as are gathered by reading, but such remarks, similitudes, allusions, assemblages or inferences, as occasion prompted or inclination produced — those thoughts which were generated in his own mind, and might be usefully applied to some future purpose. "Such," adds Johnson, "is the labor of those who write for immortality." Before the great essayist himself began the Rambler, he had collected in a commonplace-book a great variety of hints for essays on different subjects. Addison amassed three folios of manuscript materials before he began the Spectator. The papers in that periodical, like most essays which have survived the changes of time and the caprice of fashion, were simply the form which their author chose, to impart to the world thoughts which, for the most part, had long been shaping and clothing themselves with words in his own mind.

Jean Paul Richter did the same thing. For years he went on reading, studying and observing, making great books of extracts for future use, which he called his *quarries*. These note-books contained a kind of repertory of all the sciences; and he also carefully noted down his daily observations of living nature. The great Catholic writer, De Maistre, for more than thirty years noted down whatever he met with of

striking interest in his reading, accompanying his extracts with comments; and he also placed in the same "immense volumes" those "thoughts of the moment, those sudden illuminations, which are extinguished without result, if the flash is not made permanent by writing." Hume toiled thirteen hours a day while preparing his History of England. Lord Bacon, notwithstanding the fertility of his mind, economized his thoughts, as the many manuscripts he left, entitled "Sudden Thoughts set down for Use," abundantly testify. Erskine made numerous extracts from Burke, of whom he was an intense admirer; and Lord Eldon copied Coke upon Littleton twice, re-reading that crabbed work till his whole mind was saturated with its lore and spirit. Southey was unwearied in his efforts to prepare himself to write. Not content with a mere reference in a table-book, whenever he met with anything available in his reading he marked the passage with his pencil, and it was transcribed, docketed, and deposited in an array of pigeon-holes.

Heyne, the great German classicist, shelled the peas for his dinner with one hand, while he annotated Tibullus with the other. Matthew Hale, while a student of law, studied sixteen hours a day. Sir Thomas More, and Bishops Jewell and Burnett, began studying every morning at four o'clock; Paley rose at five; Gibbon was hard at work, the year round, at six. Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings; Pascal killed himself by study, or rather by study without exercise; Cicero narrowly escaped death from the same cause; Hooker, Barrow and Jeremy Taylor were industrious scholars; Milton kept to his books as regularly as a merchant or an attorney. "My morning haunts," proudly says the latter, in one of the few passages in which he gives us a peep into his private life, "are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast,— but up and stirring."

No man appears to have written with more ease than Dickens; yet a published letter of his shows that when he was brooding over a new book his whole soul was "possessed,"

haunted, spirit-driven by one idea; and he used to go wandering about at night into the strangest places, seeking rest, and finding none till he was delivered. When that little Christmas book, The Chimes, was about to rise from the ocean depths of his thought, he shut himself up for a month, close and tight, till all his affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and, long ere he reached the end he became "haggard as a murderer." It is said that on being requested to read at his public recitations a new selection from his writings, he replied that he had not time to prepare himself, as he was in the habit of reading a piece once a day for six months before reciting it in public. That the author of David Copperfield had little faith in improvisations is evident from the following golden words: "The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and every pursuit, is the quality of attention. My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has but for the habit of common-place, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention."

Addison wore out the patience of his printer. He would often stop the press to insert a new preposition. Gibbon wrote out his autobiography, a model of its kind, nine times before he could satisfy himself. Hazlitt tells us that he was assured by one who knew, that Burke's Letter to a Noble Lord, the most rapid, impetuous, glancing and sportive of all his works, was returned to the printing office so completely blotted over with alterations that the compositors refused to correct it as it was, took the whole matter to pieces, and reset the copy. Hazlitt himself spent so many weary years before he could wreak his thoughts upon expression, that he almost despaired of ever succeeding as an author. John Foster was a most painfully laborious writer. He tells us that in revising one of his essays, his principle was to treat no page, sentence or word with the smallest ceremony, but "to hack, split, twist, prune, pull up by the roots, or practice any other severity on whatever he did not like." The consequence was

"alterations to the amount, very likely, of several thousands." When Chalmers, after a visit to London, was asked what Foster was about, he replied, "Hard at it, at the rate of a line a week."

Even the light, facile verse of Tom Moore was the efflorescence of deep strata of erudition; a quaint piece of learning often blossomed into a song, and knowledge gathered out of scores of folios bloomed into whole wildernesses of beauty. Washington Irving tells us that Moore used to compose his poetry while walking up and down a gravel walk in his garden, and when he had a line, a couplet or a stanza polished to his mind, he would go to a little summer-house near by, and write it down. Ten lines a day he thought good work, and he would keep the little poem by him for weeks, waiting for a single word. Some of his broadest squibs cost him whole weeks of inquiry. Montesquieu, speaking of one part of his writings, said to a friend, "You will read it in a few hours; but I assure you it cost me so much labor that it has whitened my hair."

The ductility of language in the hands of Hawthorne surprises and delights every cultivated reader. But for his lately published Note-Books, which betray the secret of his art,—reveal the laws by which his genius wrought,—we might fancy him an exception to the rule that intense labor is the price of all high excellence. We find him in these not trusting to inspirations, but day by day, through every month and every year, patiently jotting down every random thought that chanced to stray into his mind, pinioning every hint in ink, securing every fact or fancy that may possibly serve as material for or adornment of some future work. Not one of his books was flung off from the top of his mind at a white heat. We find, on the contrary, that it was by condensing into a chapter and sometimes into a sentence, the fruits of months of waiting and watching, hints by the wayside and stray suggestions followed up and wrought out, moonlight meditations, and flashes of illumination from electric converse with congenial minds, that he wove his spells, so weird, so dark, and so potent.

It is said that a rival playwright once jeered at Euripides, because he had taken three days to compose five lines, whilst *he* had dashed off five hundred in the same time. "Yes," was the just retort, "but your five hundred lines in three days will be dead and forgotten, whilst my five will live forever." The number of hours spent in the manual labor of writing a book is no measure of the brain-labor expended in composing it. Thoughts, to flow easily, must overflow from a full mind. Alonzo Cano, the Spanish sculptor, completed a beautiful statue in twenty-five days. When the sordid merchant who had employed him wished to pay him by the day, he cried out, indignantly, "Wretch! I have been at work twenty-five years, learning to make this statue in twenty-five days." It cannot be too often repeated that all extraordinary skill is the result of vast preparatory training. Facility of every kind comes by labor. Nothing is easy, not even walking or reading, that was not difficult at first.

America has probably produced no greater orator than Henry Clay. Though endowed with great natural gifts, he was no exception to the rule that *orator fit.* He attributed his success to the one single fact that at the age of twenty-seven he began, and continued for years, the practice of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical and scientific book. "These off-hand efforts," he says, "were made sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my subsequent entire destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day." Henry Ward Beecher, when a theological student, was drilled incessantly by a skill-

ful elocutionist in posturing, gesture, and voice-culture. There was a large grove between the seminary and his father's house, and it was the habit, he tells us, of his brother Charles and himself, and one or two others, to make the night, and even the day, hideous with their voices, as they passed backward and forward through the wood, exploding all the vowels from the bottom to the very top of their voices. It is said that the greatest sermon ever preached by Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry,—one of the most powerful pulpit orators in America,—was one on "The Government of God." When asked, as he descended the pulpit steps, how long it took him to prepare that sermon, he replied, "About forty years, sir."

Therefore, reader of these pages, whoever you are, whether young or old, if the force and inspiration of all these examples are lost upon you, there is little left that can influence or move you. You must be either incorrigibly stupid or depraved. As you stand and look out into the world, remember there is a place for you there, and work for you to do, if you care to rouse yourself up and go after it. As an anonymous poet has expressed it,

"There is work for all in this world of ours,
Ho! idle dreamers in sunny bowers;
Ho! giddy triflers with time and health;
Ho! covetous hoarders of golden wealth;
There is work for each, there is work for all,
In the peasant's cot or baronial hall.

There is work for the wise and eloquent tongue,
There is work for the old, there is work for the young;
There is work that tasks manhood's strengthened zeal
For his nature's welfare, his country's weal;
There is work that asks woman's gentle hand,
Her pitying eye, and her accents bland:
From the uttermost bounds of this earthly ball,
Is heard the loud cry, 'There is work for all.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

Great and Little Things.

All are needed by each and one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
R. W. Emerson.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could do no more.
Edward Young.

MICHAEL Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor at his studio what he had been doing at a statue since his previous visit. "I have retouched this part, polished that, softened this feature, brought out that muscle, given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Sedulous attention and painstaking industry always mark the true and successful worker. Nicholas Poussin when asked by what means he had gained so high a reputation among other painters in Italy, replied, "Because I have neglected nothing." It will be found upon examination that many, if not most of the great discoveries of the world have resulted in part from the attentive observation of little things.

Dr. Johnson defined genius to be "a mind of large general powers determined in a particular direction." The same bluff old doctor once remarked to a fine gentleman who had just returned from Italy, that "some men would see and learn more in an ordinary stage-ride, than others would in making the

tour of Europe." Many, before Galileo, had seen a suspended weight swing before their eyes with a measured beat; but he was the first to detect the value of the fact. One of the vergers in the cathedral at Pisa, after replenishing with oil a lamp which hung from the roof, left it swinging to and fro; and Galileo, then a youth of only eighteen, noting it attentively, conceived the idea of applying it to the measurement of time. Fifty years of study and labor, however, elapsed before he completed the invention of his Pendulum,— an invention, the importance of which, in the measurement of time and in astronomical calculations, can scarcely be overvalued. In like manner, Galileo, having casually heard that a Dutch spectacle-maker had presented to Count Maurice of Nassau an instrument by means of which distant objects appeared proximate to the beholder, addressed himself to the cause of such a phenomenon, which led to the invention of the telescope, and thus proved the commencement of important astronomical discoveries.

While Captain (afterwards Sir Samuel) Brown was occupied in studying the construction of bridges, with the view of contriving one of a cheap description to be thrown across the Tweed, near which he lived, he was walking in his garden one dewy autumn morning, when he saw a tiny spider's net suspended across his path. The idea immediately occurred to him, that a bridge of iron ropes or chains might be constructed in like manner, and the result was the invention of his Suspension Bridge. So James Watt, when consulted about the mode of carrying water by pipes under the Clyde, along the unequal bed of the river, turned his attention one day to the shell of a lobster presented at table; and from that model he invented an iron tube, which, when laid down, was found effectually to answer the purpose. Sir Isambert Brunel took his first lessons in forming the Thames Tunnel from the tiny ship-worm; he saw how the little creature perforated the wood with its well-armed head, first in one direction and then in another till the archway was complete, and daubed over the roof and sides with a kind of varnish; and by copying this work ex-

actly on a large scale, Brunel was at length enabled to accomplish his great engineering work.

It is the close observation of little things, the attention to details, which is the secret of success and of greatness in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit of life. In fact, the vast pile of human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts, made by successive generations of men; these little bits of knowledge and experience at length growing into a mighty pyramid. The huge "chalk cliffs of Albion" were built by insects so small as only to be seen by the help of a microscope, and so were the coral islands. Christ said to his disciples at one time, "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." The best of "Poor Richard's" maxims, perhaps, is the one which says, "take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves." Tho two following stanzas of poetry, although "old as the hills" and worn threadbare by familiar repetition, are nevertheless as true as when first written.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of Eternity!"

When Franklin made his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, it was sneered at, and people asked, "Of what use is it?" To which his apt reply was, "What is the use of a child? It may become a man!" When Galvini discovered that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals, it could scarcely have been imagined that so apparently insignificant a fact could have led to important results. Yet therein lay the germ of the Electric Telegraph, which binds the intelligence of continents together.

The comparative importance of "great and little things,"

and their mutual reaction upon each other is well set forth in the following poem by Charles Mackay.

A traveler, through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time
To breathe his early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil would drink.
He passed again—and lo, the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old—and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo, its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great:
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd,
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

You go among a certain class of men who are, or wish to be considered good business men, and you will find many of them professing contempt for what is sometimes termed the "drudgery of details." But you study the history of bankruptcies and failures in business, and you will find a larger number of this same class in trouble, than any other. An Eastern merchant who had amassed a large fortune, when asked to what he attributed his success, replied that he had made it a point never to neglect the details of his business. Many business men, he added, content themselves with planning; regarding comprehensive views as incompatible with scrupulous attention to small matters, they leave the execution of their schemes to subordinates; and the result is that, in the majority of cases, their plans fall through in consequence of the neglect of some clerk or other employe, and they remain forever at the foot of the ladder. In fact, this attention to the little things of business is "an element of effectiveness with which no reach of plan, no loftiness of design, no enthusiasm of purpose, can dispense. It is this which marks the difference between the practical man and the mere dreamer, between a Stephenson who created a *working* locomotive, and his predecessors who merely conceived the idea of it, and could not carry their thought into execution."

There are plenty of people who are ready to talk about and even attempt to perform some "big thing," some huge, glorious, magnificent, colossal enterprise, but when they come right down to the small and practical details of the undertaking, oh, they are disgusted with everything that looks like drudgery, and so turn away. Such men are like Swift's dancing-master who had every qualification except that he was lame. In look-

ing at the paintings and drawings of the old masters, one striking difference between them and the modern style of art is their conscientious nicety about little things, the almost endless dwelling upon a foot, or a hand, or a face, until it was true to nature. Let a lawyer neglect the apparently petty circumstances of his case, and he will be almost sure to lose it; for some vital fact, perhaps the keystone of the whole, will be likely to escape his attention. Let the conveyancer omit the details of a deed,—the little words that seem like surplusage,—and he will continually involve his clients in litigation, and often subject them to the loss of their property. The difference between first and second class work in every department of labor lies chiefly in the degrees of care with which the minutiæ are executed.

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that even this most excellent virtue can be carried too far, or rather, that there must be ability great enough to comprehend larger matters conjoined with this talent for details, before the compound becomes valuable. As nearly every virtue carried to excess becomes a positive vice, so the ability to look after little things, unless properly balanced in the mind with other counteracting traits, degenerates into mere fussiness or disagreeable particularity. The venerable maiden aunt, living alone, becomes after a time wholly absorbed in attending to trifles, and thus unfits herself for any larger duties or designs. The same thing is true of a miser gathering and counting his gold. We see hundreds of men who stop and dally so long over little things that they never get on very fast in life's journey. Hence it has been well said that really great men exhibit as much ability for large matters as small, and for small matters as for large; in this respect resembling the power of an elephant who can tear a tree up by the roots, or pick up a pin, with equal facility.

It is related of a celebrated New York lawyer that when he had a case to argue, his labor on the details was enormous. He took it to his bed and board; had inspirations concerning it in his sleep; repeatedly arose at night to secure those by

memoranda; and never ceased to mine and chamber in a great case, till it was actually called on the calendar. Then were to be seen the equipment and power of a great lawyer. When Brunelleschi elaborated the design of that cathedral in Florence which was one of the wonders of Italy, he did not content himself with leaving the execution of it to others, but personally superintended the laying of every brick of the dome. Here are instances in which both kinds of this ability coalesced, and assisted each other in achieving the result.

There is no profession which furnishes such opportunities for the exercise of both sides of this trait of character as the military. A successful general must have an equal talent for great and small things. Should he fail on either side, he will be a failure as a whole. General McClellan had first-class organizing ability, but he lacked the power to execute his plans. When he took hold of the "Army of the Potomac" it was in a broken-up and disorganized condition. He looked after each regiment, compacted and solidified its separate units, arranged the details of camp life, and personally superintended each and every department of that large, unwieldy body of men, most of whom were at first but raw recruits. It was a Herculean task, and right nobly was it performed. But after the army was put in superb condition, he was unable to handle it effectively, or to hurl it with crushing force against the enemy. It was like building a magnificent bridge and then not daring to cross it first. As a military commander, McClellan lacked energy, boldness, dash, and far-reaching sagacity. He had a good deal of patient courage and scientific skill and the power of looking after details, but still there was wanting in him those larger requisites of a great military leader.

In Napoleon, on the other hand, these two traits af character under consideration were happily and powerfully united. To a vivid imagination, which enabled him to look along extended lines of action, he united the ability to deal with the smallest matters essential to success with almost unerring judgment and rapidity. While other generals trusted to subordinates, he gave his personal attention to the marching of

his troops, the commissariat, and other laborious and small affairs. His vast and daring plans, it has been truly said, would have been visionary in any other man; but out of his brain every vision flew a chariot of iron, because it was filled up in all the details of execution, to be a solid and compact framework in every part. No miserly merchant ever showed more exact attention to the pence and farthings, or exhibited a more thorough knowledge of the state of his ledger, than did the hero of Austerlitz concerning his men, horses, equipments, and the minute details, as well as the totality, of his force.

We find him directing where horses were to be obtained, arranging for an adequate supply of saddles, ordering shoes for the soldiers, and specifying the number of rations of bread, biscuit, and spirits that were to be brought to camp, or stored in magazines for the use of his troops. In one letter he asks Ney if he has received the muskets sent to him; in another he gives directions to Jerome about the shirts, great-coats, clothes, shoes, shakos, and arms to be served out to the Wurtemberg regiments; then he informs Darn that the army wants shirts, and that they don't come to hand. Again, to the Grand Duc de Berg he sends a complaint that the men want sabres; "send an officer to obtain them at Posen. It is said they also want helmets; order that they be made at Ebling." Again he writes: "The return which you sent me is not clear. I do not see the position of Gen. Gardanne's division, nor his force. . . . . I see companies that do not properly belong to the army of Naples. This carelessness will at last derange the administration of the army and destroy its discipline. Send me perfectly accurate returns." "The returns of my armies," says he, in a letter in 1806, "form the most agreeable portion of my library."

The captain who conveyed Napoleon to Elba expressed his astonishment at his precise and familiar knowledge of all the minute details connected with the ship. Consequently, his armies were "only one great engine of desolation, of which he was the head or brain. The wheeling of every legion,

however remote, the tramp of every foot and the beat of every drum were mentally present to him." A striking illustration of this is furnished by the campaign of 1805, as described by an English writer. In that year Napoleon broke up the great camp he had formed on the shores of the Channel, and gave orders for that mighty host to defile toward the Danube. Vast and various, however, as were the projects fermenting in his brain, he did not simply content himself with giving the order, and leaving the elaboration of its details to his lieutenants. To details and minutiæ which inferior captains would have deemed too microscopic for their notice, he gave such exhaustive attention that, before the bugle had sounded for the march, he had planned the exact route which every regiment was to follow, the exact day it was to arrive at each station on the road, the exact day and hour it was to leave that station, as well as the precise moment when it was to reach its place of destination. These details, so thoroughly premeditated, were carried out to the letter, and the result — the fruit of that memorable march — was the victory of Austerlitz, which sealed for ten long years the fate of Europe.

So with our own generals, Sherman and Thomas. The correspondence of the former during the late war, published by the government, shows that for months and months before his "great march" through the South, he was studying the country through which he was to go, its resources, its power of sustaining, its populousness, the habits of the people, in short, everything that could throw light upon the probable success of his expedition. He had, in fact, literally gone over the entire country in advance. Of General Thomas, his comrade Gen. Steadman tells us that he was careful in all the details of a battle, but once in the fight was as furious and impetuous as Jackson. He imparted great enthusiasm to his troops, and could hurl the entire force of his army against an enemy with terrific violence.

Equally, if not more remarkable in the same line of excellence, was the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon's conqueror at

the battle of Waterloo. His business faculty was his genius, the genius of common-sense ; and it is not saying too much to aver that it was because he was a first-rate man of business that he never lost a battle. The Duke began his active military career under the Duke of York and General Walmoden in Flanders and Holland, where he learned amidst misfortunes and defeats how bad business arrangements and bad generalship serve to ruin the *morale* of an army. Ten years after entering the army we find him a colonel in India, reported by his superiors as an officer of indefatigable energy and application. He entered into the minutest details of the service, and sought to raise the discipline of his men to the highest standard. "The regiment of Colonel Wellesley," wrote General Harris in 1799, "is a model regiment; on the score of soldierly bearing, discipline, instruction and orderly behavior it is above all praise."

Shortly after this event, the opportunity occurred for exhibiting his admirable practical qualities as an administrator. Placed in command of an important district immediately after the capture of Seringapatam, his first object was to establish rigid order and discipline among his own men. Flushed with victory, the troops were found riotous and disorderly. "Send me the provost-marshal," said he, "and put him under my orders ; till some of the marauders are hung, it is impossible to expect order or safety." This rigid severity of Wellington in the field was the salvation of his troops in many campaigns.

The same attention to, and mastery of details characterized him through all his career. He neglected nothing, and attended to every important detail of business himself. When he found that food for his troops was not to be obtained from England, and that he must rely upon his own resources for feeding them, he forthwith commenced business as a corn merchant on a large scale, in copartnership with the British Minister at Lisbon. Commissariat bills were created, with which grain was bought in the ports of the Mediterranean and in South America. When he had thus filled his maga-

zines, the overplus was sold to the Portugese, who were greatly in want of provisions. He left nothing whatever to chance, but provided for every contingency. He gave his attention to the minutest details of the service, and was accustomed to concentrate his whole energies, from time to time, on such apparently ignominious matters as soldiers' shoes, camp-kettles, biscuits and horse-fodder. His magnificent business qualities were everywhere felt; and there can be no doubt that, by the care with which he provided for every contingency, and the personal attention which he gave to every detail, he laid the foundations of his great success. By such means he transformed an army of raw levies into the best soldiers in Europe, with whom he declared it to be possible to go anywhere and do anything.

Our own Washington was as particular as Wellington in matters of business, and did not disdain to scrutinize the smallest outgoings of his household, even while holding the high office of President. A large manufacturer of Manchester, England, on retiring from business, purchased a large estate from a noble lord; and it was part of the arrangement that he was to take the house, with all its furniture, precisely as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet which was in the inventory had been removed; and on applying to the former owner about it, the latter said: "Well, I certainly did order it to be removed; but I hardly thought you would have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase." "My lord," was the characteristic reply, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had occasion to sell it."

It was one of the characteristic qualities of Charles James Fox that he was thoroughly painstaking in all that he did. When appointed Secretary of State, being piqued at some observation as to his bad writing, he actually took a writing-master, and wrote copies like a school-boy until he had sufficiently improved himself. Though a corpulent man, he was

wonderfully active at picking up cut tennis-balls, and when asked how he contrived to do so, he playfully replied, "Because I am a very painstaking man." The same accuracy in trifling matters was displayed by him in things of greater importance; and he acquired his reputation, like the painter, by "neglecting nothing."

CHAPTER IX.

SUCCESSFUL ELEMENTS IN CHARACTER.

NUMBER THREE.

Common Sense.

Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume,
The plume exposes, but the helmet saves.
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
If cut by wit it casts a brighter beam,
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.

EDWARD YOUNG.

IT is said that at a gathering in Australia, not long since, four persons met, three of whom were shepherds on a sheep-farm. One of these had taken a degree at Oxford, another at Cambridge, and the third at a German university. The fourth was their employer, a squatter, rich in flocks and herds, but scarcely able to read and write, much less to keep accounts. This significant incident sets forth precisely and forcibly just the difference which often exists between the man of sound, sterling, common sense, shrewd business capacity and practical talent, and the learned or educated fool. We say *often* exists, because this difference is by no means uniform or universal; if it were, the best thing which could be done to promote human welfare on earth, would be to abolish at once all the schools and colleges in the universe. But we think hardly any one is prepared to say that this abolition would be either safe or wise. Education in itself neither makes men fools who have good, natural endowments, nor does it transform natural idiots into men of first-class ability.

The difference under consideration, however, is not so much

between fools and wise, as between theoretical, idealistic men, who have received what is called a liberal education, and whose minds are full of abstract, scientific, metaphysical, or philosophical knowledge, and uneducated men who are destitute of all scholastic accomplishments, but who have, instead, what is termed good, strong, common sense or natural ability. As the world goes, men who have amassed the largest fortunes in life, and who have the best judgment in practical matters, are not, as a rule, men so profoundly versed in scholastic erudition. Not many of them received when young anything more than the merest rudiments of an education at school, but picked up the bulk of their knowledge through wise observation and practical experience. On the other hand, but few men who have been noted for eminent scholarly attainments, and whose minds are full of learned lore, gathered from the dusty tomes and urns of antiquity, are pre-eminently wise or capable in managing the practical affairs of daily life. They have greater visionary power than practical sagacity or shrewd business tact. They are often men of greater intellectual ability than those distinguished in the commercial world, but their ability does not seem to be of that kind which enables a man to hit the mark every time he draws a bow. There is a hidden screw loose somewhere in their organization. They are continually being involved in unlucky enterprises; their plans and calculations miscarry; they fail to make matters "go." They are equally industrious, equally careful and prudent, equally honorable and upright, but yet, the all-important fact remains they do not, and apparently cannot, get on in the world.

On the other hand, the man of sense and tact is one who generally succeeds in whatever line of work he takes hold of. If he makes a mistake, to which he is as liable as most men, he somehow recovers himself, gets on his feet again and goes ahead. He is one who knows men and knows how to take advantage of circumstances; not in a dishonest way, but in a way that turns out to his profit and the furtherance of his projects. If he makes a change in his business, he is sure not

to lose anything by it; and so in one way or the other the years, as they roll, push him and his fortunes ever onward.

A wide-awake Professor in one of our prominent colleges, has lately expressed himself upon this subject as follows: "Intellectual culture, if carried beyond a certain point, is too often purchased at the expense of moral vigor. It gives edge and splendor to a man, but draws out all his temper. There is reason to fear that in the case of not a few persons the mind is so rounded and polished by education, so well balanced, as not to be energetic in any one faculty. They become so symmetrical as to have no point; while in other men, not thus trained, the sense of deficiency and of the sharp, jagged corners of their knowledge lead to efforts to fill up the chasms, that render them at last far more learned and better educated men than the polished, easy-going graduate who has just knowledge enough to prevent consciousness of his ignorance. In youth it is not desirable that the mind should be too evenly balanced. While all its faculties should be cultivated, it is yet desirable that it should have two or three rough-hewn features of massive strength. Young men who spend many years at school are too apt to forget the great end of life, which is to *be* and *do*, not to read and brood over what other men have been and done.

"Many a young man is so exquisitely cultivated as to be good for nothing but to be kept in a show-case as a specimen of what the most approved systems of education can do. Ralph Waldo Emerson tells us that England is filled with a great, silent crowd of thoroughbred Grecians, who prune the orations and point the pens of great orators and writers (that is, do literary work for them), but are indisposed from writing or speaking for themselves, by the very fullness of their minds and the fastidiousness of their tastes." If such is the case it were better to have a mind empty, than to have one so stuffed as to be lazy and over-gorged with richness. Better to take some intellectual emetic or cathartic and get rid of the stagnating surplus, and so come down to the hard, bed-rock of common sense again. Such culture can hardly be called a

blessing. It is exactly to this condition of mind that Shakespere refers when he speaks of "the native hue of resolution being sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Our Professor says again: "The experience gained from books, however valuable, is of the nature of learning; but the experience gained from actual life is wisdom; and an ounce of the latter is worth a pound of the former. The greatest men in the world have not been elegant and polished scholars. There were wise men in Europe before there were printed books. The men who wrested Magna Charta could not write their own names. Bolingbroke, the scholar-statesman, fled an exile from England; while Walpole, who scorned literature, held power for thirty years. "In general," says his son, "he loved neither reading nor writing." Lord Mahon justly observes that Walpole's splendid success in life, notwithstanding his want of learning, may tend to show what is too commonly forgotten in modern plans of education, that it is of far more importance to have the mind well disciplined than richly stored,—strong, rather than full. Brindley and Stephenson did not learn to read and write till they were twenty years old; yet the one gave Britain her railways and the other her canals. It has been remarked that Disraeli, whose speeches are often a literary luxury, has never laid down a single principle of policy, foreign or domestic, nor brought forward a great measure which was not ignominiously scouted. On the other hand, Sir Robert Peel, whose speeches were often the heaviest of platitudes, and whose quotations were usually from the Eton grammar, reversed his country's financial policy, regenerated Ireland, and died with the blessings of all Englishmen on his head.

"Every day we see men of high culture distanced in the race of life by the upstart who cannot spell,—the practical dunce outstripping the theorizing genius. 'Men have ruled well,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'who could not, perhaps, define a commonwealth; and they who understand not the globe of the earth command a greater part of it.' Charlemagne could barely sign his own name; Cromwell was 'inarticulate;'

Macauley's asthmatic hero, William the III, Prince of Orange, scarcely possessed a book; and Frederick the Great could not spell in any of the three languages which he habitually mispronounced. Many of our greatest men were born in the backwoods; and the strongest hand that has held the helm of our government,—a hand that would have throttled secession in its cradle,—belonged to one whom his biographer pronounces 'the most ignorant man in the world.'

"All experience shows that for worldly success it is far more important to have the mind well trained, than rich in the spoils of learning. Books, Bacon has well observed, can never teach the use of books. It is comparatively easy to be a good biographer, but very difficult to live a life worth writing. Some of the world's most useful work is done by men who cannot tell the chemical composition of the air they breathe or the water they drink, and who, like M. Jourdain, daily talk nouns, verbs, and adverbs, without knowing it. They know nothing of agricultural chemistry, but they can produce sixty bushels of corn to the acre. They cannot give a philosophical account of the lever, but they know, as well as George Stephenson, that the shorter the 'bite' of a crowbar the greater is the power gained. In short, the crown of all faculties is common sense. The secret of success lies in being alive to what is going on around one; in adjusting one's self to his conditions; in being sympathetic and receptive; in knowing what people want, and in saying and doing the right thing, at the right place." All this is good.

It is said that Napoleon used to complain of Laplace, whom he made Minister of the Interior, that he was always searching after subtleties; that all his ideas were mathematical problems, and that he carried the spirit of the infinitesimal calculus into the management of his official business. In other words, Laplace had talent, but not tact; or, it would be better still to say, that he lacked good business sense, and consequently the power of adaptation to circumstances. Lord Bacon was a mighty genius, in whom reason worked as an instinct, but though he was the most sagacious of men in his study, never-

theless when he stepped from its "calm, still air" into the noisy arena of life, stooped sometimes to actions of which he could strikingly have shown the impropriety in a moral essay. Addison, it is well known, rose by the force of his own genius to be Secretary of State; but, though he had every opportunity for qualifying himself for his post, he found himself incompetent, and was forced to solicit his dismission with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. The fine intellect of Cowper could trace with subtlety and truth all the crooks and windings of human nature; yet when he came to act for himself, he was a sorry bungler, and showed no tact in turning his sense and knowledge to practical account. Such were his timidity and shyness that he declared any public exhibition of himself to be mortal poison to his feelings. Dean Swift, the pride of his master at school, was buried in a country parsonage at eightscore pounds a year; while Stafford, his schoolmate, an impenetrable blockhead, acquired half a million of dollars. Dante, boiling with indignation against his enemies, could curse better than he could conspire. Machiavelli, consummate master of all the tricks and stratagems of politics, could not get his bread. Corneille did not reserve a crown for his old age, and was so miserably poor as to have his stockings mended at the street-corner.

Beethoven was so ignorant of finance that he did not know enough to cut the coupon from a bond to raise a little money instead of selling the entire instrument. He was so unpractical that, when thirty-seven years old, he sent a friend three hundred florins to buy him linen for some shirts and a half-dozen pocket-handkerchiefs; and about the same time, when he had a little more money than usual, he paid his tailor three hundred florins in advance. Often he was compelled to write music to meet his daily necessities; and one of the passages of his diary is entitled, "Four Evil Days," during which he dined on a simple roll of bread and a glass of water. Need we add to all these the case of Adam Smith, who taught the nations economy, but could not manage the economy of his own house? or that of Goldsmith, whose essays teem with the

shrewdest and most exquisite sense, but who never knew the value of a dollar; who, though receiving the largest sums for his writings, had always his daily bread to earn; who, when he sought to take orders, attempted to dazzle his bishop by a pair of scarlet breeches; and of whom Johnson said that no man was wiser when he had a pen in his hand, or more foolish when he had not? Now, the gift or faculty which all these men lacked was just that which every young man must possess if he would be a successful man in business pursuits. But this gift is not so much a single endowment, we fancy, as it is a happy combination of traits and qualities.

All that class of men who are sometimes called transcendentalists, are aptly described by the Boston merchant who said of a certain man, "Oh, he is one of those fellows who have soarings after the infinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash!" It seems a pity that "deep thinking and practical talent should require habits of mind almost entirely dissimilar, but so it is many times. A man who sees limitedly and clearly is both more sure of himself, and is more direct in dealing with circumstances and with others, than a man with a large horizon of thought, whose many-sided capacity embraces an immense extent of objects and objections,—just as a horse with blinkers chooses his path more surely and is less likely to shy. There is no force in mere intellectual ability, standing, to use a phrase of Burke, 'in all the nakedness and solitude of metaphysical abstraction.' It is passion which is the moving, vitalizing power; and a minimum of brains will often achieve more, when fired by a strong will, than a vastly larger portion with no energy to set it in motion. Practical men cut the knots which they cannot untie, and, overleaping all logical preliminaries, come at once to the conclusion. Men of genius, on the other hand, are tempted to waste time in meditating and comparing, when they should act instantaneously and with power. They are apt, too, to give unbridled license to their imaginations, and, desiring harmonious impossibilities, foresee difficulties so clearly that action is foregone. In short, they theorize too much. Genius, to be

useful, must not only have wings to fly, but legs whereon to stand."

Many distinguished men have been found comparatively helpless in the conduct of business which demanded the power of organizing the labors of other men, and of sagacious dealing with the practical affairs of life. Thus Watt hated that jostling with the world and contact with men of many classes, which are usually encountered in the conduct of any extensive industrial operation. He declared that he would rather face a loaded cannon than settle an account or make a bargain; and there is every probability that he would have derived no pecuniary advantage whatever from his great invention, or been able to defend it against the repeated attacks of the mechanical pirates who fell upon him in Cornwall, London, and Lancashire, had he not been so fortunate as to meet, at the great crisis of his career, with the illustrious Matthew Boulton, "the father of Birmingham."

Boulton was a man of essentially different qualities from Watt, but quite as able in his own way. He was one of the first of the great manufacturing potentates now so numerous in the northern and midland counties of England. Boulton's commencement in life was humble; his position being only that of a Birmingham button-maker. In his case, as in every other, it was not the calling that elevated the man, but the man that elevated the calling. He was gifted by nature with fine endowments, which he cultivated to the utmost. He possessed a genius for business of the highest order; being of sound understanding and quick perception, and prompt to carry out the measures which his judgment approved. Hence he rarely, if ever, failed; for his various enterprises, bold though they were, were always guided by prudence. He was not a man to drive a wedge the broad end foremost; because he possessed an admirable tact, polished by experience, which enabled him unerringly to determine when and how to act. With pride he said to Boswell, when visiting Soho, "I sell here, sir, what all the world desire to have — *power*." "He

had about 700 men at work," continues Boswell, "and I contemplated him as an iron chieftain, and a father of the tribe."

Schiller designated the final education of the human race to consist in action, conduct, self-culture and self-control ; all that tends to discipline a man, and fit him for the proper performance of the duties of life ; a kind of education not to be learned from books, or acquired by any amount of mere literary training. Some have even claimed that a man perfects himself by work much more than by reading ; that action rather than study, and character rather than biography, tend perpetually to renovate mankind. Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help," says : "The education received at school and college is but a beginning, and is mainly valuable in so far as it trains us to the habit of continuous application after a definite plan and system. Putting ideas into one's head will do the head no good, no more than putting things into a bag, unless it react upon them, make them its own, and turn them to account. 'It is not enough,' said John Locke, 'to cram ourselves with a great load of collections ; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength or nourishment.' That which is put into us by others is always far less ours than that which we acquire by our own diligent and persevering effort. Knowledge conquered by labor becomes a possession — a property entirely our own. A greater vividness and permanency of impression is secured ; and facts thus acquired become registered in the mind in a way that mere imparted information can never produce. This kind of self-culture also calls forth power and cultivates strength. The self-solution of one problem helps the mastery of another ; and thus knowledge is carried into faculty. Our own active effort is the essential thing ; and no facilities, no books, no teachers, no amount of lessons learned by rote, will enable us to dispense with it. Such a spirit infused into self-culture gives birth to a living teaching which inspires with purpose the whole man — impressing a distinct stamp upon the mind, and actively promoting the formation of principles and habitudes of conduct.

"The best teachers have been prompt to recognize the importance of self-culture, and of stimulating the student early to accustom himself to acquire knowledge by the active exertion of his own faculties. They have relied more upon *training* than upon *telling:* and sought to make their pupils themselves active parties to the work in which they were engaged; thus making learning something far higher than the mere passive reception of the scraps and details of knowledge. This was the spirit in which the great Dr. Arnold of Rugby worked ; he strove to teach his pupils to rely upon themselves, and to develop their own powers, while he merely guided, directed, stimulated and encouraged them. 'I would far rather,' he said, 'send a boy to Van Diemen's land, where he must work for his bread, than send him to Oxford to live in luxury, without any desire in his mind to avail himself of his advantages!' A great fund of knowledge may be accumulated without any purpose, and though a source of pleasure to the possessor, it may be of little use to any one else.

"It proves nothing to say that knowledge is power, for so are fanaticism, despotism, ambition, and a hundred other equally doubtful mental traits and acquisitions. Knowledge of itself, unless wisely directed, might merely make bad men more dangerous, and the society in which it was regarded as the highest good, little better than Pandemonium. Knowledge must be allied to goodness and wisdom, and embodied in upright character, else it is naught. Pestalozzi even held intellectual training by itself to be pernicious ; insisting that the roots of all knowledge must strike and feed in the soil of the religious, rightly-governed will. The acquisition of knowledge may, it is true, protect a man against the meaner felonies of life, but not in any degree against its selfish vices, unless fortified by sound principles and habits. Hence do we find in daily life, so many instances of men who are well-informed in intellect, but utterly deformed in character ; filled with the learning of the schools, yet possessing little practical wisdom, and offering examples rather for warning than imitation.

"It is possible that at this day we may even exaggerate the

importance of literary culture. We are apt to imagine that because we possess many libraries, institutes, and museums, we are making great progress. But it is not improbable that such facilities may as often be a hindrance as a help to individual self-culture of the highest kind. The possession of a library, or the free use of it, no more constitutes learning, than the possession of wealth constitutes generosity. Though we undoubtedly possess great facilities, it is nevertheless true, as of old, that wisdom and understanding can only become the possession of individual men by traveling the old road of observation, attention, perseverance and industry. The multitude of books which modern readers wade through, may produce distraction as much as culture; the process leaving no more definite impression upon the mind, than gazing through the shifting forms in a kaleidoscope does upon the eye. Reading is often but a mere passive reception of other men's thoughts; there being little or no active effort of the mind in the transaction. Then how much of our reading is but the indulgence of a sort of literary epicurism, or intellectual dram-drinking, imparting a grateful excitement for the moment, without the slightest effect in improving and enriching the mind or building up the character. Thus many indulge themselves in the conceit that they are cultivating their minds, when they are only employed in the humbler occupation of killing time; of which perhaps the best that can be said is, that it merely keeps them from doing worse things."

Still, we do not want the reader to understand that we are decrying or ignoring the value of education, study, intellectual culture and reading, as means of self-improvement. By no means; these aids have done too much good in the world to be cuffed aside by any flippant, upstart theory of utilitarianism. The Professor and Mr. Smiles, whose views we have quoted, write well, and put their points tersely and vigorously, and there is much truth in what they say—truth which should be pondered deeply by all who expect or hope to build for themselves a highway to success in business life. And we agree with them in what they say about the importance of self-cul-

ture and of practical ability. If a man cannot have but one endowment, or if he must choose between book-learning and common sense, let him choose the latter without a moment's hesitation. If a high grade of speculative, metaphysical, or literary ability must be placed in competition with the ability which enables a man to do business well and successfully, then let a man cling to that which is practical and sensible, rather than that which is fanciful or theoretical.

But why cannot a man be a tolerably good scholar, and a good practical man at the same time? Every young man can make out of a college course just about what he pleases. If he wants to be a self-conceited, shallow-pated fop, obtaining a mere smattering of knowledge on a few general topics of current interest, a college is a good place for him to accomplish this object. On the contrary, if he wants to acquire good, valuable information, and train his mind to think consecutively and reason logically, a college is just the place to accomplish that purpose. Generally, when students turn out bad after going through college, the trouble is organic and inherent, rather than external and acquired. Education does for native talent only what a grindstone does for a scythe. If the scythe is made of good steel, grinding brings it to an edge and enables it to do more effective work; but if the scythe is good for nothing to begin with, the more you grind the duller it becomes. The trouble is in the material, and not in the process of sharpening. While a thorough education is never to be despised by one who expects to carve out for himself a highway to fortune, yet no amount of education can supply the place of original ability and energy. We say *thorough* education, because Pope was undoubtedly right when he wrote,

> A little learning is a dangerous thing,
> Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring:
> These shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> But drinking largely sobers us again.

Again, there are as many narrow-minded men in business, as in the schools; as many useless men, lazy men, visionary, unpractical men. There is as much good sense among the ed-

ucated classes as among the non-educated, and *vice versa*. As Edmund Burke once said, "he had known professional statesmen to be nothing but peddlers, while merchants had acted with the comprehensive spirit of statesmen," so all have seen instances of men of genius who were totally unfitted for business pursuits. But there have been others who were great writers and thinkers, and at the same time men of practical talent. For example: Shakespere was not only the king of dramatists, but also the successful business manager of the theater in which his plays were produced. And the crowning glory of all his literary works is their shrewd, far-seeing, vigorous common sense expressed in clear, terse, unhackneyed phraseology.

Pope was of opinion that Shakespere's principal object in cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence. Indeed he seems to have been altogether indifferent to literary reputation. It is not known that he superintended the publication of a single play, or even sanctioned the printing of one; and the chronology of his writings is still a mystery. It is certain, however, that he prospered in his business, and realized sufficient to enable him to retire upon a competency to his native town of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Chaucer was in early life a soldier, and afterwards an effective Commissioner of Customs, and Inspector of Woods and Crown Lands. Spenser was Secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and is said to have been very shrewd and attentive in matters of business. Milton, originally a schoolmaster, was afterwards elevated to the post of Secretary to the Council of State during the Commonwealth; and the extant order book of the Council, as well as many of Milton's letters which are preserved, give abundant evidence of his activity and usefulness in that office. Sir Isaac Newton proved himself a most efficient Master of the Mint; the new coinage of 1694 having been carried on under his immediate personal superintendence. Wordsworth and Scott, the former a distributor of stamps, the latter a clerk to the Court of Session, though great poets, were eminently punctual and practical men of business. David

Ricardo, amidst the occupations of his daily business as a London stock-jobber, in conducting which he acquired an ample fortune, was able to concentrate his mind upon his favorite topic, the principles of political economy, on which he threw great light, being a sagacious commercial man and a profound philosopher.

Grote, the historian of Greece, was a London banker, and John Stuart Mill retired in old age from the Examiner's department of the East India Company, carrying with him the admiration and esteem of all his associates for the thoroughly satisfactory manner in which he had conducted the business of his department, as well as for his high intellectual attainments. Charles Lamb was as good a clerk as he was an essayist. In our own country, William Cullen Bryant is equally successful in business and in authorship. Oliver Wendell Holmes makes as good a Professor in a medical college as he does a star contributor for the literary magazines. Fitz Greene Halleck was a private secretary and a book-keeper, as well as a poet. And the same is true of many, many others.

Moreover, it is always well to bear in mind that the great end of life is not simply to eat, drink, get a living, and make money. All these things, of course, are essential, but the life of thought, imagination, and reflection, although it may in some cases unfit one for practical business details, is in reality the higher and nobler life of the two. How much is the world indebted to these same men of thought and reflection and imagination! How could the world get on without thinkers, writers, poets, inventors, and discoverers? As thought must in all cases precede intelligent action, so these theorists, these dreamy, impracticable men, if so they must be called when judged by a utilitarian standard or weighed in the scales of commercial comparison, have ever formed the true vanguard of the race. Blot out the lives and the intellectual results achieved by these men of thought during past ages, and you would at once put the race back into the rude periods of infancy and semi-barbarism. Just as glaciers on snow-capped Alpine summits move slowly down the mountain-side, and

then melt into rivers which irrigate and make fertile the valleys below, just so the intellectual results achieved by these men of thought, dwelling the greater part of their lives on summits of abstraction high up above the level of their fellows, have moved down the intellectual plane, been changed into current comment and suggestion, and at last, embodied in practical projects or worked out into labor-saving machinery, have made the valleys of industry to teem with verdure and blossom with prosperity!

But in living this life of thought, instead of concentrating one's energies entirely upon business pursuits, in trying to be a scholar, a poet, or an inventor, there is no necessity for bidding adieu to this sovereign and primal virtue of common sense. In fact, he who lets go of this sheet-anchor of the mind, whether he purposes to be a practical business man or an abstract thinker, will be an unsuccessful man and a fool. It is possible for a man to be a good scholar, a clear thinker, a logical reasoner, and at least a fair, average man of business, too; and towards this desirable goal every young man should bend his steps.

The career of Disraeli, now Lord Beaconsfield and Prime Minister of England (1878), affords an example in point. His first achievements in literature, like Bulwer's, were failures. His "Wondrous Tale of Alroy" and "Revolutionary Epic" were laughed at, and regarded as indications of literary lunacy. But he worked on in other directions, and his "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred," proved the sterling stuff of which he was made. As an orator, too, his first appearance in the House of Commons was a failure. It was spoken of as "more screaming than an Adelphi farce." Though composed in a grand and ambitious strain, every sentence was hailed with "loud laughter." "Hamlet" played as a comedy were nothing to it. But he concluded with a sentence which embodied a prophecy. Writhing under the laughter with which his studied eloquence had been received, he exclaimed: "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded in them at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when

you will hear me." The time did come; and how Disraeli succeeded in at length commanding the rapt attention of the first assembly of gentlemen in the world, affords a striking illustration of what energy and determination will do; for Disraeli earned his position by dint of patient industry. He did not, as many young men do, having once failed, retire dejected, to mope and whine in a corner, but pluckily set himself to work. He carefully unlearned his faults, studied the character of his audience, practiced sedulously the art of speech, and industriously filled his mind with the elements of parliamentary knowledge. He worked patiently for success; and it came, but slowly; then the House laughed with him, instead of at him. The recollection of his early failure was effaced, and by general consent he was at length admitted to be one of the most finished and effective of parliamentary speakers. As an old poet puts it,

> The wise do always govern their own fates,
> And fortune with officious zeal attends
> To crown their enterprises with success.

CHAPTER X.

Good Manners.

What thou wilt,
Thou must rather enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to it with thy sword.
SHAKESPERE.

Would you both please and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining to subdue;
Hear every man upon his favorite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.
The lowest genius will afford some light
Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.
STILLINGFLEET.

But still remember if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
COWPER.

TRUE politeness or courtesy such as was known and practiced in Lord Chesterfield's day, and of which Chesterfield himself was a distinguished exponent as well as a brilliant example, is rapidly becoming in this country one of the so-called "lost arts." There is very little of it seen or taught here, and among people in general it is not even held in very high estimation. Thus far in our national career the majority of our citizens have been too busy in pushing ahead their individual fortunes and enterprises, or have encountered too many difficulties in getting established in life, or have been too eager in shouting the praises of political liberty, and too intent upon exhibiting their independence, to pay much attention to the social amenities and refined courtesies of what is called polite life. But this neglect is to be consid-

ered a fault rather than a virtue. Appearance, manner, a pleasing exterior and true kindness of heart go a great way sometimes in helping one forward in the race for fortune; and because of its power and utility it must be mentioned as among the materials composing the imperial highway.

It is not enough to be made up of good qualities and traits of character, but it is equally important to have a good bearing towards our fellows. One of Chesterfield's maxims to his son was: "Prepare yourself for the world as the athlete does for his exercise; oil your mind and manners to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility; simple strength alone will not do." Every one knows what a powerful thing for good or evil an impression is, particularly a first impression; and every one knows that outside demeanor and general appearance has much to do in creating this impression. Once in a while a person has insight and penetration of character enough to look through all the superficial layers of a man, and read the hidden thoughts and emotions; but these persons are by no means common. With the greater part of mankind the external appearance and the manner of a man determine his reception among his fellows. "Give a boy address and accomplishments," says Emerson, "and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes; he has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess."

Strange as it may seem, the manners of a man constitute a sort of minor morals. That is, a rude man is suspected of being, or actually taken for, a bad man. Thus, while coarseness and gruffness lock doors and close hearts, courtesy, refinement, and gentleness are an "open sesame" at which bolts fly back and doors swing open. "You had better," wrote Chesterfield to his son, "return a dropped fan genteelly than give a thousand pounds awkwardly; and you had better refuse a favor gracefully than grant it clumsily. . . . All your Greek can never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador; but your address, your air, your manner, if good, may." It is not so much *what* a man says or does, as

the *way* in which the thing is said or done that does the business. The human mind seems to know by instinct that words and phrases can be learned and can be spoken to order, just as a parrot learns to chatter by hearing and imitating others. It also knows that deeds are prompted by motives of all sorts and kinds, some of them good and transparent, others, dark and enigmatical; and these, too, can be performed as occasion requires.

But a person's manner is something that cannot always be so well regulated and fixed up; there will usually be some cracks and seams in the external covering through which the internal light will shine out, however hard the person may try to conceal it. And this appears to be the reason why we always watch a stranger's manner so carefully. Go up to a little child on the street and commence to talk to it; it may or may not understand the import of what you say, but those bright little eyes scan your appearance most intently, and from that appearance makes up its mind almost instantly whether it is safe and best to remain, or to run away. Nature works instinctively in such a case.

In the early Abolition days two men went out preaching, one an old Quaker, and another a young man full of fire. When the Quaker lectured, everything ran along very smoothly, and he carried the audience with him. When the young man lectured, there was a row, and stones and eggs. It became so noticeable, that the young man spoke to the Quaker about it. He said, "Friend, you and I are on the same mission, and preach the same things; and how is it that you are received cordially, and I get nothing but abuse?" The Quaker replied, "I will tell thee. Thee says, 'If you do so and so, you shall be punished,' and I say, 'My friends, if you will *not* do so and so, you shall not be punished.'" They both said the same thing, but there was a great deal of difference in the way they said it.

True politeness has been defined as follows: "A gentleman is recognized by his regard for the rights and feelings of others, even in matters the most trivial. He respects the individuality of others, just as he wishes others to respect his own. In so-

ciety he is quiet, easy, unobstrusive; putting on no airs, nor hinting by word or manner that he deems himself better, wiser, or richer than any one about him. He is never 'stuck up,' nor looks down upon others because they have not titles, honors, or social position equal to his own. He never boasts of his achievements, or angles for compliments by affecting to underrate what he has done. He prefers to act, rather than to talk; to be, rather than to seem; and, above all things, is distinguished by his deep insight and sympathy, his quick perception of, and prompt attention to, those little and apparently insignificant things that may cause pleasure or pain to others. In giving his opinions he does not dogmatize; he listens patiently and respectfully to other men, and, if compelled to dissent from their opinions, acknowledges his fallibility and asserts his own views in such a manner as to command the respect of all who hear him. Frankness and cordiality mark all his intercourse with his fellows, and, however high his station, the humblest man feels instantly at ease in his presence."

Accordingly, a good manner is not something which can be put on and off as occasion requires. To be genuine, it must spring from the heart and have its source in the disposition. In nature, it is very closely allied with goodness and good sense; it is composed of kindness, gentleness, ready tact and benevolence. It is carrying out the golden law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Neither can politeness be learned by studying books on "Etiquette." For the effect of such study will be to concentrate one's attention upon self, whereas the essence of true courtesy consists in thinking of others, instead of self. Dr. F. D. Huntington has well said that "a noble and attractive every-day bearing is bred in years, not moments. The principle that rules your life is the sure posture-master and orders all your movements. Sir Philip Sidney was the pattern to all England of a perfect gentleman; but then he was the hero that on the field of Zutphen pushed away the cup of cold water from his own fevered and parching lips, and held it out to the dying soldier at his side." It might,

however, have been just as well if he had divided the cup between them, as to have wholly denied himself a solace equal to that which he so willingly administered to his suffering comrade. At least this incident has always suggested such a thought whenever we have read it.

That neither morality, nor genius, nor both, will insure the manifestation of courtesy is evident from the examples of Dr. Johnson and Carlyle. The former, the despot of the "Literary Club," was so rude and gruff in manner as to acquire the nickname of "Ursa Major;" and though Goldsmith pleaded with truth in his behalf, "No man alive has a more tender heart, he has nothing of the bear about him but his skin," yet we cannot call a man polite who ate like an Esquimau, and with whom "You don't understand the question, sir," and "You lie, sir," were the extremes of his method in arguing with scholars on his own level. Nor can Carlyle, with his many noble qualities, be deemed polite, if, as a leading London journal asserts, his supreme contempt for the persons who disagree with him exasperates even those who have the highest respect for his integrity and insight. Washington, on the other hand, was polite when he promptly returned the salute of a colored man; Arnold was polite when the poor woman felt that he had treated her as if she were a lady; Chalmers was polite when every old woman in Morningside was elated and delighted with his courteous salute; and so was Robert Burns when he recognized an honest farmer in the street of Edinburgh, declaring to one who rebuked him that it was "not the great-coat, the scone bonnet, and the Saunders boot-hose" that he spoke to, "but the man that was in them."

One way in which the rules of politeness are often violated is by a love of jesting. There are some men who would sacrifice a life-long friend for a joke. But it will be better for most people to follow the advice of Stillingfleet when he says:

> Above all things raillery decline,
> 'Tis in the ablest hands a dangerous tool,
> But never fails to wound the meddling fool;
> For all must grant it needs no common art

To keep men patient when you make them smart.
Neither wit alone, nor humor's self will do,
(Without good nature, and much prudence, too,)
To judge aright of persons, place and time;
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was known in his day as one of the keenest of wits, and yet he rarely or never allowed it to wound the feelings of any one. Some one has said of him that

"His wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

The same was true of Curran, the celebrated Irish barrister. One day he was examining a witness in court, when the fellow cried out to the judge, "My lord, my lord, I can't answer yon little gentleman, he's putting me in such a doldrum." "A doldrum! Mr. Curran, what does he mean by a doldrum!" exclaimed Lord Avonmore. "Oh, my lord, it's a very common complaint with persons of this sort; it's merely a confusion of the head arising from the corruption of the heart." Once when he was arguing for the defense in a state trial, the judge shook his head in doubt or denial of one of his points. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran to the jury, "I see the motion of his lordship's head. Common observers might imagine it implied a difference of opinion; but they would be mistaken; it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that when his lordship shakes his head, there is nothing in it."

If one can pun like this it may do, occasionally, but, as a rule, politeness and wit are seldom conjoined. It will be safer to imitate the Duke of Marlborough whose charming manners often changed an enemy into a friend. To be denied a favor by him was said to be more pleasing than to receive one from another man. It was these personal graces that made him both rich and great, for, though he had nothing shining in his genius, and, according to Chesterfield, was eminently illiterate — "wrote bad English, and spelt it worse" — yet

his figure was beautiful, and his manner irresistable by man or woman. It was this which, when he was Ensign of the Guards, charmed the Duchess of Cleveland, the favorite of Charles II., who gave him five thousand pounds, with which he laid the foundation of his subsequent fortune. His address was so exquisitely fascinating as to dissolve fierce jealousies and animosities, lull suspicion, and beguile the subtlest diplomacy of its arts. His fascinating smile and winning tongue, equally with his sharp sword, swayed the destinies of empires. Before the bland, soft-spoken commander, "grim-visaged war," in the person of Charles XII. of Sweden, "smoothed his wrinkled front;" and the fiery warrior-king, at his appeal, bade adieu to the grand and importunate suitor for his alliance, Louis XIV., whom it was his great mission to defeat and humble. It was by the same charm of manner that he was able so long to keep together the members of the grand alliance against France, and direct them, in spite of their clashing interests, their jealousies, and their perpetual dissensions, to the main objects of the war.

Every one is familiar with the magic effect of manner on oratory. Lord Chesterfield has given us an instance of this in his legislative career. Being asked to procure the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar by England, he introduced into Parliament a bill for that purpose. "But then," he adds, "my difficulty began. I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both of which I was an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter, and also make them believe that *they* knew something of it themselves, which they did not. For my own part, I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well; so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them.

. . . I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will suc-

ceed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them; and many of them said that I had made the whole very clear to them, when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods and his utterance were not nearly so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me."

Chesterfield also said of the Duke of Argyle that he was the most impressive speaker he ever heard in his life. He ravished his audience, "not by his matter, but by his manner of delivering it. I was captivated, like others," continues Chesterfield; "but when I went home and coolly considered what he had said, stripped of all those ornaments with which he had dressed it, I often found the matter flimsy, the argument weak; and I was convinced of the power of those adventitious concurring circumstances which it is the ignorance of mankind to call trifling." Lord Chatham was a wonderfully eloquent man, but his manner added to his eloquence. The delivery of Lord Mansfield, the silver-tongued Murray, had such ease, grace, and suavity that his bare narrative of a case was said to be worth any other man's argument. The student of English history, as he reads Wilberforce's speeches, wonders at his reputation; but, had he heard them from the lips of the orator, delivered in tones full, liquid and penetrating, with the matchless accompaniments of attitude, gesture and expression, he would have found that a dramatic delivery can convert even commonplace into brilliant rhetoric. Few men have influenced more powerfully the persons with whom they have come in contact than Bishop Fenelon. The secret of his sway over hearts was his uniform courtesy, a politeness springing from a profound love for his fellow-beings, of whatever rank or class. Lord Peterborough, the distinguished English general, said of him, that he was "a delicious man,"

— that "he had to run away from him to prevent his making him a Christian."

It is sometimes thought in this day and age of the world that if a person pretends to be very polite and agreeable and obliging, that he or she lacks essential force of character—are, in fact, a little "soft." But nothing is wider of the real truth. It is true, a man may push his way through the world by main force. But advancement so gained is gained by a great waste of power. The same abilities accompanied with prepossessing manners would have achieved far more brilliant results. No doubt, by the use of mere brute force one may make a certain amount of impression; and so, too, may a soldier hew down his foes with an old-fashioned battle-axe or with a scythe, but would he be wise in preferring such a weapon to the keen Damascus blade?

Again, military men as a class, are courteous the world over, attention to manner being a part of their training. Besides true courage and courtesy always go hand in hand. The bravest men are the most forgiving, and the most anxious to avoid quarrels. Canon Kingsley observes that the love and admiration which that truly brave and loving man, Sir Sidney Smith won from every one, rich and poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to have arisen from the one fact, that, without perhaps having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants and the noblemen, his guests, alike, and alike courteously, cheerfully, considerately, affectionately, —so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wherever he went. It was said of Sir John Franklin that he was a man "who never turned his back upon a danger, yet of great tenderness."

At a late period in life the Duke of Wellington wrote to a friend: "I am not in the habit of deciding upon such matters hastily or in anger; and the proof of this is, that *I never had a quarrel with any man in my life!*" Considering the long and varied career, civil and military, of "The Iron Duke," and that, too, in different parts of the globe; the countless persons, of the most opposite qualities, with whom he had to

deal; his constant vexations in the Peninsula with Spanish pride and suspicion, and red-tapeism at home; the habits of his army at that time; and his trials in political life,—it is truly wonderful that the great captain, whose truthfulness was extreme, could at the age of sixty have thus spoken of himself. It is evident that he could never have said it, had he not learned, before commanding others, to command himself, watching and governing his own feelings with the same coolness and self-possession with which he handled his troops on the battle-field.

Hundreds of men have owed their start in life to their winning address. It is said that some years ago in England a curate of narrow income but kindly disposition perceived two elderly spinsters, in old-fashioned costume, beset with jeers and jibes by a mob of men and boys lounging round the church porch while the bell was ringing for church service. Forcing his way through the crowd, he gave one lady his right arm and the other his left, led them both into church, and escorted them politely up the middle aisle to a convenient pew, regardless of the stares and titters of the congregation. Some years afterwards the needy curate was agreeably surprised by the announcement that the two old ladies, having lately died, had bequeathed him a handsome fortune in recognition of his well-timed courtesy.

It is related of the late Mr. Butler, of Providence, Rhode Island, that he was so obliging as to reopen his store one night solely to supply a little girl with a spool of thread which she wanted. The incident took wind, brought him a large run of custom, and he died a millionaire, after subscribing $40,000 toward founding a hospital for the insane,—a sum which he was persuaded to give by Miss Dix, whom he was too polite to shake off, though almost as penurious as she was persevering. Dr. Valentine Mott said wisely to a graduating class of medical students: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made —a large one to hold insults, a small one to hold fees."

Reference has already been made to the deplorable lack of courtesy which almost all classes in this country are exhibiting

in their daily life and intercourse with each other. But it appears from a recent address of Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh, that the same thing is true of Scotland, and perhaps it may be called, properly, a characteristic of the pushing, wide-awake, inquisitive, brusque Anglo-Saxon race, as a whole. It may be further said to be a characteristic of this utilitarian, selfish, money-making Nineteenth Century. Said the Doctor: "Ask a person at Rome to show you the road, and he will always give a civil and polite answer; but ask any person a question for that purpose in this country (Scotland), and he will say, 'Follow your nose, and you will find it.' But the blame is with the upper classes; and the reason why, in this country, the lower classes are not polite, is because the upper classes are not polite. I remember how astonished I was the first time I was in Paris. I spent the first night with a banker, who took me to a *pension*, or, as we call it, a boarding-house. When we got there, a servant-girl came to the door, and the banker took off his hat, and bowed to the servant-girl, and called her mademoiselle, as if she was a lady. Now the reason why the lower classes there are so polite is because the upper classes are polite and civil to them."

We can hardly be said to have any "upper classes" in this country, although there are many who act and feel as though they belonged to such. And one trouble with us in this respect is, that those who claim to be the aristocracy are not such by birth, or gentle blood, or distinguished noble ancestry, as a rule, but rather those who have happened, by hook or crook, to become wealthy somewhat suddenly and unexpectedly; therefore, when these have moved up into the upper circle, they have necessarily carried all their native ignorance and coarse manners with them. Consequently, there is no one to set others an example of good manners in this country, any more than in Scotland. But this is no reason why all young persons should not strive to possess it for themselves, let others do as they may.

Says Mr. Smiles: "The inbred politeness which springs from right-heartedness and kindly feelings, is of no exclusive

rank or station. The mechanic who works at the bench may possess it, as well as the clergyman or the peer. It is by no means a necessary condition of labor, that it should in any respect be either rough or coarse. The politeness and refinement which distinguish all classes of the people in many continental countries amply prove that those qualities might become ours too—as doubtless they will become with increased culture and more general social intercourse—without sacrificing any of our more genial qualities as men. From the highest to the lowest the richest to the poorest, to no rank or condition in life has nature denied her highest boon,—the great heart. There never yet existed a gentleman but was lord of a great heart. And this may exhibit itself under the hodden grey of the peasant as well as under the laced coat of the noble.

"The true gentleman has a keen sense of honor,—scrupulously avoiding mean actions. His standard of probity in word and action is high. He does not shuffle nor prevaricate, dodge nor skulk; but is honest, upright, and straightforward. His law is rectitude,— action in right lines. When he says *yes*, it is a law; and he dares to say the valiant *no* at the fitting season. The gentleman will not be bribed; only the low-minded and unprincipled sell themselves to those interested in buying."

When the Duke of Wellington was in India, shortly after the battle of Assaye, one morning the prime minister of the Court of Hyderabad waited upon him for the purpose of privately ascertaining what territory and what advantages had been reserved for his master in the treaty of peace between the Mahratta princes and the Nizam. To obtain this information the minister offered the general a very large sum,—considerably above 100,000*l*. Looking at him quietly for a few seconds, Sir Arthur said, "It appears, then, that you are capable of keeping a secret?" "Yes, certainly," replied the minister. "*Then so am I*," said the English general, smiling, and bowing the minister out. It was to Wellington's great honor, that though uniformly successful in India, and with the power of earning in such modes as this enormous wealth, he did not

add a farthing to his fortune, and returned to England a comparatively poor man.

Occasionally the brave and gentle character may be found under the humblest garb. Here is an old illustration but a fine one. Once on a time, when the Adige suddenly overflowed its banks,the bridge of Verona was carried away, with the exception of the centre arch, on which stood a house, whose inhabitants supplicated help from the windows, while the foundations were visibly giving way. "I will give a hundred French louis," said the Count Spolverini, who stood by, "to any person who will venture to deliver these unfortunate people." A young peasant came forth from the crowd, seized a boat, and pushed into the stream. He gained the pier, received the whole family into the boat, and made for the shore, where he landed them in safety. "Here is your money, my brave young fellow," said the count. "No," was the answer of the young man, "I do not sell my life; give the money to this poor family, who have need of it." Here spoke the true spirit of the gentleman, though he was but in the garb of a peasant!

Finally, a consideration for the feelings of inferiors and dependants as well as equals, and respect for their self-respect, will pervade the true gentleman's whole conduct. He will rather himself suffer a small injury than, by an uncharitable construction of another's behavior, incur the risk of committing a great wrong. He will be forbearing with the weaknesses, the failings and the errors of those whose advantages in life have not been equal to his own. He will be merciful even to his beast. He will not boast of his wealth, or his strength, or his gifts. He will not confer favors with a patronizing air. Sir Walter Scott once said of Lord Lothian, "He is a man from whom one may receive a favor, and that's saying a great deal in these days." Lord Chatham once said that the gentleman is characterized by his preference for others to himself in the little daily occurrences of life.

In illustration of this ruling spirit of considerateness in a noble character, we may cite the anecdote of the gallant Sir

Ralph Abercromby, of whom it is related, that when mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir, he was carried in a litter on board the "Foudroyant;" and, to ease his pain, a soldier's blanket was placed under his head, from which he experienced considerable relief. He asked what it was. "It's only a soldier's blanket," was the reply. "*Whose* blanket is it?" said he, half lifting himself up. "Only one of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is." "It is Duncan Roy's, of the 42d, Sir Ralph." "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night." Even to ease his dying agony, the general would not deprive the private soldier of his blanket for one night.

CHAPTER XI.

SUCCESSFUL ELEMENTS IN CHARACTER.

NUMBER FOUR.

Force of Will.

Be firm ; one constant element of luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
Stick to your aim ; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bull-dog's grip ;
Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields !

O. W. Holmes.

"Perseverance is a Roman virtue,
That wins each godlike act, and plucks success
E'en from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger."

The proudest motto for the young
Write it in lines of gold ——
Is, * * * "There's no such word as *fail*."

Mrs. Neal.

Muse not that thus I suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there's an end.

Shakespere.

Let not one look of fortune cast you down.
She were not fortune, if she did not frown ;
But such as braveliest bear her scorns awhile,
Are those on whom at last she most will smile.

Earl of Orrey.

THERE are several excellences of conduct and character which are practically identical, but which are sometimes called by different names. Thus we might speak of energy, of tenacity of purpose, of strength of will, and of force, but we should mean substantially one and the same

thing; consequently, in this chapter we have grouped all these several traits together, and have given to the elements of character which they represent, the designation —*force of will.*

Of the value of will-power to success it is almost needless to speak, because this value is so generally recognized. What the Captain and the helm are to a steamship, that the human will is among the other faculties of the mind. It commands, guides, controls, preserves, or blasts and ruins. Nature is the engine in the hold, furnishing power, but the will directs the exercise of this power towards any given object or end. Hence, the will is President of the intellectual republic; it is the Executive force in humanity. Without will, a man would be like the soft, flabby, nerveless mollusk or shell-fish in the ocean; he could only drift about with the tide, and open his mouth occasionally to catch the good things that might come along. As for going anywhere, or being anything in particular, that would be out of the question entirely. Some men have a normal will, but no vim or energy in it, and so they accomplish but little. Again, some men are all will, and no brains; these are simply human mules, stubborn, ignorant and intractable. A well-balanced and perfectly-furnished man would have body, brains, heart and will,—all four; for neither of these elements is identical with the others, but, taken all together, they make up the whole man. As another has said, "it is not eminent talent that is required to insure success in any pursuit so much as purpose,—not merely the power to achieve, but the will to labor energetically and perseveringly. Hence energy of will may be defined as the very central power of character in a man,—in a word, it is the Man himself. It gives impulse to his every action, and soul to every effort. True hope is based upon it,—and it is hope that gives the real perfume to life."

In Scandinavian mythology, the chief god, Thor, is always represented with a hammer in his hand. And this pictorial device exactly images to the eye the idea of a hero which those rough, rude, strong Northmen cherished. The great, brawny arm and hand, clenching a hammer, was the very embodiment

of force or purpose in character. Very similar was the ancient crest of a pickaxe with the motto: "Either I will find a way, or make one." It is not enough to simply wish and desire to be and do, but one must remember that "nothing of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Man owes his growth chiefly to that active striving of the will, that encounter with difficulty, which we call effort; and it is astonishing to find how often results apparently impracticable are thus made possible. An intense anticipation itself transforms possibility into reality; our desires being often but the precursors of the things which we are capable of performing. On the contrary, the timid and hesitating find everything impossible, chiefly because it seems so." It is related of a young French officer, that he used to walk about his apartment exclaiming, "I *will* be Marshal of France and a great general." This ardent desire was the presentiment of his success; for he did become a distinguished commander, and he died a Marshal of France.

The story is also told of a carpenter who was observed one day planing a magistrate's bench which he was repairing with more than usual carefulness, and when asked the reason, replied, "I wish to make it easy against the time when I come to sit upon it myself." And, singularly enough, the man actually lived to sit upon that very bench as a magistrate.

There has always been a great controversy among theologians and metaphysicians as to whether man's will is free or not; but if the will is *not* free there is no such thing as the voice of conscience within us; because, being machines, we could neither be justly praised or blamed. As has already been partially expressed, the will, considered without regard to direction, is simple constancy, firmness; and therefore it will be obvious that everything depends upon right direction and motives. Directed towards the enjoyment of the senses, the strong will may be a demon, and the intellect merely its debased slave; but directed towards good, the strong will is a

king, and the intellect is then the minister of man's highest well-being.

He who resolves upon doing a thing, by that very resolution often scales the barriers to it and secures its achievement. To think we are able, is sometimes to be so. The strength of the great Russian General Suwarrow's character lay in his power of willing, and like most resolute persons, he preached it up as a system. "You can only half will," he would say to persons who failed. Like Richelieu and Napoleon, he would have the word "impossible" banished from the dictionary. In a struggle against the Turks in 1787, at the battle of Kinburn, Suwarrow was severely wounded, and was compelled to seek repose in his litter; but his troops being soon after thrown into confusion, the general remounted his horse, threw himself almost into the midst of the enemy, reproached his men for their cowardice, and retrieved by his personal courage the fortunes of the field. In his old age he was sent with 30,000 troops to co-operate with the Archduke, Charles of Austria, against the French in Italy. When asked for his plans, he said he had none, and if he had, he would not disclose them. When presented with propositions for defensive operations, he said, "Tell my lord, the prince, that I know nothing of defense, I only attack. I shall advance when it seems good to me, and when I start, I shall not stop in Switzerland, but go into Franche-Comte, according to my orders. He is a field marshal, and so am I; he commands an army, and so do I; he is young and I am old. I have acquired experience by successive victories, and I receive neither counsel nor advice from any one; I trust alone in God and my sword."

But the victorious old warrior, although he had conquered in so many conflicts, was in this instance willful and headstrong to excess, for he went forward as he had said, and at Zurich was defeated by Massena, one of Napoleon's generals. This last incident, therefore, is a good one by which to draw the line between proper force of will and simple obstinacy. Sir Fowell Buxton held the conviction that a young man might be very much what he pleased, provided he formed a strong

resolution and held to it. Writing to one of his own sons, he once said, "You are now at that period of life, in which you must make a turn to the right or the left. You must now give proofs of principle, determination, and strength of mind; or you must sink into idleness, and acquire the habits and character of a desultory, ineffective young man; and if once you fall to that point, you will find it no easy matter to rise again. I am sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases. In my own case it was so. . . . Much of my happiness, and all my prosperity in life, have resulted from the change I made at your age. If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it that you will for your whole life have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination."

But who was Sir Fowell Buxton? He was one of the leaders in the cause of slavery abolition throughout the British dominions, and took the position formerly occupied by Wilberforce in the House of Commons. Buxton was a dull, heavy boy, and noted even then for a strong self-will which often amounted to real and violent obstinacy. His father died when he was but a child, but fortunately he had a wise mother who trained his will with great care, constraining him to obey, but encouraging the habit of deciding and acting for himself in matters which might safely be left to him. This mother believed that strong will, directed upon worthy objects, was a valuable manly quality, if properly guided, and she acted accordingly. When others about her commented on the boy's self-will, she would merely say, "Never mind,—he is self-willed now,—you will see it will turn out well in the end." Fowell learned very little at school, and was somewhat of a dunce and an idler. He got other boys to do his exercises for him, while he romped and scrambled about. He returned home at fifteen, a great, growing, awkward lad, fond only of boating, shooting, riding, and field-sports,—spending his time principally with the gamekeeper, a man possessed of a good heart, and an intelligent observer of life and nature, though he could neither read nor write.

He started in life as a brewer's clerk, and his power of will which had made him so difficult to deal with when a boy, now formed the backbone of his character and made him energetic in whatever he undertook. He threw his whole strength and bulk right down upon his work, and the great giant, "Elephant Buxton," as they called him, standing, as he did, some six feet four in height, became one of the most vigorous and practical of men. He worked during the day at his trade, and gave up his evenings to the reading and digesting of Blackstone, Montesquieu, and solid commentaries on English law. His maxims in reading were, "never to begin a book without finishing it;" "never to consider a book finished until it is mastered;" and "to study everything with the whole mind."

When only thirty-two Buxton entered Parliament, and at once assumed that position of influence there, of which every honest, earnest, well-informed man is secure. The principal question to which he devoted himself was the complete emancipation of the slaves in British colonies. He himself used to attribute the strong interest which he early felt in this question to the influence of Priscilla Gurney, one of the Earlham family,—a woman of a fine intellect and warm heart, abounding in illustrious virtues. When on her death-bed, in 1821, she repeatedly sent for Buxton, and urged him "to make the cause of the slaves the great object of his life." Her last act was to attempt to reiterate the solemn charge, and she expired in the ineffectual effort. Buxton never forgot her counsel; he named one of his daughters after her; and on the day on which she was married from his house, on the 1st of August, 1834, —the day of negro emancipation,—after his Priscilla had left her father's home in the company of her husband, Buxton sat down and thus wrote to a friend: "The bride is just gone; everything has passed off to admiration; and *there is not a slave in the British colonies!*"

Buxton was no genius,—not a great intellectual leader nor discoverer, but mainly an earnest, straightforward, resolute, energetic man. Indeed, his whole character is most forcibly expressed in his own words, which every young man might

well stamp upon his soul: "The longer I live," said he, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy*,—*invincible determination*,—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talent, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

Another man of dauntless will and indefatigable industry was Warren Hastings, so celebrated in English history as one of the rulers of the British Empire in India. His family was ancient and illustrious, but their vicissitudes of fortune and ill-requited loyalty in the cause of the Stuarts, brought them to ruin, and the family estate at Daylesford, of which they had been lords of the manor for hundreds of years, at length passed from their hands. The last Hastings of Daylesford had, however, previously presented the parish living to his second son; and it was in his house, many years later, that Warren Hastings, his grandson, was born. The boy learned his letters at the village-school of Daylesford, on the same bench with the children of the peasantry. He played in the fields which his fathers had owned; and what the loyal and brave Hastings of Daylesford *had* been, was ever in the boy's thoughts. His young ambition was fired, and it is said that, one summer's day, when only seven years old, as he laid him down on the bank of the stream which flows through the old domain, he formed in his mind the resolution that he would yet recover possession of the family lands.

It was the romantic vision of a mere boy; yet he lived to realize it. The dream became a passion, rooted in his very life; and he pursued his determination through youth up to manhood, with that calm but indomitable force of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character. The poor orphan boy became one of the most powerful men of his time; he retrieved the fortunes of his line; bought back the old estate, and rebuilt the family mansion. "When, under a tropical sun," says Macaulay, "he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics,

his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long public life, so singularly checkered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed forever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die."

The impulse of a powerful will often endows both mind and body with heroic strength. Men have cured themselves of painful diseases by a herculean effort of the volition, and physicians always count upon a cheerful, hopeful frame of mind in their patients as one of the most important agencies in effecting a restoration to health. Aaron Burr laid aside a wasting fever like a garment, to join the expedition against Quebec. One of the greatest generals of the Thirty Years' War was Torstenson. On account of his sufferings from the gout, he was usually carried about in a litter; yet the rapidity of his movements was the astonishment of the world. When Douglas Jerrold, being very sick, was told by his physician that he must die, "What!" he said, "and leave a family of helpless children? I *won't* die!" and die he did not for several years.

When were the prospects of any man gloomier than those of Wolfe just before he captured Quebec? From his early youth he had suffered severely from a fatal disease, and the seeds of others were deep laid in his constitution. He had been severely repulsed in an attack on Montcalm's intrenchments south of Quebec; his troops were dispirited; the promised auxiliaries under Amherst and Johnson had failed to arrive; and he himself, through the fatigue and anxiety preying on his delicate frame, fell violently ill of a fever. Partially recovering his health, he writes to the government at home, as if to prepare the public mind in England for his failure or retreat, a letter full of gloom, concluding thus: "I am so far recovered as to do business, but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without the prospect of it." Within five days only from the date of that letter, the Heights of Abraham had been scaled, Montcalm defeated, the seemingly

impregnable fortress surrendered, and the name of Wolfe had become immortal to all ages!

Another remarkable example of this is furnished by the captured Texans of the Santa Fe Expedition, who, after having marched until they were nearly dead with fatigue and exhaustion, yet, being told that any who should prove unable to walk would be shot, contrived to pluck up, and set off at a round pace, which they kept up all day. So Quintin Matsys, the famous Dutch painter, in his youth, despaired of being ever able to paint, till his master told him that only by producing a picture of merit within six months could he have his daughter's hand; and then he set vigorously to work and brought forth "The Misers," a masterpiece of art, which connoisseurs have admired for ages. Nearly all great men—those who have towered high above their fellows—have been remarkable above all things else for their energy of will. Of Julius Cæsar it is said by a contemporary, that it was his activity and giant determination, rather than his military skill, that won his victories. A glance at Hannibal's life will show that a resolute will was the leading quality of that commander, though less conspicuous, perhaps, in him than in others, because of the exact proportion in which all the military qualities were united in him, who, by the common consent of soldiers as well as historians, was the greatest captain the world has seen.

Napoleon was a terrible example of what the power of will can accomplish. He always threw his whole force of body and mind direct upon his work. Imbecile rulers and the nations they governed went down before him in succession. He was told that the Alps stood in the way of his armies,—"There shall be no Alps," he said, and the road across the Simplon was constructed, through a district formerly almost inaccessible. "Impossible," said he, "is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools." He was a man who toiled terribly; sometimes employing and exhausting four secretaries at a time. He spared no one, not even himself. His influence inspired other men, and put a new life into them. "I made my generals out of mud," he said.

His great adversary, Wellington, was distinguished by a similar inflexibility of purpose. The entire Peninsular campaign was but one long-continued display of iron will, resolute to conquer difficulties by wearing them out. In the life-and-death struggle between England and France, of which that campaign was a part, and which lasted nearly a quarter of a century, it was the stubborn will of the former which triumphed in the end; for though Napoleon defeated the British coalitions again and again, yet new ones were constantly formed, until at last the French people, if not their Emperor, were completely worn out. And, finally, the battle of Waterloo, which was the climax of this stupendous struggle, was another illustration of the enormous energy, the exhaustless patience, the bull-dog-will, of the English. In that fearful contest, French impetuosity and prowess proved an unequal match for English pluck and resolution. For eight long hours the British army stood up against the murderous fire of the enemy; column after column fell, and the entire side of one square was literally blown away by a volley of grape. One sullen word of command ran along the line as thousands fell, "File up! file up!" and the troops silently obeyed. At length the crisis came; the order to charge was given; and the men who had stood like statues before the "iron hail" of the French artillery, swept like a whirlwind upon the foe.

When Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the great agitator, commenced the publication of his paper called "The Liberator," he began with these memorable words: "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and *I will be heard*." And he *was* heard, and felt, and his paper became a great power for good in the cause to which it was devoted. Dr. Arnold the teacher, used to say that the difference between one boy and another in school consisted not so much in talent as in energy. When Ledyard, the traveler, was asked by the African Association when he would be ready to set out for Africa, he promptly answered, "To-morrow morning." Blucher's promptitude obtained for him the cognomen of "Marshal Forwards" throughout the Prussian army.

When John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, was asked when he would be ready to join his ship, he replied, "Directly." For it is rapid decision, and a similar promptitude in action, such as taking instant advantage of an enemy's mistakes, that so often wins battles. "Every moment lost," said Napoleon, "gives an opportunity for misfortune;" and he used to say that he beat the Austrians because they never knew the value of time; while they dawdled, he overthrew them.

There are hundreds of men who in the beginning of their career are obliged to war against both wind and tide, but those who persevere for years and conquer their difficulties, generally overcome at last unless their will-power fails them, when they sink down by the wayside, give up in despair, and come to nothing. Savonarola, the Italian reformer, broke down in his first sermon and was humiliated beyond expression. Resolved, however, to succeed, he kept on preaching to peasants and children, and in the solitude of his own chamber, till at last he acquired a facility of utterance and a command of striking language which made him the prophet of his age and the first orator in Italy. Robespierre, contending with the disadvantages of a harsh voice, an ugly face, and a hesitating tongue, failed in his first essays at speaking so egregiously that not one man in a thousand, under the circumstances, could have helped being disheartened; yet by ceaseless effort he succeeded in leading the National Assembly of France. Mr. Cobden's first speech was a humiliating failure. He was nervous, confused, and finally broke down; yet he did not retire to a corner and mope and whine, but persevered, till at last he became one of the most powerful speakers of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and extorted the praise of the accomplished Robert Peel.

When Daniel Webster attended an academy in his boyhood, though he was proficient in the other branches of education, there was one thing, he tells us, he could not do,— he could not declaim before the school. "The kind and excellent Buckminster especially sought to persuade me to perform the

exercise of declamation like other boys, but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and rehearse it in my own room over and over again ; but when the day came, when the school collected, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the masters frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated with the most winning kindness that I would only venture *once;* but I could not command sufficient resolution, and when the occasion was over, I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification."

Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland began his ministerial career under many discouragements. They would have crushed a feeble man, but only stimulated him to greater efforts. Son of an English currier who had abandoned a profitable trade to become a Baptist preacher, he gave up the profession for which he had partially prepared himself, and followed the example of his father. A single year at Andover, where he was so poor that he had once to choose between a coat and a copy of Schleusner's lexicon, summed up his study of theology; yet he had so faithfully improved this slender opportunity, that he was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Boston. On a cold, rainy night in October, 1823, he preached before the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society a sermon on Missions. There were about fifty persons present ; the discourse kindled no enthusiasm ; and with keen chagrin the preacher next morning flung himself upon a lounge in the study of a friend, exclaiming, " It was a complete failure ; it fell perfectly dead." Luckily, among the hearers was a shrewd printer, a deacon in the church, who insisted that the sermon should be published. Against his own will, the author consented. The discourse — the memorable one on " The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise " — ran through several editions, both in this country and in England, called forth the warmest encomiums of the press without distinction of sect, and kindled a new enthusiasm in behalf of missions throughout the Christian world. Robert Hall, on reading it, predicted a still greater distinction for the preacher; and only

three years later the author, hitherto an obscure man, was elected to the Presidency of Brown University almost by acclamation.

History abounds with instances of doubtful battles or unexpected reverses transformed by one man's stubbornness into eleventh-hour triumphs. It is opinion, as De Maistre truly says, that wins battles, and it is opinion that loses them. The battle of Marengo went against the French during the first half of the day, and they were expecting an order to retreat, when Dessaix, consulted by Napoleon, looked at his watch, and said, "The battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock, and we shall have time to gain another." He then made his famous cavalry charge, and won the field. Blucher, the famous Prussian general, was by no means a lucky leader. He was beaten in nine battles out of ten; but in a marvelously brief time he had rallied his routed army, and was as formidable as ever. He had his disappointments, but turned them, as the oyster does the sand which annoys it, into a pearl. Washington lost more battles than he won, but he organized victory out of defeat, and triumphed in the end. It was because they appreciated this quality of pluck, that, when the battle of Cannæ was lost, and Hannibal was measuring by bushels the rings of Roman knights who had perished in the strife, the Senate of Rome voted thanks to the defeated general, Consul Terentius Varro, for not having despaired of the republic.

There was never a time in the world's history when force of will was more necessary to success than now. People are multiplying rapidly, the earth is becoming more and more thickly settled, knowledge has increased, and the number of contestants for every prize grows more and more formidable. Nearly every kind of business is overdone, the professions are crowded to repletion, and the only way in which one can hope to do anything, or succeed at all in life, is by the exercise of the greatest amount of patience and unwearied application. And it takes an immense reservoir of will-power to keep up one's spirits while making a life-long effort to achieve success.

When Daniel Webster entered upon the study of law, some one told him he had better not do it, that the profession was overcrowded already, and that the chances were all against him. "Overcrowded?" said Webster, "there is always room enough at the top." And so he started for the "top" of his profession, and finally reached it. But how many give out before they reach the top, or come anywhere near it?

It cannot be too often repeated that there is no such thing as genius by which one can scale the walls of difficulty which are sure to be encountered in life's pathway, or fly to the pinnacle of fortune, fame and glory at a single endeavor. Genius is simply another name for force of will, power of endurance, and good native talent. Nor must one be easily discouraged by failure at first. The very brightest stars in fortune's firmanent have climbed their way up the giddy steep, step by step, never becoming disheartened, never going back, or giving out, after having once set their faces like a flint in the direction of their ambition or desire.

What the elder Kean said of the stage is applicable to every profession and art in life: "Acting does not, like Dogberry's reading and writing, 'come by nature;' with all the high qualities which go to the formation of a great exponent of the book of life (for so the stage may justly be called), it is impossible, totally impossible, to leap at once to fame. 'What wound did ever heal but by slow degrees?' says our immortal author; and what man, say I, ever became an 'actor' without a long and sedulous apprenticeship? I know that many think to step from behind a counter or jump from the high stool of an office to the boards, and take the town by storm in Richard or Othello, is 'as easy as lying.' O, the born idiots! they remind me of the halfpenny candles stuck in the windows on illumination nights; they flicker and flutter their brief minute, and go out unheeded. Barn-storming, my lads, barn-storming,— that's the touchstone; by that I won my spurs; so did Garrick, Henderson and Kemble; and so, on the other side of the water, did my almost namesake, Lekain, and Talma."

Dr. Mathews has well said that "adversity is often like a

panther; look it boldly in the face, and it turns cowering away from you. It is with life's troubles as with the risks of the battle-field; there is always less of aggregate danger to the party that stands firm than to that which gives way,—the cowards being always cut down ingloriously in the fight. We are aware that it is hard to begin life without a dollar, hard to be poor, and harder to seem poor in the eyes of others. No young man, especially no young man in our cities, likes to make his *entree* in life with his boots patched; to wear an antediluvian hat, and clean gloves smelling of camphene and economy; nor to carry a cotton umbrella; nor to ask a girl to marry him and live in the 'sky-parlor' of a cheap boarding-house. We all like to drive along smoothly, to have a fine turnout, to have the hinges of life oiled, the backs padded, and the seats cushioned. But such is not the road to success in any profession or calling; and if you are poor, and feel that you cannot climb the steeps of life unassisted,—that you must be carried in a vehicle, instead of trudging on foot along the dusty highway,—then confess your weakness, and seek your Hercules in the first heiress who is as wanting in judgment, as you in nerve and resolution. Marry $5,000 a year, if you can, and be a stall-fed ox for the remainder of your days. But do not, while thus 'boosted' into, boast of your success. Do not, while rising in the world like a balloon, by pressure from without instead of from within, fancy you have any claim to triumph."

No man should be discouraged because he does not get on rapidly in his calling from the start. In the more intellectual professions especially, it should be remembered that a solid character is not the growth of a day, that the mental faculties are not matured except by long and laborious culture. To refine the taste, to fortify the reasoning faculty with its appropriate discipline, to store the cells of the memory with varied and useful learning, to train all the powers of the mind symmetrically, is the work of calm and studious years. A young man's education has been of little use to him if it has not taught him to check the fretful impatience, the eager haste to

drink the cup of life, the desire to exhaust the intoxicating draughts of ambition which is so characteristic of Young America.

Handel, the composer, had a harpsichord, every key of which, by incessant practice, was hollowed like the bowl of a spoon. When an East-Indian is learning archery, he is compelled by his master to exercise the attitude and drawing the string to his ear for three months together, before he is suffered to set an arrow. "Half the intellectual of physical efforts which, put forth by some persons for petty or worthless, perhaps shameful objects, would suffice, in many cases, if directed to noble ends, to place them on a level with the great lights of the age,—the superior intelligences of art, literature and science,—and to lay the foundation of a glory which might vie hereafter with that of 'the mighty dead.' And yet the cry of most dullards, and of many who are not, is, 'I am too low in the scale; it is of no use for *me* to try to rise; I am not, and never shall be, anybody.' But does a prisoner cling to his captivity and hug his fetters because his dungeon is low and dark and noisome? No; he pants for the 'upper air' all the more aspiringly. The very consciousness of his prostration should be a spur stimulating one to raise himself by all possible efforts."

Again, Mr. Smiles forcibly remarks that "the road to success may be steep to climb, but it puts to the proof the energies of him who would reach the summit. By experience a man soon learns how obstacles are to be overcome by grappling with them,—how soft as silk the nettle becomes when it is boldly grasped,—and how powerful a principle of realizing the object proposed, is the moral conviction that we can and will accomplish it. Thus difficulties often fall away of themselves, before the determination to overcome them. In nine cases out of ten, if marched boldly up to they will flee away. Like thieves, they often disappear at a glance. What looked like insuperable obstacles, like some great mountain-chain in our way, frowning danger and trial, are found to become practicable when approached, and paths formerly un-

seen, though they may be narrow and difficult, open a way for us through the hills."

Curran, the Irish orator, when a youth, had a strong defect in his articulation, and at school he was known as "stuttering Jack Curran." While he was engaged in the study of the law, and still struggling to overcome his defect, he was stung into eloquence by the sarcasms of a member of a debating club, who characterized him as "Orator Mum;" for, like Cowper, when he stood up to speak, Curran had not on a previous occasion been able to utter a word. But the taunt raised his pluck; and he replied with a triumphant speech. This accidental discovery in himself of the gift of eloquence, encouraged him to proceed in his studies with additional energy and vigor. He corrected his enunciation by reading aloud, emphatically and distinctly, the best passages in our literature, for several hours every day, studying his features before a mirror, and adopting a method of gesticulation suited to his rather awkward and ungraceful figure. He also proposed cases to himself, which he detailed with as much care as if he had been addressing a jury.

The well-known author and publisher, William Chambers, of Edinburgh, thus tells of his humble beginning. "My education was that which is supplied at the humble parish schools of Scotland; and it was only when I went to Edinburgh, a poor boy, that I devoted my evenings, after the labors of the day, to the cultivation of that intellect which the Almighty has given me. From seven or eight in the morning till nine or ten at night, was I at my business as a bookseller's apprentice, and it was only during hours after these, stolen from sleep, that I could devote myself to study. I assure you that I did not read novels; my attention was devoted to physical science and other useful matters. During that period I taught myself French. I look back to those times with great pleasure, and am almost sorry I have not to go through the same troubles again. I reaped more pleasure when I had not a sixpence in my pocket, studying in a garret in Edinburgh, than

I now find when sitting amidst all the elegances and comforts of a parlor."

William Cobbett has told the interesting story of how he learned English Grammar, and, as a curious illustration of that brave man's pluck in grappling with a difficulty, we cannot do better than quote it here. "I learned grammar," he said "when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. And if I, under such circumstances, and without parent or friend to advise or encourage me, accomplished this undertaking, what excuse can there be for any youth, however poor, however pressed with business, or however circumstanced as to room or other conveniences? To buy a pen or a sheet of paper I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half-starvation; I had no moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and to write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless men, and that, too, in the hours of their freedom from all control. Think not lightly of the farthing that I had to give, now and then, for ink, pen or paper! That farthing was, alas! a great sum to me! I was as tall as I am now; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money, not expended for us at market, was twopence a week for each man. I remember, and well I may! that on one occasion I, after all necessary expenses, had, on a Friday, made shifts to have a half-penny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red-herring in the morning; but, when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had lost my half-penny! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child! And again I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could

encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth to find an excuse for the non-performance?"

Every student of American history will remember Sir William Phipps, one of the early colonial governors of Massachusetts. His career furnishes a remarkable example of the power of will, and of perseverance, in the pursuit of a given object. He was one of twenty-six children (twenty-one sons and five daughters) and was raised in the forests of the then province of Maine. William seems to have had a strong dash of Danish sea-blood in his veins, and did not take kindly to the quiet life of a shepherd in which he spent his early years. By nature bold and adventurous, he longed to become a sailor and roam through the world. He sought to join some ship; but not being able to find one, he apprenticed himself to a ship-builder, with whom he thoroughly learned his trade, acquiring the arts of reading and writing during his leisure hours. Having completed his apprenticeship and removed to Boston, he wooed and married a widow of some means, after which he set up a little ship-building yard of his own, built a ship, and, putting to sea in her, he engaged in the lumber trade, which he carried on in a plodding and laborious way for the space of about ten years.

It happened that one day, whilst passing through the crooked streets of old Boston, he overheard some sailors talking to each other of a wreck which had just taken place off the Bahamas; that of a Spanish ship, supposed to have much money on board. His adventurous spirit was at once kindled, and getting together a likely crew without loss of time, he set sail for the Bahamas. The wreck being well in-shore, he easily found it, and succeeded in recovering a great deal of its cargo, but very little money; and the result was, that he barely defrayed his expenses. His success had been such, however, as to stimulate his enterprising spirit; and when he was told of another and far more richly laden vessel, which had been wrecked near Port de la Plata more than half a century before, he forthwith

formed the resolution of raising the wreck, or at all events fishing up the treasure.

Being too poor, however, to undertake such an enterprise without powerful help, he set sail for England, in the hope that he might there obtain it. The fame of his success in raising the wreck off the Bahamas had already preceded him. He applied direct to the government; and by his urgent enthusiasm, he succeeded in overcoming the usual inertia of official minds; and Charles II. eventually placed at his disposal the "Rose Algier," a ship of eighteen guns and ninety-five men, appointing him to the chief command. Phipps then set sail to find the Spanish ship and fish up the treasure. He reached the coast of Hispaniola in safety; but how to find the sunken ship was the great difficulty. The fact of the wreck was more than fifty years old; and Phipps had only the traditionary rumors of the event to work upon. There was a wide coast to explore, and an outspread ocean, without any trace whatever of the wrecked argosy beneath it. But the man was stout in heart, and full of hope. He set his seamen to work to drag the coast, and for weeks they went on fishing up seaweed, shingle, and bits of rock. No occupation could be more trying to seamen, and they began to grumble together, and to whisper that the man in command had brought them on a fool's errand.

At length the murmurs spoke aloud, and the men broke into open mutiny. A body of them rushed one day on to the quarter-deck, and demanded that the voyage should be relinquished. Phipps, however, was not a man to be intimidated; he seized the ringleaders, and sent the others back to their duty. It became necessary to bring the ship to anchor close to a small island for the purpose of repairs; and, to lighten her, the chief part of the stores were landed. Discontent still increasing among the crew, a new plot was laid among the men on shore to seize the ship, throw Phipps overboard, and start on a piratical cruise against the Spaniards in the South Seas. But Phipps frustrated their plans, had the goods reshipped under cover of loaded guns, got rid of a part of his crew, took

on others and went about his work. Soon his vessel gave out and he was obliged to return to England for repairs. As he had been unsuccessful, many had lost faith in him, and he found it difficult to get another ship. After four years of exertion however, during which time he lived in great poverty, he succeeded in raising the requisite means to start again. A company was formed, in twenty shares, the Duke of Albemarle, son of General Monk, taking the chief interest in it, and subscribing the principal part of the necessary funds for the enterprise.

Phipps proved more fortunate in his second voyage than in his first. The ship arrived without accident at Port de la Plata, in the neighborhood of the reef of rocks supposed to have been the scene of the wreck. His first object was to build a stout boat capable of carrying eight or ten oars, in constructing which Phipps used the adze himself. It is also said that he constructed a machine, for the purpose of exploring the bottom of the sea, similar to what is now known as the Diving-Bell. Such a machine was found referred to in books, but Phipps knew little of scientific books and therefore may be said to have reinvented the apparatus for his own use. He also engaged Indian divers, whose feats of diving for pearls, and in submarine operations, were very remarkable. The tender and boat having been taken to the reef, the men were set to work, the diving-bell was sunk and the various modes of dragging the bottom of the sea were employed continuously for many weeks, but without any prospect of success. Phipps, however, held on valiantly, hoping almost against hope. At length, one day, a sailor, looking over the boat's side down into the clear water, observed a curious sea-plant growing in what appeared to be a crevice of the rock; and he called upon an Indian diver to go down and fetch it for him. On the red man coming up with the weed, he reported that a number of ship's guns were lying in the same place. The intelligence was at first received with incredulity, but on further investigation it proved to be correct. Search was made, and presently a diver came up with a solid bar of silver in his arms

When Phipps was shown it, he exclaimed, "Thanks be to God! we are all made men."

Diving-bell and divers now went to work with a will and in a few days treasure was brought up to the value of £300,000 with which Phipps set sail for England. On his arrival, many government officials tried to seize the ship's cargo, and appealed to the King for power. But the King replied that he knew Phipps to be an honest man and that he and his friends should have the whole of it. Phipps' share was about £20,000, and the King to show his approval of his energy, conferred upon him the honor of knighthood, and he became Sir William Phipps, founding the house of Normanby. He died in London in 1695, having done valiant service for the King as a military leader and royal ruler. He was never ashamed of the lowness of his origin, but continually referred to the fact with pride. Often, when perplexed with public business, he declared it would be easier for him to go back to his broad-axe again. He left behind him a noble character for honesty, courage, and energy.

CHAPTER XII.

Expenditure of Resources.

He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.

Proverbs xvi: 32.

No haughty gesture marks his gait,
No pompous tone his word,
No studied attitude is seen,
No palling nonsense heard.
He'll suit his bearing to the hour,
Laugh, listen, learn, or teach.

Eliza Cook.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues.

Joanna Baillie.

THIS is an age when great attention is being paid to the development of speed in horses. Each season witnesses the lowering of the time-record in racing until the question of how much reserve power there is inclosed within the horse organization, has become an open one which years only can decide. But in the act of racing it is an easy thing to see which animals are capable of improvement, and which are not. A horse that is so nervous and fidgety that it can't stand still; which exerts itself on every occasion to the point of exhaustion; which never learns to keep cool and hold back, when necessary, and again to "let out an extra link or two," when called upon, never can become a great racer, for the simple reason that he expends his resources as fast as he accumulates them. To grow better, an animal or a man

must have a little surplus of force left after each trial, or must have the internal capacity of generating new and extra power whenever occasion demands.

There is neither pleasure nor profit in witnessing the working of anything, whether it be man, animal, or machine, unless it works easily, and possesses more resources of power than it expends. There is no such arithmetic in actual life as that which the old lady reckoned by, when she said that her son in business lost on every article he manufactured but was able to get along by the enormous extent or amount of the business transacted. If a man "uses himself up" at every effort he makes in trying to build his imperial highway to fortune, that way will never be finished, nor the fortune secured. As the best drivers keep their horses well in hand and never let them out for all they are worth, except upon important occasions, so the most successful men in life's race are those who keep themselves well in hand, and keep in reserve some extra power or ability, with which to meet emergencies and eclipse competing rivals.

It is said that all machinists construct engines with reserve power. If the force required is four-horse, they make a six-horse power, so that the machine will work easily and last long. In like manner, the man who has strength to do ten hours' work a day, physical or intellectual, should do but seven or eight; and then he may hope to accumulate a reserve fund of energy which will not only round out his frame to fair proportions, and enable him to toil with ease, cheerfulness and alacrity, but furnish a capital, a fund in bank, upon which he can draw heavily in any emergency, when called on to do two days' work in one. Without this capital, he will not only do his work painfully, forever tugging at the oar, but he will be incapable of increasing the strain upon his powers, however urgent the necessity; he cannot put a pound more of pressure upon the engine without an explosion.

There are indeed "some persons of dull and phlegmatic temperament—slow coaches, that jog on at a lazy pace—who need no note of alarm. They need the whip, not the rein; and

the utmost speed you can get out of them will only call their muscles into healthy activity. But there is another class,—the fiery, earnest, zealous men, the nervous men, tremulous as the aspen, enthusiasts in their callings,—who need to economize their nerve-force, unless they would prematurely exhaust themselves and sink into an early grave. Such men need to be reminded that they have but a limited fund of strength, upon which they are making draughts with every breath they draw and every word they utter, and that therefore they cannot guard too jealously against any waste of their nerve-power."

Hence, the first strong word of advice to every young man who wants to be successful is, accumulate, accumulate, accumulate. If you expect to lead a professional life, you cannot have too large a store of knowledge and facts laid up. It often seems to a student in college that he is merely wasting his time by going through with the routine exercises of the class-room, week after week and year after year; that the studies he is pursuing can never do him much, if any, good in after life; but he will find to his sweet satisfaction, when the duties of that after-life press upon him, and he has no time to hunt up facts and opinions, that not a day diligently spent in study in early years was lost; that all resources of an intellectual nature accumulated when thought and memory were fresh and vigorous were held by the mind as a sort of capital stock and came into use exactly when most wanted. Many a young man has ruined himself for life because he too soon thought he knew it all and could do anything, and then found out his mistake only when it was too late to recover the ground so foolishly lost.

Everybody knows that in the composition of an army one of the first essentials of effective action is a well-constituted, powerful reserved force. It consists of picked men, trained veterans, with a cool, sagacious commander, who can be thrown at any moment into the very thick of the fight, to sustain a faltering legion, or to turn a doubtful combat into a decisive victory. The lack of such a force, or its lack of numbers and

discipline, has often made the difference between a battle won and a battle lost. Who that is familiar with the campaigns of Napoleon does not remember how often the trembling scale was turned, and the exultant legions of the enemy were rolled back, just as victory was about "to sit eagle-winged on their crests," by the resistless charge of the imperial Guard? So also at the bar, in the senate, in the pulpit, in the field of business, in every sphere of human activity, he only organizes victory and commands success behind whose van and corps of battle is heard the steady tramp of the army of the reserve.

Says Dr. W. W. Patton, "the merchant is in a dangerous position whose means are in goods trusted out all over the country on long credits, and who in an emergency has no moneys in the bank upon which to draw. A heavy deposit, subject to a sight-draft, is the only position of strength. And he only is intellectually strong, who has made heavy deposits in the bank of memory, and can draw upon his faculties at any time, according to the necessities of the case." There is no mental reservoir of such capacity that it will not be empty at last, if we perpetually draw from it and never pour into it. When old Dr. Bellamy was asked by a young clergyman for advice about the composition of his sermons, he replied: "Fill up the cask! fill up the cask! fill up the cask! and then if you tap it anywhere you will get a good stream. But if you put in but little, it will dribble, dribble, dribble, and you must tap, tap, tap, and then you get but a small stream, after all."

The second point to be emphasized is, keep cool, have your resources well in hand, and reserve your strength until the proper time arrives to exert it. There is hardly any trait of character or faculty of intellect more valuable than the power of self-possession, or presence of mind. The man who is always "going off" unexpectedly, like an old rusty firearm, who is easily fluttered and discomposed at the appearance of some unforeseen emergency; who has no control over himself or his powers, is just the one who is always in trouble and never successful or happy. It is very unfortunate when men lose their

talents, wit, or fancy, at any sudden call. Better be like the Frenchman, M. Tissenet, who had learned among the Indians to understand their language, and who coming upon a wild party of Illinois, overheard them say that they would scalp him. He said to them, "Will you scalp me? Here is my scalp," and confounded them by lifting a little periwig he wore. He then explained to them that he was a great medicine-man, and that they did great wrong in wishing to harm him, who carried them all in his heart. So he opened his shirt a little and showed to each of the savages in turn the reflection of his own eye-ball in a small pocket mirror which he had hung next to his skin. He assured them that if they should provoke him he would burn up their rivers and their forests; and, taking from his portmanteau a small phial of white brandy (which they believed to be water), he burned it before their eyes. Then taking up a chip of dry pine, he drew a burning glass from his pocket and set the chip on fire. Of course, his presence of mind and rare courage saved his life.

The great world of nature is always calm and silent when performing some of her mightiest operations, but the effect of what she does is always deepened and intensified by the sense of greater power which lies behind. And the same is true of the higher works of art. It has also been truly said that the great orator is not he who exhausts his subject and himself at every effort, but he whose expressions suggest a region of thought, a dim vista of imagery, an oceanic depth of feeling, beyond what is compassed by his sentences. He affects you hardly less by what he leaves out than by what he puts in. So the military leader who brings all his troops to the front has no resource when beaten; every defeat is a Waterloo. Not so with the man who has always battalions in reserve; he fights more and more valiantly after each overthrow. Like Blucher at Ligny, he may be forced back from his position; but he will retreat in good order, and in two days more the thunder of his guns will be heard at Waterloo, sending death and dismay into the ranks of his late victors. Like Washington, he may lose more battles than he wins; but he will organize victory

out of defeat, and triumph in the end. Napoleon said of Massena that he was not himself until the battle began to go against him; then—when the dead began to fall in windrows around him—awoke his marvelous power of combination, and he put on terror and victory as a robe.

We all remember the gallant conduct, admirable coolness and resources of General Sheridan when he found his army retreating before the victorious Early. "O sir," said the General in command, "we are beaten!" "No, sir," was the reply; "*you* are beaten, but this army is *not* beaten;" and then, seizing his army as Jupiter his thunderbolt, he hurled it upon the enemy. In like manner, the great men of history are those who impress us with the fact that they themselves are greater than their deeds, and that they have mightier and vaster resources back, than any which they ordinarily display. This latent force acts directly by presence, and without means. Their victories are won by demonstration of superiority, not by crossing of bayonets.

It has been often remarked that a speech never seems truly great unless there is a man behind it who is greater than the speech. It was this which gave such prodigious power to the words of Chatham, and made them smite his adversaries like an electric battery. Men who listened to his oratory felt that he "put forth not half his strength,"—that the man was far greater than anything he said. It was the magnetism of his person, the haughty assumption of superiority, the scowl of his imperial brow, the ominous growl of his voice, "like thunder heard remote," and, above all, the evidence which these furnished of an imperious and overwhelming will, that abashed the proudest peers in the House of Lords, and made his words perform the office of stabs and blows.

But the most memorable illustration of the value of coolness, courage and reserved force is furnished by the debate in the United States Senate in 1830, concerning the sale of the public lands. "The occasion," says a thoughtful writer, "was not a great one; the debate upon it for some days dragged heavily. The vast reserve power of one man made it the event

of our history for a generation. The second speech of Mr. Hayne, to which Mr. Webster was called upon to reply, was able and brilliant, its constitutional argument specious, its attack upon New England and upon Mr. Webster sharp even to bitterness. But Mr. Hayne did not understand this matter of reserved power. He had seen Mr. Webster's van and corps of battle, but had *not* heard the firm and measured tread behind. It was a decisive moment in Mr. Webster's career. He had no time to impress new forces, scarcely time to burnish his armor. All eyes were turned to him. Some of his friends were depressed and anxious. *He* was calm as a summer's morning; calm, his friends thought, even to indifference. But his calmness was the repose of conscious power, the hush of nature before the storm. He had measured his strength He was in possession of himself. He knew the composition of his 'army of the reserve.' He had the eye of a great commander, and he took in the whole field at a glance. He had the prophetic eye of logic, and he saw the end from the beginning. The exordium itself was the prophecy, the assurance of victory. Men saw the sun of Austerlitz, and felt that the Imperial Guard was moving on to the conflict. He came out of the conflict with the immortal name of the Defender of the Constitution.

"Of this speech, and of the mode of its delivery, one of the greatest of our orators has said, 'It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water; but I must confess I never heard of anything which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown.' I venture to add that, taking into view the circumstances under which the speech was delivered, and especially the brief time for preparation, the importance of the subject, the breadth of its views, the strength and clearness of its reasoning, the force and beauty of its style, its keen wit, its repressed but subduing passion, its lofty strains of eloquence, the audience to which it was addressed (a more than Roman audience), its effect upon that audience and the larger audience

of a grateful and admiring country, history has no nobler example of reserved power brought at once and effectively into action. The wretched sophistries of nullification and secession were swept before his burning eloquence as the dry grass is swept by the fire of the prairies." In describing his feelings while making the speech we have just noticed, Mr. Webster is reported to have said to a friend: "I felt as if everything I had ever seen or read or heard was floating before me in one grand panorama, and I had little else to do than to reach up and cull a thunderbolt and hurl it at him!"

Many years ago a Mr. Whipple, of Rhode Island, had occasion to consult Daniel Webster touching an important law-case,—a case in which were presented many cross-questions of law and equity, and so involved that it required days and weeks of hard labor to discover a channel-way over its shoals and amid its rocks. Meeting Mr. Whipple early in the morning, Mr. Webster by dinner-time had threaded all the avenues and crosspaths of the labyrinth, and gave an opinion so clear and comprehensive that Mr. Whipple was constrained to ask him what had been his system of mental culture. In reply Mr. Webster observed, that it is a law of our natures that the body or the mind that labors constantly must necessarily labor moderately. He instanced the race-horse, which, by occasional efforts in which all its power is exerted, followed by periods of entire rest, would, in time, add very largely to his speed; and the great walkers or runners of our race, who, from small beginnings, when fifteen miles a day fatigued them, would, in the end, walk off fifty miles at the rate of five or six miles an hour. He also mentioned the London porter, who, at the first staggering under the load of one hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds, would, in time, walk off with six or eight hundred pounds with apparent ease. The same law governs the mind. When employed at all, its powers should be exerted to the utmost. Its fatigue should be followed by its entire rest. Mr. Webster added that, whatever mental occupation employed him, he put forth all his power, and when his men-

tal vision began to obscure, he ceased entirely, and resorted to some amusement or light business as a relaxation.

Dr. Mathews has well observed that "we live in an age of bustle and excitement; the click of the telegraph, the whistle of the locomotive, the whir of the machinery, is ever in our ears. The tendency of the times is to force every man of ability into great outward activity, and thereby in many cases to dam up and divert to the turning of this mill or that the stream which, if left unbroken, would have gathered volume enough to fertilize a vast tract of thought. Besides this, in our large towns every cultivated man is beset with a multiplicity of social enjoyments and excitements, the very waste-pipes of spiritual powers; and the energies of the brain, instead of forming a fund that is continually deepening by influx from secret sources, are diffused and wasted on trivialties. Add to this the fact that the Americans are the most impatient people under the sun,—that we are not content to wait through long and weary years for the fruits of our toil, but, in the stockjobbers' phrase, are anxious "to realize" at once,—and can we wonder that so few of us accumulate the reserve power which is indispensable if we would do anything worthy of our faculties?"

But no man can be cool, calm, self-collected and confident of victory, unless he knows surely that he has reserve forces which he can summon to his aid at a moment's call. The man who is poor within and knows that he is poor, is always ill at ease and ever fearful of a surprise or an ambuscade from some real or imaginary foe. Nothing will give others such confidence in a man as to have him create the impression by his manner that there is more in him than he constantly gives out; and in order to create this impression, lawfully and properly, there must actually *be* in him more resources than he daily expends. Therefore, unless some great prize is before you, or some all-important issue is at stake—something that demands the exercise of every faculty you possess and the putting forth of all your strength—it will be better to husband your resources and have a little accumulated fund of power,

ability or knowledge on hand, than to work up to the full measure of your capacity each day and hour, and then, when some unlooked-for crisis comes on and you need extra force, find yourself a physical or intellectual bankrupt, and in imminent danger of collapse.

An old teamster used to say to his sons when they had a peculiarly long and hard drive to make in a given time, "Boys, you'll be sure to get there, if you don't drive too hard when you first start." And there is much of good, sound philosophy wrapped up in the old man's pithy remark. As another has observed, "to serve a long and weary apprenticeship to any calling, to spend years in training the faculties till one has become an athlete, costs, we know, patience and self-denial; but is it not the cheapest in the end? Does not all experience show that in the long run it is easier *to be* than *to seem*,—to acquire power than to hide the lack of it? Was there ever a lazy boy at school, or student in college, who did not take infinitely more pains to dodge recitations and to mask his ignorance than would have been necessary to master his lessons, however dry or crabbed? Is there a mechanic who scrimps his work, that does not cheat himself in the end? Depend upon it, nothing is more exhausting than the shifts to cover up ignorance, the endless contrivances to make nothing pass for something, tinsel for gold, shallowness for depth, emptiness for fullness, cunning for wisdom, sham for reality."

When a man once breaks down, or "plays out"—to use a common expression—his career is necessarily arrested, and he becomes like a steamship in mid-ocean with her fires out or engines disabled. The great criminal lawyer, Rufus Choate, was an example of this kind. He persisted in transgressing the laws of his physical and mental natures, worked away like a blazing locomotive at every case he took hold of, whether petty or important, and died an exhausted, worn-out man when he should have been in the very fullness and ripeness of his years. Therefore, we say to every worker in the world's great hive, husband your resources, accumulate power, facts and wisdom

faster than you expend them, and always try to be richer and stronger within, than you appear on the surface. Beaumont and Fletcher say,

> An honest soul is like a ship at sea,
> That rides at ease when the ocean's calm,
> But when she rages and the wind blows high,
> He cuts his way with skill and majesty.

CHAPTER XIII.

Business Traits, Qualities and Habits.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth

SHAKESPERE.

"Habit at first is but a silken thread,
Fine as the light-winged gossamers that sway
In the warm sunbeams of a summer's day;
A shallow streamlet, rippling o'er its bed;
A tiny sapling, ere its roots are spread;
A yet unhardened thorn upon the spray;
A lion's whelp that hath not scented prey;
A little smiling child obedient led.
Beware! that thread may bind thee as a chain;
That streamlet gather to a fatal sea;
That sapling spread into a gnarled tree;
That thorn, grown hard, may wound and give thee pain
That playful whelp his murderous fangs reveal:
That child, a giant, crush thee 'neath his heel."

"Real glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves,
And without that the conqueror is naught
But the veriest slave."

HERE are a number of valuable and indispensable traits of character, qualities of mind, and habits of life, which, when grouped together, go a great ways towards making up the successful man of business; and some of these we will now mention and illustrate. And first we place the trait called

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

In one respect, this trait is similar to that of "Force of Will," which has previously been discussed. Still, there is an

important difference between them. We stated in that chapter that the four principal elements entering into the composition of a well-balanced and perfectly-furnished man, were a sound body, a large brain, a strong will, and a good heart — the will being the President or Executive force over all. In a man of decision, however, the will occupies only the second post of honor, and Brain comes to the front. In plain language, this trait of character consists in the power of making up one's mind on any question which arises, *instantly, intelligently and firmly.* Neither one of these three characteristics can be left out. If a man stops and hesitates when he ought to act quickly, he is not, and cannot be, a man of decision. If he decides blindly or rashly, it will be equally fatal with the first defect. If he decides, and then repents, and then re-decides, he is also unstable and unreliable. So that all three of the ingredients mentioned must enter into each decisive act, in order to make it decisive.

As we said before, the will in this act only takes the second place; it is the brain which comes into play first in determining upon any given course, and then after one's mind is made up, the intellect hands over the matter to the will for execution, just as a General on the field gives an order to his aid-de-camp to carry out. This previous act of the mind is called *resolution;* as Churchill puts it,

> Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
> The motions of the mind.

To be a resolute man, is to be a brave man, a determined man, and a far-seeing man. Indeed, there is hardly any intellectual exercise which is more difficult, or of a higher nature, than this power of instant, intelligent, and firm resolve, which is the first step towards exercising decision of character. It requires both insight and foresight; a knowledge of men and of things, and of laws and forces in nature and life; that prophetic power so happily described by Philip James Bailey, when he says:

There are points from which we can command our life;
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass;
And coming things, full-freighted with our fate,
Jut out on the dark offing of the mind.

One writer has gone so far as to say that "decision of mind, like vigor of body, is a gift of God. It cannot be created by human effort." But then, apparently frightened at the boldness and sweeping nature of his declaration, he adds: "Every man has the germ of this quality, which can be cultivated by favorable circumstances and motives presented to the mind; and by method and order in the prosecution of his duties or tasks, he may by habit greatly augment his will-power, or beget a frame of mind so nearly resembling resolution that it would be difficult to distinguish between the two."

But the confusion in this writer's thought arises from his imperfect analysis, from not distinguishing between resolution as the previous act of intellect, and will-power as the subsequent executive force of the mind. John Foster, in his celebrated essay, comes nearer the truth when he says: "Could the histories of all the persons remarkable for decisive character be known, it would be found that the majority of them have possessed great constitutional firmness. By this is not meant an exemption from disease and pain, nor any certain measure of mechanical strength, but a tone of vigor, the opposite to lassitude, and adapted to great exertion and endurance."

So much, then, for the definition of the nature of this trait of character; now concerning its importance there will be no question. A hesitating, undecided man is invariably pushed aside in the race of life. "Many men," says Carlyle, "long for the merchandise of life, yet would fain keep the price, and so stand chaffering with fate in vexatious altercation, till the night shuts in and the fair is over." Sidney Smith has well and wittily said, that "in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating and adjusting nice chances; it did all very

well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first-cousins, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age,—that he has lost so much time in consulting first-cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice."

Nearly every great movement, and especially every great battle in the world, has turned on one or two rapid movements executed amid the whirl of smoke and the thunder of guns. It was at such moments that the mind of Napoleon shone forth in transcendent splendor. His thought acted like lightning, and never with more promptness and precision than in moments of the greatest confusion and danger. He always calculated the value of moments, and won a battle once by sending his troops to a given point ten minutes before the enemy came up. At the celebrated battle of Rivoli the day seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw the critical state of affairs, and instantly formed his resolution. He dispatched a flag to the Austrian headquarters, with proposals for an armistice. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and, while amusing the enemy with mock negotiations, rearranged his line of battle, changed his front, and, in a few moments, was ready to renounce the farce of discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result.

Another signal example of this promptness of decision occurs at an earlier date in Napoleon's career. He had made his wondrous burst into Northern Italy, and had driven the Austrian troops before him like sheep. Hardly anything was wanting to the conquest of Lombardy but the taking of Mantua, to which he devoted 10,000 of his troops. At this juncture he heard of the coming of a new Austrian army consisting of 60,000 men, while he had in all but 40,000. By marching quickly along the banks of the Lake of Garda they cut off his

retreat to Milan, and thus greatly endangered his position; but, as the Austrians came on both sides of the lake, 20,000 on the one and 40,000 on the other, Napoleon most wisely determined to take a position at the end of the lake, so as to be between the two parties when they should attempt to unite. "By rapidly forming a main mass," says the historian, M. Thiers, "the French might overpower 20,000 who had turned the lake, and immediately after return to the 40,000 who had defiled between the lake and the Adige. But, to occupy the extremity of the lake, it was necessary to call in all the troops from Legnago, and from Mantua, for so extensive a line was no longer tenable. This involved a great sacrifice, for Mantua had been beseiged during two months, a considerable battering-train had been transported before it, the fortress was on the point of capitulating, and by allowing it to be revictualled, the fruits of these vigorous efforts, an almost assured prey, would escape his grasp.

Napoleon, however, did not hesitate. Between the two important objects he had the sagacity to seize the most important and sacrifice it to the other,—a simple resolution in itself, but one which displays not only the great captain, but the great man. It is not in war merely; it occurs in politics, and in all the situations of life, that men encounter two objects, and, aiming to compass both, fail in each. Bonaparte possessed that rare and decisive vigor which prompts at once the choice and the sacrifice. Had he persisted in guarding the whole course of the Mincio, from the extremity of the Lake of Garda to Mantua, he would have been pierced. By concentrating on Mantua to cover it, he would have had 70,000 men to cope with at the same time,—60,000 in front and 10,000 in the rear. He sacrificed Mantua, and concentrated at the point of the Lake of Garda." The results of this rapid decision were a brilliant reward of the masterly genius he had displayed. Meeting first the corps of 20,000 under Quasdanovich, he drove back its vanguard; whereupon the Austrian general, surprised to find everywhere imposing masses of the French, was alarmed, and resolved to halt till he should hear from the other

corps under Wurmser. Guessing what was passing in the Austrian general's mind, Napoleon turned to meet the other corps. Wurmser had divided his force, himself marching on to Mantua, and leaving 20,000 behind to capture Napoleon. Their army advanced with widespread wings as if to envelop the French, but Napoleon broke through its center and compelled it to retreat. Other battles followed and in six days the Austrian generals were flying back to the Tyrol, having lost the kingdom of Lombardy and 20,000 men.

At the close of his career, Napoleon himself made the same mistake which the Austrians did, and wasted precious hours before, on, and after the day of Ligny and on the morning of Waterloo, when he should have fallen on the enemy like a thunderbolt. Wellington, on the other hand, who never lost a battle, manifested the same decisiveness and promptitude to the very end of his military life. An amusing instance of the old Duke's presence of mind and coolness in a time of danger is the reply which he is said to have made to the captain of a vessel in which he was sailing. There was a terrible storm, and the captain fearing shipwreck, came to him in great affright and said, "It will soon be all over with us." Very well, replied the Duke, then I shall not take off my boots. Again, when a certain commissary-general complained to the Duke that Sir Thomas Picton had declared that he would hang him if the rations for that general's division were not forthcoming at a certain hour, the Duke replied, "Ah! did he go so far as that? Did he say he'd hang you?" "Yes, my lord." "Well, if General Picton said so, I have no doubt he will keep his word; you'd better get up the rations in time."

It has been well said that all wisdom is a system of balances, or, better still, a golden mean between two extremes. Of course there is always a point where decision passes into rashness, as there are always some subjects which require the utmost deliberation before any safe and definite conclusion can be reached concerning them. One of these subjects, as has already been indicated in a previous chapter, is the choice of a vocation in life. But on the other hand, there are numerous

exigencies in every man's life when there is not a moment to be lost, when a decision must be rendered instantly, and then, without this faculty under consideration, a man's fortune and welfare are liable to be greatly endangered. To never know what to do, or to debate like Coleridge which side of the road to take during a whole journey, is to miserably fail when important emergencies arrive. Many a business man has made his fortune by promptly deciding at some nice juncture to expose himself to a considerable risk. To know when to sacrifice a little to win a great deal, when to abandon important minor objects to accomplish a great end, exacts the soundest judgment, and the decision has sometimes to be made in a moment's thought. There are two supreme moments, says Browning, in a diver's life;

> One when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
> One when, a prince, he rises with his pearl,

and the same is true in every working career.

A lawyer must needs have his wits about him, as there are only about so many possibilities in every case, and he who knows these best will generally win. When on trial, too, all unexpected developments must be attended to at the moment. The same thing is true of a physician. As the patient grows nervous and frightened, the doctor must grow cool and collected. Dr. John Brown, speaking of this quality in a physician, well observes: "It is a curious condition of mind that this requires. It is like sleeping with your pistol under your pillow, and the pistol on full cock; a moment lost, and all may be lost. There is the very nick of time. Men, when they have done some signal feat of presence of mind, if asked how they did it, do not very well know,—they just *did it.* It was in fact done, and then thought of; not thought of and then done, in which case it would most likely never have been done at all. To act thus, requires one of the highest powers of mind." There are some men, that remind one of Voltaire's sarcasm upon the French author, La Harpe, whom he called an "oven that was always heating up, but which never cooked

anything." These men never get ahead an inch, because they are always hugging some cowardly maxim or other, such as, "A bird in hand is worth two in the bush, etc."

Now, there is always more or less of truth in proverbs, but proverbs should always go in pairs, as they contain only half-truths, and can always be matched with reverse or opposite "saws," just as true as themselves. The reader will remember those two about "a rolling stone," and "the setting hen," which just balance each other. Also this: "It is an ill wind, etc.," which turned around is equally true, for that indeed must be a *good* wind which blows no one any hurt—especially if the wind happens to be a modern cyclone. John Foster is about the highest authority on this subject, and he says: "A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; since, if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause, about as powerful as a spider, may make a seizure of the unhappy boaster the very next moment, and contemptuously exhibit the futility of the determinations by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and will. He belongs to whatever can make capture of him; and one thing after another vindicates its right to him, by arresting him while he is trying to go on; as twigs and chips, floating near the edge of a river, are intercepted by every weed and whirled in every little eddy. Having concluded on a design, he may pledge himself to accomplish it—*if* the hundred diversities of feeling which may come within the week will let him. His character precluding all foresight of his conduct, he may sit and wonder what form and direction his views and actions are destined to take to-morrow ; as a farmer has often to acknowledge that next day's proceedings are at the disposal of its winds and clouds."

A melancholy example of this is furnished by the life of Sir James Mackintosh, whom Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, in his "Historical Characters," terms "The Man of Promise." The career of Sir James was a perpetual struggle between that which he desired to be and that for which his talents fitted him. At the University of Aberdeen he was alike remarkable

for his zeal in politics and his love for metaphysics,—that is, for his alternate coquetry between an active and a meditative life. At Edinburgh, also, where he went to study medicine, it was the same thing. Spending his mornings in poetical lucubrations, his evenings in making speeches at a "spouting" club, he gave little attention to the study of medicine till absolute necessity compelled him. He then applied himself with a start to that which he was obliged to know; but his diligence was not of that resolute and steady kind which insures success as the consequence of a certain period of application; and, after rushing into the novelties of "The Brunonian System," which promised a knowledge of medicine with little labor, and then rushing back again, he tried to establish himself as a medical practitioner at Salisbury and Weymouth in England, but, getting no patients, retired, disgusted and wearied, to Brussels.

He next dabbled in politics; wrote the famous pamphlet, "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," in reply to Burke; delivered soon after at Lincoln's Inn a course of learned and eloquent lectures on Public Law, which were received with great enthusiasm; defended M. Peltier in a speech at the bar, which was read with admiration not only in England, but on the Continent, and, though he lost his cause, led him to be considered no less promising as a pleader; became Recorder of Bombay; returned to England, and, feeling that "it was time to be something decided," resolved "to exert himself to the utmost" if he could get a seat in Parliament; entered the House of Commons, and made several remarkable speeches; accepted a professorship at the same time in Haileybury College, projected a great historical work which he never completed, and finally, when near the end of his life, stung by the thought that he had accomplished nothing worthy of himself, crowded into three years what he ought to have done long before in ten, and left nothing behind him but broken columns and unfulfilled designs.

One of the great defects in the character of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, was his slowness of decision in the cabinet and in the field. Had he been prompt and decisive,

he might have crushed the Reformation in the bud. Coligni, one of the champions of Protestantism in France, who perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, had a similar defect. A braver man never lived, but he lacked both decision and energy. On the contrary it is told of Pellissier, the hero of the Crimea, that, getting angry one morning, with a sub-officer of a cavalry regiment, he cut him across the face with a whip. The man drew a pistol and attempted to explode it in the face of his chief; but it missed fire. Uttering a fearful oath, but otherwise calm, "Fellow!" said the grim chief of the Zouaves, "I order you a three day's arrest for not having your arms in better order."

Some forty years ago murder was so rife in Havana that it seemed literally to be cultivated as one of the fine arts, to use De Quincey's phrase; and the city, if less libidinous, was probably more blood-stained than Sodom or Gomorrah. Yet, in a short time, by the vigor and decision of one man, this hideous state of things was entirely changed; and through Havana then, as through England under Alfred, or through Geneva now, the most gently nurtured woman could walk at midnight with a female attendant, unscared and unharmed. One night a murder was committed and Tacon, the Chief of Police, heard in the morning that the perpetrator was still at large. He summoned the prefect of the department in which the crime was committed. "How is this, sir? a man murdered at midnight, and the murderer not yet arrested?" "May it please your Excellency, it is impossible. We do not even know who it is." Tacon saw the officer was lying. "Hark you, sir. Bring me this murderer before night, or I'll garrote *you* to-morrow morning." The officer knew his man, and the assassin was forthcoming.

Avoid, then, as you would the plague, being the kind of man described many years ago in the "London Spectator."

> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
> Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,

Everything by starts, and nothing long.
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.

Hugh Miller has told how, by an act of youthful decision, he saved himself from one of the strong temptations so peculiar to a life of toil. When employed as a mason, it was usual for his fellow-workmen to have an occasional treat of drink, and one day two glasses of whiskey fell to his share, which he swallowed. When he reached home, he found, on opening his favorite book,—"Bacon's Essays,"—that the letters danced before his eyes, and that he could no longer master the sense. "The condition," he says, "into which I had brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation. I had sunk, by my own act, for the time, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed; and though the state could have been no very favorable one for forming a resolution, I in that hour determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage; and with God's help, I was enabled to hold my determination." It is such decisions as this that often form the turning-point in a man's life, and furnish the foundation of his future character.

METHOD.

We come now to personal habits which are essential to business success. Habits of all kinds play a more important part in human life than most people realize. What is done once and again, soon becomes a kind of second nature from which it is almost impossible to break away. Lord Brougham said in reference to the training of youth, "I trust everything under God to habit, on which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts the difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course." Character is always weakest where it has once given way, just as a water-dyke is most treacherous where the current has once broken through. A principle restored can never become as strong as one that

has never been moved. In fact, principles themselves are but the names which we give to habits, for the principles are but words, while the habits are the things in reality. The small acts of life, taken singly, are like the snowflakes which fall one by one, but when accumulated, they constitute the resistless avalanche. Montaigne, in one of his essays, says of custom or habit, "She is a violent and treacherous schoolmistress. She, by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority, but having by this gentle and humble beginning, with the aid of time, fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious and tyrannic countenance, against which we have no more the courage nor the power so much as to lift up our eyes."

The habit at first may seem no stronger than a spider's web, but when once rooted and formed it becomes a chain of iron. "Remember," said Lord Collingwood to a young man, "before you are five-and-twenty you must establish a character that will serve or ruin you for life." Even happiness may become a matter of habit, that is, a man can accustom himself to look upon the bright or upon the dark side of things. Dr. Johnson said that the habit of looking upon the best side of things was worth to a man more than a thousand pounds a year. Old men, accustomed to certain ways in life, find it exceedingly difficult to change those ways. Thus Lord Kames tells of a man who, having relinquished the sea for a country life, reared in the corner of his garden an artificial mount with a level summit, resembling most accurately a quarter-deck, not only in shape, but in size, where he generally walked. When Franklin was superintending the erection of some forts on the frontier, as a defense against the Indians, he slept at night in a blanket on the hard floor, and, on his first return to civilized life, could hardly sleep in a bed. Captain Ross and his crew, having been accustomed during their polar wanderings to lie on the frozen snow or on the bare rock, afterwards found the accommodations of a whaler too luxurious for them, and he was obliged to exchange his hammock for a chair.

Among good business habits, method holds an important place. In the past ages, before the invention of the steam-engine and the electric telegraph, when commerce had a narrow range, but few faculties of the mind were called into play by business; but to-day, when submarine cables are making of the whole world a whispering gallery, and the fluctuations of one market are felt in every other, when so varied a knowledge and so constant a watchfulness are necessary to success, method becomes doubly important. In fact, there is hardly any kind of business which does not demand system. Commissioners of insolvency say that the books of nine bankrupts out of ten are always found to be in a perfect muddle—kept without plan or method. It is easy enough to sneer at "red tape" and formality, but "an intelligent method, which surveys the whole work before it, and assigns the several parts to distinct times and agents, which adapts itself to exigencies, and keeps ever in its eye the object to be attained, is one of the most powerful instruments of human labor. The professional or business man who despises it will never do anything well. It matters not how clever or brilliant he is, or how fertile in expedients, if he works without system, catching up whatever is nearest at hand, or trying to do half a dozen things at once, he will sooner or later come to grief."

The importance of system in the discharge of daily duties was strikingly illustrated in the experience of Dr. Kane when he was locked up among the icebergs of the Arctic Circle, with the prospect of months of dreary imprisonment. With his men enfeebled by disease and privations, and when all but eight of his company had left him to search for a way of escape, he sustained the drooping spirits of the handful who clung to him, and kept up their energies, by a systematic performance of duties and moral discipline. "It is," he observes, "the experience of every man who has either combated difficulties himself or attempted to guide others through them, that the controlling law shall be systematic action. Nothing depresses and demoralizes so much as a surrender of the approved and habitual forms of life. I resolved that everything

should go on as it had done. The arrangement of hours, the distribution and details of duty, the religious exercises, the ceremonials of the table, the fires, the lights, the watch, the labors of the observatory, and the notation of the tides and the sky,—nothing should be intermitted that had contributed to make up the day."

William Cecil, afterwards, Lord Burleigh, said of method, it "is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one." Cecil's dispatch of business was extraordinary, his maxim being, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once;" and he never left a thing undone when it could be attended to at the time. He would rather encroach on his hours for meals than omit any part of his work. De Witt's maxim also was: "One thing at a time. If I have dispatches to make, I think of nothing else until they are finished; if other affairs demand my attention, I give myself wholly to them until done." Besides this, all peculiarly important affairs should be attended to in person. An indolent country gentleman in England, had a freehold estate producing about five hundred a year. Becoming involved in debt, he sold half of the estate, and let the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the term the farmer called to pay his rent, and asked the owner whether he would sell the farm. "Will *you* buy it?" asked the owner, surprised. "Yes, if we can agree about the price." "That is exceedingly strange," observed the gentleman; "pray, tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year for your farm, and are able, in a few years, to purchase it." "The reason is plain," was the reply; "you sat still and said *Go;* I got up and said *Come;* you laid in bed and enjoyed your estate, I rose in the morning and minded my business." Sir Walter Scott, writing to a youth who had obtained a situation and asked him for his advice, gave him in reply this sound counsel: "Beware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you from not having your time fully em-

ployed,—I mean what the women call *dawdling*. Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, never before it."

Another good business trait is

PUNCTUALITY.

Indeed, there can be few worse traits in a business man than to be continually behind time in his engagements. If a man's word or appointments cannot be depended upon, he is sure to be mistrusted and then neglected altogether. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance, but lost time is gone forever. Lord Nelson once said, "I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time." He who holds to his appointment and does not keep you waiting for him, shows that he has regard for *your* time as well as for his own. Thus punctuality is one of the modes by which we testify our personal respect for those whom we are called upon to meet in the business of life. It is also conscientiousness in a measure; for an appointment is a contract, express or implied, and he who does not keep it, breaks faith as well as dishonestly uses other people's time, and thus inevitably loses character. We naturally come to the conclusion that the person who is careless about time, will be careless about business, and that he is not the one to be trusted with the transaction of matters of importance. When Washington's secretary excused himself for the lateness of his attendance, and laid the blame upon his watch, his master quietly said, "Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary."

It is said of Lord Brougham, that when he was in the full career of his profession, presiding in the House of Lords and the Court of Chancery, he found time to be at the head of some eight or ten public associations,—one of which was the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,—and that he was most punctual in his attendances, always contriving to be in the chair when the hour of meeting had arrived. To steal another's time by delay, is nearly or quite as bad as to steal

his property, because in consuming another's time by careless neglect you take away from him that which can be converted into direct and immediate capital. Indeed, all money is earned by time and labor. In one of Dickens' stories there is a character whom he names "Captain Cuttle." The Captain was a very eccentric man and had a watch as eccentric as himself. He used to say that "if he could remember to set it ahead half an hour in the forenoon, and back quarter of an hour in the afternoon, it would keep time with anybody's watch." Too many business men have watches of a similar kind, it is to be feared, and the result is, they are always late at the counting-room, late at the railway station, late in getting letters into the mail. Business is thus thrown into confusion, and every one concerned is put out of temper.

How many persons have been ruined by neglecting for a day, or even an hour, to renew an insurance policy! How many merchants are made bankrupts by delays of their customers in paying their notes or accounts! Often the failure of one man to meet his obligations promptly, causes the ruin of a score of other men, just as in a line of bricks the toppling down of the master brick necessitates the fall of all the rest.

John Quincy Adams, who filled a greater number of important offices, political and civil, than has any other American, was pre-eminently punctual. He was an economist of moments, and was never known to be behind time. His reputation in this respect was such that when in old age he was a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, and a gentleman observed that it was time to call the House to order, another replied, "No, Mr. Adams is not in his seat." The clock, it was found, was actually three minutes too fast; and before three minutes had elapsed, Mr. Adams was at his post.

"When a regiment is under march," writes Sir Walter Scott, "the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily. And it is the same with business. If that which is first in hand be not regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind until affairs begin to press

all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion." Napoleon studied his watch as closely as he studied the maps of the battle-field. His victories were not won by consummate strategy merely, but by impressing his subordinates with the necessity of punctuality to the minute. Maneuvering over large spaces of country, so that the enemy was puzzled to decide where the blow would fall, he would suddenly concentrate his forces and fall with resistless might on some weak point in the extended lines of the foe,—a plan the successful execution of which demanded that every division of his army should be at the place named at the very hour.

It is related that on one occasion, his marshals, who had been invited to dine with him, were ten minutes late. Rising to meet them, the Emperor, who began his dinner as the clock struck, and had finished, said: "Gentlemen, it is now past dinner, and we will immediately proceed to business;" whereupon the marshals were obliged to spend the afternoon in planning a campaign on an empty stomach. Later in life, Napoleon was less prompt; and it was his loss of precious hours on the morning of Ligny, and his inexplicable dawdling on the day after the defeat of Blucher, which contributed more than any other cause to the fatal overthrow at Waterloo. On the other hand, it was the promptness and punctuality of "Marshal Forwards" (as Blucher was nicknamed by his troops) which enabled Wellington to convert what otherwise would have probably been a drawn battle into a brilliant victory. The Napoleon of Austerlitz and Jena would have made history tell a different story. It is said that Colonel Rahl, the Hessian commander who in the American Revolution was routed and taken prisoner at Trenton, lost the battle through procrastination. Engrossed in a game of cards, he postponed the reading of a letter which reached him, informing him that Washington was about to cross the Delaware, and thus lost the opportunity of thwarting the design of the American general, and perhaps giving a different direction to the War of Independence.

Equally as indispensable as punctuality, is the good, old-fashioned, but none the less fundamental virtue of

ECONOMY.

There is no man in the universe, however smart, wise, shrewd, or capable he may be, who can be a successful business man or build for himself a highway to fortune, unless he contrives to live within his means. Extravagance in ideas, in dress, and in habits of life, is one of the most destructive vices connected with our latter-day civilization. Nearly all classes are infected with this mania, but the average well-to-do class especially seem possessed to live beyond their income and put on a kind of false show or style which they are not able to carry out. And not only this, but there seems to be an insane ambition to bring up children "genteelly" and thus cripple all native energy and resolution of character, at the very outset of life. As another has said, "they acquire a taste for dress, style, luxuries, and amusements, which can never form any solid foundation for manly or gentlemanly character; and the result is, that we have a vast number of gingerbread young men and women thrown upon the world, who remind one of the abandoned hulls sometimes picked up at sea, with only a monkey on board." People seem determined to keep up appearances and try to be "big," whether they can afford it or not. Even honesty and honor are nothing in comparison with a vulgar outside show and a certain self-constituted importance in style of living.

Multitudes have not the courage to go patiently onward in the path of life in which their birth and circumstances have placed them, but they must needs try to get out of this, and into some fashionable state or other where they can swell and strut like peacocks, in a plumage that is not paid for. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble self-denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways,—in the

rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

Economizing one's means with the mere object of hoarding, is a very mean thing, but economizing for the purpose of being independent is one of the soundest indications of manly character; and when practiced with the object of providing for those who are dependent upon us, it assumes quite a noble aspect. Francis Horner's father gave him this good advice on first entering life: "Whilst I wish you to be comfortable in every respect, I cannot too strongly inculcate economy. It is a necessary virtue to all; and however the shallow part of mankind may despise it, it certainly leads to independence, which is a grand object to every man of a high spirit. Those who are careless about personal expenditure, and consider merely their own gratification, without regard for the comfort of others, generally find out the real uses of money when it is too late. Though by nature generous, these thriftless persons are often driven in the end to do very shabby things. They dawdle with their money as with their time; draw bills upon the future; anticipate their earnings; and are thus under the necessity of dragging after them a load of debts and obligations which seriously affect their action as free and independent men. The loose cash which many persons throw away uselessly, and worse, would often form a basis of fortune and independence for life. These wasters are their own worst enemies, though generally found amongst the ranks of those who rail at the injustice of the world."

One of the best of those who are called by the world "good fellows," was the poet Burns. He earned money easily, and spent it as freely. With anything like a decent economy he might have saved enough to have made himself and family comfortable through life. But he was an easy and a fast liver, and on his death-bed he wrote to a friend, "Alas! Clarke, I begin to feel the worst. Burns' poor widow, and a half dozen

of his dear little ones helpless orphans;—there I am weak as a woman's tear. Enough of this;—'tis half my disease."

"To be in debt," says Mr. Smiles, "lowers a man in self-respect, places him at the mercy of his tradesman and his servant, and renders him a slave in many respects, for he can no longer call himself his own master, nor boldly look the world in the face. It is also difficult for a man who is in debt to be truthful; hence it is said that lying rides on debt's back. The debtor has to frame excuses to his creditor for postponing payment of the money he owes him; and probably also to contrive falsehoods. It is easy enough for a man who will exercise a healthy resolution, to avoid incurring the first obligation; but the facility with which that has been incurred often becomes a temptation to a second; and very soon the unfortunate borrower becomes so entangled that no late exertion of industry can set him free. The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood; almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course, debt following debt, as lie follows lie."

Haydon, the painter, dated his decline from the day on which he first borrowed money. He realized the truth of the proverb, "Who goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing." The significant entry in his diary is: "Here began debt and obligation, out of which I have never been and never shall be extricated as long as I live." Haydon had long been accustomed to borrow money from his poor father, which, however, he did not include in his obligations. Far different was the noble spirit displayed by Fichte, who said, when struggling with poverty, "For years I have never accepted a farthing from my parents, because I have seven sisters who are all young and in part uneducated; and because I have a father who, were I to allow it, would in his kindness bestow upon me that which belongs by right to his other children."

Admiral Jervis, Earl St. Vincent, has told the story of his early struggles, and, amongst other things, of his determination to keep out of debt. "My father had a very large family," said he, "with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds at starting, and that was all he ever gave me. After I had been

a considerable time at sea, I drew for twenty more, but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at this rebuke, and made a promise which I have ever kept, that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found quite sufficient; washed and mended my own clothes; made a pair of trousers out of the ticking of my bed; and having by these means saved as much money as would redeem my honor, I took up my bill; and from that time to this I have taken care to keep within my means." Jervis for six years endured pinching privation, but preserved his integrity, studied his profession with success, and gradually and steadily rose by merit and bravery to the highest rank. Samuel Drew's first lesson in economy is thus described by himself: "When I was a boy, I somehow got a few pence, and coming into St. Austell on a fair day, laid out all on a purse. My empty purse often reminded me of my folly; and the recollection has since been as useful to me as Franklin's whistle was to him."

After all that has been written on the art of money-getting, the whole subject is condensed into four single rules, as follows: Work hard—improve every opportunity—economize—avoid debt. And these four can again be condensed into one, namely: *spend every day less than you earn.* Nothing more than this is needed, and to this nothing can be added. The famous Micawber in "David Copperfield," tersely sums the matter up thus: "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen pounds nineteen and six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds one and six; result, misery." And this latter condition was always poor Micawber's fortune. As has been well said, there is no workingman in good health who may not become independent, if he will but carefully husband his receipts, and guard jealously against the little leaks of useless expenditure. There are a hundred persons who can work hard, to every ten who can properly husband their earnings. The classes that toil the hardest squander most recklessly the

money they earn. Instead of hoarding their receipts so as to provide against sickness or want of employment, they eat and drink up their earnings as they go, and thus in the first financial crisis, when mills and factories stop, and capitalists lock up their cash instead of using it in great enterprises, they are ruined. Men who thus live "from hand to mouth," never keeping more than a day's march ahead of actual want, are little better off than slaves.

To one who has seen much of the miseries of the poor, it is hard to account for this short-sightedness of conduct; but doubtless the main cause is the contempt with which they are wont to look upon petty savings. Ask those who spend all as they go why they do not put by a fraction of their daily earnings, and they will reply, "That's of no use; what good can the saving of a few cents a day, or an occasional dollar, do? If I could lay by four or five dollars a week, that would ultimately amount to something." It is by this thoughtless reasoning that thousands are kept steeped to the lips in poverty, who by a moderate degree of self-denial might place themselves in a state of comfort and independence, if not of affluence. They do not consider to what enormous sums little savings and little spendings swell, at last, when continued through a long series of years. Accordingly, there is no inward revolution in the history of a man so important in itself and in its consequences, as occurs at the moment when a man makes his first saving. Among the heavy capitalists in one of our cities some years ago, was a builder who began life as a bricklayer's laborer at one dollar per day. Out of that small sum he contrived to lay up fifty cents per day, and at the end of the first year he had saved $182, from which moment his fortune was made.

"Whatever your means be," says Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer in an excellent essay upon "The Management of Money," "so apportion your wants that your means may exceed them. Every man who earns but ten shillings a week can do this if he please, whatever he may say to the contrary; for, if he can live upon ten shillings a week, he can live upon nine and

elevenpence. In this rule mark the emphatic distinction between poverty and neediness. Poverty is relative, and therefore not ignoble. Neediness is a positive degradation. If I have only £100 a year, I am rich as compared with the majority of my countrymen. If I have £5,000 a year, I may be poor compared with the majority of my associates, and very poor compared to my next-door neighbor. With either of these incomes I am relatively poor or rich; but with either of these incomes I may be positively needy or positively free from neediness. With the £100 a year I may need no man's help; I may at least have 'my crust of bread and liberty.' But with £5,000 a year I may dread a ring at my bell; I may have my tyrannical masters in servants whose wages I cannot pay; my exile may be at the fiat of the first long-suffering man who enters a judgment against me; for the flesh that lies nearest my heart some Shylock may be dusting his scales and whetting his knife. Nor is this an exaggeration. Some of the neediest men I ever knew have a nominal £5,000 a year. Every man is needy who spends more than he has; no man is needy who spends less. I may so ill manage my money, that, with £5,000 a year, I purchase the worst evils of poverty,—terror and shame; I may so well manage my money, that, with £100 a year, I purchase the best blessings of wealth,—safety and respect.

Of course there is such a thing as being miserly, niggardly, and mean in this matter of saving, but we are not advocating the practice of any such habit, or upholding any such trait of character. It would not be wise to carry this virtue of economy so far as to change it into a positive vice. It would not be well to imitate the Earl of Westminster, who had an income of four millions a year, and who once dismounted from his horse, when he found he had lost a button, and retraced his steps until he found it. This was not economy but simple penuriousness. On the other hand, prudence, frugality and good management are good mechanics for mending bad times; they occupy but little room in any dwelling, but will furnish a more effectual remedy for the evils of life than any silver or

tariff bill that ever passed Congress. To live on others' wealth, or to ride with unpaid-for horses, is to be a cheat, and not a gentleman.

Says Douglas Jerrold: "Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be biscuit and an onion, dines in 'The Apollo.' And then for raiment; what warmth in a threadbare coat, if the tailor's receipt be in the pocket! what Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the vest not owed for! how glossy the well-worn hat, if it covers not the aching head of a debtor! . . . Debt, however courteously it be offered, is the cup of a siren, and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, an eating poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe-leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, though clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf out upon a holiday,—a slave to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, the creditor? My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; let thy mouth water at a last week's roll; think a threadbare coat the 'only wear'; and acknowledge a whitewashed garret the fittest housing place for a gentleman; do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the sheriff be confounded."

CHAPTER XIV.

Traits, Qualities and Habits.

(CONTINUED.)

Kites rise against, not with the wind.
JOHN NEAL.

Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves:
There is a nobleness of mind that heals
Wounds beyond salves.
CARTWRIGHT.

There is a strength
Deep bedded in our hearts of which we reck
But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found?
MRS. HEMANS.

While hope lives
Let not the generous die. 'Tis always late
Before the brave despair.
THOMSON.

The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: Sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard
And make the impossibility they fear.
ROWE.

Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.
MONTESQUIEU.

WE have been speaking of economy, but economy is of two kinds, and has reference to *time*, as well as money. So far as disastrous results are concerned, it makes but little difference whether a young man wastes his time, or squanders his money, as money can only be earned by using time, and time can always be converted into money.

Time and labor are in fact the two oars by which a man propels his life-boat towards the distant shores of achievement and fruition. It will be well, therefore, to look a little at the value and

RIGHT USE OF TIME,

as constituting a part of the imperial highway to success in business life. In visiting the United States Mint at Philadelphia, the guide will tell you, as you reach the gold-working room, that the singular floor which you discover under your feet, is a network of wooden bars so arranged as to catch all the falling particles of the precious metal. At the close of each day's labor, this floor, which is in sections, is taken up and all the golden dust is carefully swept up and re-coined. And not only this, but all the workmen in the room change their clothes at night and leave them there, so that the dust may be shook out, swept up and saved. In like manner, he who would achieve success in whatever he undertakes, and accomplish his aims and desires must treat his odd moments, the little intervals of time occuring between heavier tasks, as the golden dust of life's working-room.

It is astonishing to think how much time is thrown away and wasted each year, and how much could be learned by those who felt disposed to use these spare moments in furthering the objects of their ambition. Purpose and persistent industry make a man sharp to discern opportunities and turn them to account. To the feeble, the sluggish, and the indolent, the happiest opportunities avail nothing; but with perseverance the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits and profitably employed, would enable a person of ordinary capacity to go far in mastering a complete science. It would make an ignorant man well-informed in ten years. Stephenson taught himself arithmetic and mensuration while working in an engine-room during the night shifts, and he studied mechanics during his spare hours at home; thus preparing himself for his great work, the in-

vention of the passenger locomotive. Watt taught himself chemistry and mechanics while working at his trade.

Dalton's industry began from boyhood, and at twelve years of age he taught a little village school in the winter, and worked on his father's farm in the summer. This early habit of industry was continued until a day or two before he died. Dr. Mason Good, translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage in the streets of London, going his rounds among his patients. Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way, while driving about in his "sulky," from house to house in the country,—writing down his thoughts on little scraps of paper, which he carried about with him for the purpose. Hale wrote his "Contemplations" while traveling on circuit. Dr. Burney learned French and Italian while traveling on horseback from one musical pupil to another in the course of his profession. Kirke White learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office.

Elihu Burritt attributed his first success in self-improvement, not to genius, which he disclaimed, but simply to the careful employment of those invaluable fragments of time, called "odd moments." While working and earning his living as a blacksmith, he mastered some eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two European dialects. Withal, he was exceedingly modest, and thought his achievements nothing extraordinary. Like another learned and wise man, of whom it was said that he could be silent in ten languages, Elihu Burritt could do the same in forty. "Those who have been acquainted with my character from my youth up," said he, writing to a friend, "will give me credit for sincerity when I say, that it never entered into my head to blazon forth any acquisition of my own. . . All that I have accomplished, or expect, or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap—particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. And if ever I was actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspiration reached no further than the hope to set before the young men of my country an

example in employing those invaluable fragments of time called odd moments."

Daguesseau, one of the great Chancellors of France, by carefully working up his odd bits of time wrote a bulky and able volume in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner; and Madame de Genlis composed several of her charming volumes while waiting for the Princess Orleans to whom she gave her daily lessons. Jeremy Bentham and Melancthon arranged their hours of labor and repose so that not a moment should be lost. Ferguson learned astronomy from the heavens while wrapped in a sheepskin on the highland hills. Stone learned mathematics while working as a journeyman gardener, and Drew became acquainted with the highest philosophy in the intervals of cobbling shoes. Locke carried a note-book in his pocket to catch the scintillations of all the conversations which he heard. Pope, when not able to sleep, would get up and write. Dr. Rush studied in his carriage while visiting patients, and prepared himself to write not only upon professional but other themes, works which are still almost as useful as when first published. Cuvier, the father of Comparative Anatomy, also studied while passing in his carriage from place to place, and by his ceaseless industry did perhaps more for the physical sciences than any other man that ever lived.

Franklin stole his hours of study from meals and sleep, and for years, with inflexible resolution, strove to save for his own instruction every minute that could be won. Hugh Miller found time while pursuing his trade as a stone-mason, not only to read, but to write, cultivating his style till he became one of the most facile and brilliant authors of the day. Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, whose work is by far the fullest and most trustworthy on the subject, and who also snatched time from business to write two large volumes upon Plato, was a banker. Sir John Lubbock, the highest English authority on prehistoric achæology, has made himself such by stealing the time from mercantile pursuits. John Quincy Adams, to the last day of his life, was an economist of moments. To redeem the time, he rose early. "I feel nothing like *ennui*,"

he said. "Time is too short for me, rather than too long. If the day were forty-eight hours long, instead of twenty-four, I could employ them all, if I had but eyes and hands to read and write." While at St. Petersburg, he complained bitterly of the great loss of his time from the civilities and visits of his friends and associates. "I have been engaged," he wrote, "the whole forenoon, and though I rise at six o'clock, I am sometimes able to write only a part of a private letter in the course of the day."

Dr. Channing knew a man of vigorous intellect who had enjoyed few advantages of early education, and whose mind was almost engrossed by the details of an extensive business, who yet composed a book of much original thought in steamboats and on horseback. These examples are enough, and more than enough, to show that the moments commonly wasted during a long life by the busiest men would suffice, if avariciously improved, for the execution of even colossal undertakings, which seemingly demand a lifetime of uninterrupted leisure. We say, therefore, in the language of that prodigy of industry, Goethe, "Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations. A long-continued walk is better than a short flight." The small stones that fill up the crevices are almost as essential to the firm wall as the great stones; and so the wise use of spare time contributes not a little to the building up in good proportions, and with strength, a man's mind. If you really prize mental culture, or are deeply anxious to do any good thing, you *will* find time, or *make* time for it, sooner or later, however engrossed with other employments. A failure to accomplish it can only demonstrate the feebleness of your will, not that you lacked time for its execution.

"Old-fashioned economists," says the eloquent Wirt, "will tell you never to pass an old nail, or an old horseshoe, or buckle, or even a pin, without taking it up; because, although you may not want it now, you will find a use for it some time or other. I say the same thing to you with regard to knowledge. However useless it may appear to you at the moment,

seize upon all that is fairly within your reach. For there is not a fact within the whole circle of human observation, nor even a fugitive anecdote that you read in a newspaper, that will not come into play at some time or other; and occasions will arise when they involuntarily present their dim shadows in the train of your thinking and reasoning, as belonging to that train, and you will regret that you cannot recall them more distinctly." Daniel Webster once repeated with effect an anecdote which he had treasured in his memory for fourteen years.

And another thoughtful writer expresses himself on the same subject in a similar strain. "Every kind of knowledge," he says, "comes into play some time or other; not only that which is systematic and methodized, but that which is fragmentary, even the odds and ends, the merest rag or tag of information. Single facts, anecdotes, expressions, recur to the mind, and, by the power of association, just in the right place. Many of these are laid in during what we think our idlest days. All that fund of matter which is used allusively in similitudes or illustrations is collected in diversions from the path of hard study. He will do best in this line whose range has been the widest and the freest. A man may study so much by rule as to lose all this, just as one may ride so much on the highway as to know nothing that is off the road."

Indeed, the practice of writing down thoughts and facts for the purpose of holding them fast, and preventing their escape into the dim region of forgetfulness, has been much resorted to by thoughtful and studious men. Lord Bacon left behind him many manuscripts, entitled "Sudden thoughts set down for use." Erskine made great extracts from Burke; and Eldon copied Coke upon Littleton twice over with his own hand, so that the book became, as it were, part of his own mind. The late Dr. Pye Smith, when apprenticed to his father as a bookbinder, was accustomed to make copious memoranda of all the books he read, with extracts and criticisms. This indomitable industry in collecting materials distinguished him through life, his biographer describing him as "always at

work, always in advance, always accumulating." These note-books afterwards proved, like Richter's "quarries," the great storehouse from which he drew his illustrations and metaphors.

In saying these things, however, we wish to acknowledge with equal emphasis the necessity of suitable seasons of recreation in the midst of this intense and protracted application, and also the necessity of a sufficient amount of sleep with which to recuperate exhausted nature. Modern life is so driving and busy, so restless, and feverish in its excitements, that unless due care is bestowed upon the preservation of mental vigor and clearness of thought, the mind soon wears itself into a state where all healthy growth and accumulations of power are practically impossible. It has been well said that the mind, "if is not a mere plodding, mechanical mind, is capricious in its workings, and will not be tyrannized over. It loves dearly to assert its independence, and will be consulted as to whether it will do this or that. It is not a mere machine, and cannot be used as if it were one. It must often "gang its ain gait," and sometimes must be left alone, even when it stoops to trifles. Many of its processes go on unbidden, without our control. In its very highest efforts it abhors task-work, and utterly refuses to be a drudge. The happiest thoughts, the most brilliant fancies, the aptest similitudes, are those sudden illuminations, those flashes, which come to us in hours of relaxation, of play, when we throw the reins upon the neck of our winged steed and let it roam where it will."

It is still further true that change and variety in study is sometimes quite as beneficial as steady devotion to any single branch of intellectual effort. There seems to be different sets of powers in the mind, and by pursuing one line of thought until wearied, and then turning to another of an exactly opposite character, more can be accomplished in the aggregate than by following in a continuous straight line of mental exertion. It is not necessary to be always pounding away on one corner of an anvil, in order to be busy. With a vigorous, inquiring mind, idleness, in one sense, is impossible. The

brain is busy, often, when it seems to be most at rest. Says Ralph Waldo Emerson,

> Tax not my sloth that I
> Fold my arms beside the brook;
> Each cloud that floateth in the sky,
> Writes a letter in my book.

A mind that does a good deal of thinking must needs spend some time gathering the raw material for thought; it must ruminate and browse among books, and more than this, it must be turned over occasionally like summer fallow, and suffered to lie exposed to the various fertilizing influences which, like winds, sweep over it from the great worlds of nature and action, lying outside.

Still another desirable form of mental activity is described by N. P. Willis, who speaks of sitting down and "reading sometimes, and sometimes listening to the faster falls of the large drops without, and sometimes rising with the stir of an unbidden thought, and then composedly sitting down again to some quaint book of olden poetry;" but this can hardly be called idleness, at least not in the sense which Thomson used the word in his "Castle of Indolence," where he speaks of some

> Whose only labor was to kill the time,
> Who sit and loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
> Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
> Or saunter forth with tottering step and slow.
> But this too rude an exercise they find,
> Then straight on the couch their limbs they throw,
> Where hours and hours they, sighing, lie reclined,
> And court the vapory god soft-breathing in the wind.

Why? Because the object sought in the first instance was mental enrichment through a pleasing change or variety of mental life, and in the other the only desire and wish was to blot out all mind-work and leave the brain in a state of utter vacuity. While, therefore, it may be well to remember that "of sloth comes pleasure, of pleasure comes riot, of riot comes disease, of disease comes spending, and of spending comes

want," as an old English author states, adding with little knowledge of modern justice that "of want comes theft, and of theft comes hanging," yet, on the other hand, we should not forget that time spent in physical culture, in necessary recreation, in sound, healthful sleep, and in a miscellaneous gathering of thought-material for future use, is by no means lost time; for each and all of these diversions are necessary to continuous mental activity.

Especially are such breaks in study needful for children with undeveloped minds, as instances are numerous where a child, by rambling as his fancy led, has fallen upon some book which determined his whole after-life, or has struck out some line of labor in which he afterwards became distinguished. Thus Dr. Johnson, in his youth, believing that his brother had concealed some apples beneath a large folio upon an upper shelf in his father's shop, climbed up to make the capture, and finding no apples, attacked the folio, which proved to be the works of Petrarch; and thus his very idleness instructed him, and the apples led him to literature.

Again, among indispensable traits of character, qualities of mind, and habits of life none are more important than

PATIENT, PERSISTENT WORKING AND WAITING.

for the results of effort to appear, and be realized. Nine out of every ten who fail in life get discouraged and give up be fore the battle is fairly won. They lose hope and heart. They lack courage and faith. They become impatient at the slow results of their toil. They cannot learn to labor and to wait." But no one can succeed in life by pursuing such a course. It is only by a resolute holding on and a patient continuance in well-doing that the end of a journey is reached. Nearly all really great men began life at the foot of the ladder, and worked their way up by slow degrees and through many trials and difficulties. And so my reader you must make up your mind to do the same, or stay where you are and abandon all hopes of preferment.

In our own country, Franklin, Rittenhouse, Patrick Henry,

Bowditch, Clay, Webster, Jackson, Douglas, Lincoln, Grant, were all the sons of poor parents. Senator Wilson, who was for a long time a shoemaker, said in one of his addresses to the people of Great Falls, N. H.: "I was born here in your county. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she had none to give. I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and, at the end of eleven years' hard work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eighty-four dollars. A dollar would cover every penny I spent from the time I was born until I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil. I remember that in September, 1833, I walked into your village from my native town, and went through your mills seeking employment. If anybody had offered me eight or nine dollars a month, I should have accepted it gladly. I went down to Salmon Falls, I went to Dover, I went to Newmarket, and tried to get work, without success; and I returned home weary, but not discouraged, and put my pack on my back, and walked to the town where I now live, and learned a mechanic's trade. The first month I worked after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill-logs, and chopped wood; and though I rose in the morning before daylight, and worked hard until after dark at night, I received for it the magnificent sum of two dollars. And when I got the money, those dollars looked to me as large as the moon looks to-night."

Thurlow Weed, for a long time one of the most influential editors and politicians of the country, published recently a sketch of his early life, in which he thus speaks of his efforts at self-culture. "Many a farmer's son has found the best opportunities for mental improvement in his intervals of leisure while tending 'sap bush.' Such, at any rate, was my own experience. At night you had only to feed the kettles and keep up the fires, the sap having been gathered and the wood cut 'before dark.' During the day we would always lay in a good stock of 'fat pine' by the light of which, blazing bright

before the sugar-house, in the posture the serpent was condemned to assume as a penalty for tempting our great first grandmother, I passed many a delightful night in reading. I remember in this way to have read a history of the French Revolution, and to have obtained from it a better and more enduring knowledge of its events and horrors and of the actors in that great national tragedy than I have received from all subsequent reading. I remember also how happy I was in being able to borrow the book of a Mr. Keyes, after a two-mile tramp through the snow, shoeless, my feet swaddled in remnants of a rag-carpet."

The most successful editors in this country have graduated from a printing office rather than from a college. The history of Horace Greeley, founder of the New York Tribune, is familiar to all. He began life as a poor boy and went up, step by step, to the position of editor-in-chief of a powerful metropolitan journal. The early life of James Brooks, once editor and proprietor of the New York Express, is another example of triumphant courage and perseverance by which many a poor boy has found his way to the editorial chair or to a seat in Congress. Mr. Brooks began his career as a clerk in the village of Androscoggin, Me., where he was to remain till twenty-one years of age, when, by contract, he was to receive as capital from his employer a hogshead of New England rum. Unfortunately for his employer and the hogshead of rum, the town library was kept in the "store," of which the clerk made a liberal use. His first venture in business enabled him to save money enough to pay one dollar a week for his board, while a kind gentleman assisted him to go to school. As soon as he knew enough to teach school, he began as a pedagogue on the liberal salary of ten dollars per month and his board. In a year he was rich enough to enter Waterville College. Studying and teaching by turns, he graduated at the end of two years, carrying his trunk to the stage-office, as he did when he entered, to save a few of his hard-earned and scanty shillings. From this hour he provided a home for his mother

and her two younger children, his father having died in his childhood.

Mr. Brooks next studied law with the noted John Neal of Portland, taught school, and at the same time wrote a series of anonymous letters for the Portland Advertiser, a daily Whig paper, which were so popular that its proprietor made him an offer of five hundred dollars per year to write constantly for his journal. At this time, though only twenty years old, he had become one of the most popular and eloquent orators of his State. After serving in the Legislature of Maine, in connection with his editorial duties on the Portland Advertiser, he went to Washington in 1832, and began the series of letters which for the first time caught up and reflected in clear and brilliant light the multiform life of the American Capital. The letters became immediately popular, and were copied by the press from Maine to Louisiana. One of the most signal proofs of their brilliancy and power is to be found in the words of Senator Wilson: "I shall never forget what those letters were to me. The first I had ever read, they came to me in my obscurity and poverty as the revelation of an unknown and wonderful life. They made me want to go to Washington. They made me feel that I must go there and see the men and witness the national scenes which I read about in those letters."

Subsequently, Mr. Brooks wrote a series of letters from the Southern States, then visited Europe, traveling on foot through the principal countries and sending home letters to the Portland Advertiser, then started the N. Y. Express, carrying it alone for many years under a heavy load of debt and discouragement, acting as editor, reporter, and even type-setter, then in 1849 went to Congress as a representative from New York City.

Even in those cases where men have begun life under more favorable circumstances, they have not gone through the battle unscathed. Many bear in their faces and bodies the scars and signs of desperate conflict. Such was the case with Rufus Choate as his haggard face and trembling, nervous frame too plainly showed; and such is the case with another brilliant

lawyer, Secretary of State under President Hayes. He has been recently described by a reporter as follows: "In that pale and almost emaciated face, that fragile enwrapment of body which seems shaken by the earnestness of its own talk, is packed that library of knowledge and that fiery concentration of eloquent speech which, collectively, make up the product of humanity called William M. Evarts. He looks like a man whom his soul had burned up with its own intensity till all that was inflammable was exhaled, leaving a thin body and a face lit up with great, wierd, far-seeing eyes."

It has been truly said that of all the lessons which humanity has to learn in this world, the hardest are to hold on and wait. Not to wait with folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but, having toiled and struggled, and crowded the slow years with trial, to see then no results, or perhaps disastrous results, and yet to stand firm, to preserve one's poise, and relax no effort,—this, it has been truly said, *is* greatness, whether achieved by man or woman. The world cannot be circumnavigated by one wind. The grandest results cannot be achieved in a day; the fruits that are best worth plucking usually ripen the most slowly.

Laborers for the public good especially have to work long and patiently, often uncheered by the prospect of immediate recompense or result. The seeds they sow sometimes lie hidden under the winter's snow a long while before the spring comes and brings them to the surface. Adam Smith, the founder of the science of Political Economy, wrote a work called "The Wealth of Nations," and it took seventy years before it produced any substantial fruits; but the harvest is not gathered in yet.

One of the most cheerful and courageous, because one of the most hopeful of workers, was Carey, the missionary. When in India, it was no uncommon thing for him to weary out three pundits, who officiated as his clerks, in one day, he himself taking rest only in change of employment. Carey, himself the son of a shoemaker, was supported in his labors by Ward, the son of a carpenter, and Marshman, the son of a

weaver. By their labors, a magnificent college was erected at Serampore; sixteen flourishing stations were established; the Bible was translated into sixteen languages, and the seeds were sown of a beneficent moral revolution in British India. Carey was never ashamed of the humbleness of his origin. On one occasion, when at the Governor-General's table, he overheard an officer opposite him asking another, loud enough to be heard, whether Carey had not once been a shoemaker: "No, sir," exclaimed Carey immediately, "only a cobbler." An eminently characteristic anecdote has been told of his perseverance as a boy. When climbing a tree, one day, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, breaking his leg by the fall. He was confined to his bed for weeks, but when his strength had grown again and he was able to walk without support, the very first thing he did was to go and climb that tree. Carey had need of this sort of dauntless courage for the great missionary work of his life, and nobly and resolutely did he do it.

Not less interesting is the following anecdote of Audubon, the American ornithologist, related by himself: "An accident," he says, "which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it, merely to show how far enthusiasm—for by no other name can I call my perseverance—may enable the preserver of nature to surmount the most disheartening difficulties. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the banks of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge of a relative, with injunctions to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure. The box was produced and opened; but, reader, feel for me,—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and reared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a month previous, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of

air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured without affecting my whole nervous system. I slept for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion,—until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might make better drawings than before; and, ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, my portfolio was again filled."

Sir Isaac Newton had a little dog Diamond who, one evening when his master had gone to supper, upset a lighted taper upon the table where lay the laborious calculations of years. When the philosopher returned and beheld the destruction of his manuscripts, he is said to have exclaimed, "Ah! Diamond you little know the mischief you have wrought," and then set down and commenced to reproduce them. A like mischance befell Thomas Carlyle, when he had finished the first volume of his French Revolution. He lent the manuscript to a friend for perusal, and it having been left, by some carelessness, on the parlor floor, the maid-of-all-work, finding what she supposed to be a bundle of waste paper, used it to light the kitchen and parlor fires. The first composition of the book had been a labor of love; the drudgery of re-writing it, with no help but memory, was contemplated by the author with a degree of anguish which it is not easy to conceive. Yet, without wasting time in plaints, he set resolutely to work, and at last triumphantly reproduced the book in the form in which it now appears. A similar anecdote is told of Robert Ainsworth, a celebrated writer and antiquary of the eighteenth century. He had toiled for years in compiling a voluminous dictionary of the Latin language, during which time he gave so little of his society to his wife, that, before he had quite completed the work, she committed it to the flames. Instead of abandoning himself to despair, he began at once to re-write the book, which, with almost incredible labor, he finally accomplished. When Edward Livingston had finished his great code of Louisianian

law, he had the anguish of beholding the labor of long years perish instantly in the flames; yet he was not disheartened, but patiently re-commenced and re-performed his task.

Equally striking illustrations of persistent and patient working are to be found in all branches of science, art, and industry. George Stephenson worked fifteen years at the improvement of the locomotive, while Watt was engaged some thirty years on the condensing engine before he brought it to perfection. A brave story is that connected with the disentombment of Nineveh marbles, and the discovery of the long-lost cuneiform or arrow-headed character, in which the inscriptions on them are written,—a kind of writing which had been lost to the world since the period of the Macedonian conquest of Persia.

An intelligent cadet of the East India Company, stationed at Kermanshah, in Persia, had observed the curious cuneiform inscriptions on the old monuments in the neighborhood,—so old that all historical traces of them had been lost,—and among the inscriptions which he copied was that upon the celebrated rock of Behistun,—a perpendicular rock rising abruptly some 1,700 feet from the plain, the lower part bearing inscriptions for the space of about three hundred feet, in three languages,—the Persian, Scythian, and Assyrian. Comparison of the known with the unknown, of the language which survived with the language that had been lost, enabled this cadet to acquire some knowledge of the cuneiform character, and even to form an alphabet. Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Rawlinson sent his tracings home for examination. No professors in colleges knew anything about the cuneiform charter; but there was a ci-devant clerk of the East India House, —a modest unknown man of the name of Norris,—who had made this little-understood subject his study, to whom the tracings were submitted; and so accurate was his knowledge, that, though he had never seen the Behistun rock, he pronounced that Rawlinson had not copied the puzzling inscriptions with proper exactness. Rawlinson, who was still in the neighborhood of the rock, compared his copy with the origi-

nal, and found that Norris was right; and by further comparison and careful study the knowledge of the cuneiform writing was greatly advanced.

But a third laborer was necessary to dig up the buried material and he presented himself in the person of Austen Layard, originally an articled clerk in the office of a London solicitor. Thus the three discoverers of a forgotten language were found in a cadet, an India House clerk, and a lawyer's clerk. Layard was a youth of twenty-two, with a burning desire to penetrate the regions beyond the Euphrates. Accompanied by a single companion, trusting to his arms and to his cheerfulness, politeness, and chivalrous bearing for protection, he passed safely amidst tribes at deadly war with each other, and after the lapse of many years, with comparatively slender means at his command, but aided by intense labor, perseverance, resolute will and purpose, and almost sublime patience, borne up throughout by his passionate enthusiasm for discovery and research, he succeeding in laying bare and digging up an amount of historical treasure, the like of which was probably never before collected by the industry of any one man. Not less than two miles of bas-reliefs were thus brought to light by Mr. Layard. The selections of these valuable antiquities now placed in the British Museum were found so curiously corroborative of the Scriptural record of events which occurred some three thousand years ago, that they burst upon the world almost like a new revelation. And the story of the disentombment of these remarkable works, as told by Mr. Layard himself in his "Monuments of Nineveh," will always be regarded as one of the most charming and unaffected records which we possess of individual enterprise, industry, and energy.

No career is more instructive, viewed in the same light, than that of Sir Walter Scott. His admirable working qualities were trained in a lawyer's office, where he pursued for many years a routine of drudgery scarcely above that of a mere copying clerk. His daily dry routine made his evenings, which were his own, all the more sweet; and he generally de-

voted them to reading and study. He himself attributed to his prosaic office discipline that habit of steady, sober diligence, in which mere literary men are so often found wanting. As a copying clerk he was allowed 3*d.* for every page containing a certain number of words; and he sometimes, by extra work, was able to copy as many as one hundred and twenty pages in twenty-four hours, thus earning some 30*s.*; out of which he would sometimes purchase an odd volume otherwise beyond his means.

During his after life Scott was wont to pride himself upon being a man of business, and averred that there was no necessary connection between genius and a contempt for the common duties of life. While afterwards acting as clerk to the Court of Session in Edinburgh, he performed his literary work before breakfast, and attended court during the day. It was a principle of action which he laid down for himself, that he must earn his living by business and not by literature, and that the profits of his literary labor should not become necessary to his ordinary expenses. Accordingly, it would have been impossible for him to have performed such an enormous amount of labor had it not been for his carefully cultivated habit of punctuality.

He made it a rule to answer every letter received, on the same day, except where deliberation and inquiry were called for. Nothing else could have kept him abreast with the flood of communications that poured in upon him and put his good nature to the severest test. It was his practice to rise by five o'clock, and light his own fire. He shaved and dressed with deliberation, and was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, with his books of reference marshaled round him on the floor, while at least one favorite dog lay watching his eye, outside the line of books. Thus by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough—to use his own words—to break the neck of the day's work. But with all his diligent and indefatigable industry, and his immense knowledge, the result of many years' patient labor, Scott

always spoke with the greatest modesty of his own powers. On one occasion he said, "Throughout every part of my career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance."

WEIGHT OF CHARACTER..

There is hardly any other word in the language which means more in life, or which is more essential to all that makes life valuable, than the word *character*. It does not stand for any one endowment, faculty, or gift, but it is rather the sum of all that a man or woman is, *in themselves*. It does not stand for wealth, for there are many wealthy men who have no weight or strength of character. They are lifted upon a pinnacle by the force of circumstances or by the power of money, but those around and those below them see their essential hollowness and worthlessness, and see through their pretentious greatness, as though it were but transparent glass. Neither is character a synonym for intellectual ability simply, because there are very many men and women of considerable talent, who have no weight of character.

Character, then, may be compared to a reservoir into which all the rills and streamlets of personal power empty themselves, forming the collected result of life's accumulations. Or, as another has said, "it is the crown and glory of life. It is human nature in its best form. It is moral order embodied in the individual. Men of character are not only the conscience of society, but in every well-governed state they are its best motive power. The strength, the civil security, and the civilization of a nation, all depend upon individual character. It constitutes a rank in itself, and dignifies and exalts every station in life. It carries with it an influence which always tells."

Though a man have comparatively little culture, slender abilities, and but small wealth, yet, if his character be of sterling worth, he will always command an influence, whether it be in the workshop, the counting-house, the mart, or the senate. Canning wisely wrote in 1801, "My road must be through Character to power; I will try no other course; and

I am sanguine enough to believe that this course, though not perhaps the quickest, is the surest." You may admire men of intellect; but something more is necessary before you will trust them. Hence Lord John Russell once observed, in a sentence full of truth, "It is the nature of party in England to ask the assistance of men of genius, but to follow the guidance of men of character."

> "There's no power
> In ancestry to make the foolish wise,
> The ignorant learned, the cowardly and base
> Deserving our respect as brave and good.
> Hence man's best riches must be gained, not given,
> His noblest name deserved, and not derived."

Our own Franklin attributed his success as a public man, not to his talents or his powers of speaking,—for these were but moderate,—but to his known integrity of character. "Hence it was," he says, "that I had so much weight with my fellow-citizens. I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my point." Character creates confidence in men in high station as well as in humble life. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gates unbarred; and it was said of him, that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horse.

Character is power in a much higher sense than knowledge is power, for truthfulness, integrity, goodness, honor and consistency, are qualities which, perhaps more than any others, command the confidence and respect of mankind. When King Stephen, of England, was captured by his base enemies, and they asked him in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "Here," was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. Integrity in word and deed is the backbone of character; and loyal adherence to veracity its most prominent characteristic. One of the finest testimonies to the character

of the late Sir Robert Peel, was that borne by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, a few days after the great statesman's death. "Your lordships," he said, "must all feel the high and honorable character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I was long connected with him in public life. We were both in the councils of our Sovereign together, and I had long the honor to enjoy his private friendship. In all the course of my acquaintance with him, I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had greater confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact." And this high-minded truthfulness of the statesman was no doubt the secret of no small part of his influence and power.

There is a truthfulness in action as well as in words, and in order to possess weight of character, a man must really be what he seems to be. When an American gentleman wrote to Granville Sharp, that from respect for his great virtues he had named one of his sons after him, Sharp wrote: "I must request you to teach him a favorite maxim of the family whose name you have given him,—*Always endeavor to be really what you would wish to appear.* This maxim, as my father informed me, was carefully and humbly practiced by his father also, whose sincerity became the principal feature of his character, both in public and private life." Without the possession of such a character a man can never have self-respect, and he who respects not himself, is sure to lose the respect of all others about him.

Hence the man with true weight of character is just the same in secret, as in the sight of men—in a word, he is thoroughly *honest;* honest with himself, honest with his fellows, and honest before God. That boy was well-trained who, when asked why he did not appropriate some pears, as nobody was there to see him, replied, "Yes, there was—I was there to see myself."

CHAPTER XV.

Examples of Excellence.

There are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither. * * * *
The spirit of a single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
As roll the waters to the breathing wind.
Byron.

Some there are
By their good deeds exalted, lofty minds
And meditative authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live and spread and flourish.
Wordsworth.

The man who is not moved by what he reads,
Who takes not fire at heroic deeds,
Unworthy the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind and born to be a slave.
Cowper.

Pitch thy behavior low, thy projects high,
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
George Herbert.

THE power of imitation, especially in the young, is very strong and active. At first, this commences and is carried on wholly through the eye, but afterwards the ability to read and the consequent study of good models, come in to help perpetuate the impressions derived from vision. And in this instance, as in hundreds of others, the later power or the last pressure brought to bear upon the mind, proves the stronger and more lasting of the two. In other words,

more minds are permanently benefited or injured by what they read, than by what they see and hear. "Out of sight, out of mind," often proves a true proverb; but that which is lodged in thought and memory, is not dependent upon anything for its power. Hence the diligent study of good examples is one means of self-education, and the practice of it can be recommended without any fear of ill results.

There is far less of originality in the world than is commonly supposed. What men have done, men continue to do, thus making the characteristics of human nature in the long run comparatively uniform, and making the results of human life to be substantially repetitions with more or less of variation and individual coloring. "No individual in the universe stands alone: he is a component part of a system of mutual dependencies; and by his several acts, he either increases or diminishes the sum of human good now and forever. As the present is rooted in the past, and the lives and the examples of our forefathers still to a great extent influence us, so are we by our daily acts contributing to form the condition and character of the future.

"The living man is a fruit formed and ripened by the culture of all the foregoing centuries. Generations six thousand deep stand behind us, each laying its hands upon its successor's shoulders, and the living generation continues the magnetic current of action and example destined to bind the remotest past with the most distant future. No man's acts die utterly; and though his body may resolve into dust and air, his good or his bad deeds will still be bringing forth fruit after their kind, and influencing generations of men for all time to come. It is in this momentous fact, that the great peril and responsibility of human existence lies."

As example is more powerful than precept, and sketches of self-made men who became more or less distinguished through the formation of good habits, and the exercise of commendable qualities of mind, either native or acquired, are sure to leave their impress upon the thought of the reader, we propose in this chapter to furnish a short and miscellaneous

collection of such as lie at our hand. These will be drawn from all classes and departments of life, and will follow no particular order.

Commencing with industrial life, look at the career of Josiah Wedgwood, founder of the Staffordshire Potteries in England and the father of the now extensive crockery and china-ware trade. His father, a poor potter barely able to make a living, died when Josiah was eleven years old, and the boy was put to work as a thrower at his elder brother's wheel. The boy never received any school education worthy of the name, and all the culture which he afterwards received, he obtained for himself. About the time when the boy began to work at the potter's wheel, the manufacture of earthenware could scarcely be said to exist in England. What was produced was altogether unequal to the supply of our domestic wants, and large quantities of the commoner sort of ware were imported from abroad,—principally from Delft, in Holland, whence it was usually known by the name of "Delft ware." Porcelain for the rich was chiefly imported from China, and sold at a very high price. No porcelain capable of resisting a scratch with a hard point had as yet been made in that country. The articles of earthenware produced in Staffordshire were of the coarsest quality, and were for the most part hawked about by the workman themselves and their families, or by peddlers, who carried their stocks upon their backs.

While working with his brother as a thrower, Wedgwood caught the small-pox, then a most malignant disease; he was thrown into ill health, and the remains of the disease seem to have settled in his left leg, so that he was under the necessity of having it amputated, which compelled him to relinquish the potter's wheel. Some time after this we find him at Stoke, in partnership with a man named Harrison, as poor as himself,—in fact, both were as yet but in the condition of common workmen. Wedgwood's taste for ornamental pottery, however, already began to show itself; and leaving Harrison, we then find him joined to another workman named Whieldon, making earthenware knife-handles in imitation of agate and

tortoise-shell, melon table-plates, green pickle-leaves, and such like articles. Whieldon being unwilling to pursue this fanciful branch of trade, Wedgwood left him, returned to Burslem where he was brought up, and set up for himself in a small thatched house.

He was a close inquirer, an accurate observer, and among other facts which came under his notice was this, that earth containing silica became white after exposure to the heat of a furnace. This led him to mix silica with the red powder of the potteries, and to the discovery that both substances became white when calcined. He had then only to glaze the surface of this ware to obtain a most important article of commerce. Wedgwood now took new premises and began to manufacture white stone-ware on a large scale, and afterwards cream-colored ware, which acquired great celebrity. The improvement of his art now became a passion with him, and he worked at it with all his might. He devoted himself to chemical investigation and spared neither labor nor expense in furthering his plans and designs.

He was cheerfully assisted in his objects by persons of rank and influence; for, working in the truest spirit, he readily commanded the help and encouragement of all true workers. He made for Queen Charlotte the first royal table-service of English manufacture, of the kind afterwards called "Queen's-ware," and was forthwith appointed her Royal Potter, a title which Wedgwood more prized than if he had been created a baron. Valuable sets of porcelain were intrusted to him for imitation, in which he succeeded to admiration. Sir William Hamilton lent him specimens of ancient art, from Herculaneum, of which Wedgwood's ingenious workmen produced the most accurate and beautiful copies. The Duchess of Portland outbid him for the Barberini Vase when that article was offered for sale; he bid as high as seventeen hundred guineas for it, but her grace secured it for the sum of eighteen hundred guineas; but when she learned Wedgwood's object she at once lent him the vase to copy. He produced fifty copies at a cost of about £2,500, and his expenses were not covered

by their sale; but he gained his object, which was to show that whatever had been done, English skill and energy could and would accomplish.

Wedgwood called to his aid the crucible of the chemist, the knowledge of the antiquary, and the skill of the artist. He found out Flaxman when a youth, and while he liberally nurtured his genius drew from him a large number of beautiful designs for his pottery and porcelain; converting them by his manufacture into objects of taste and excellence, and thus making them instrumental in the diffusion of classical art among the people. By careful experiment and study he was even enabled to re-discover the art of painting on porcelain or earthenware vases and similar articles,—an art practiced by the ancient Etruscans, but which had been lost since the time of Pliny. He distinguished himself by his own contributions to science, and his name is still identified with the pyrometer which he invented.

He was also an indefatigable supporter of all measures of public utility; and the construction of the Trent and Mersey Canal, which completed the navigable communication between the eastern and western sides of the island, was mainly due to his public-spirited exertions allied to the engineering skill of Brindley. The road accommodation of the district being of an execrable character, he planned and executed a turnpike-road through the Potteries, ten miles in length. The reputation he achieved was such that his works at Burslem, and subsequently those at Etruria which he founded and built, became a point of attraction to distinguished visitors from all parts of Europe.

The result of Wedgwood's labors was, that the manufacture of pottery, which he found in the very lowest condition, became one of the staples of England; and instead of importing what they needed for home use from abroad, they became large exporters to other countries, supplying them with earthenware even in the face of enormous prohibitory duties on articles of British produce. Wedgwood gave evidence as to his manufactures before Parliament in 1785, only some thirty

years after he had begun his operations; from which it appeared, that from providing only casual employment to a small number of inefficient and badly remunerated workmen, there were then about 20,000 persons deriving their bread directly from the manufacture of earthenware, without taking into account the increased numbers to which it gave employment in coal-mines, and in the carrying trade by land and sea, and the stimulus which it gave to employment in various ways and parts of the country.

The man who took up this important work where Wedgwood left it, and carried it forward to still greater triumphs, was HERBERT MINTON, who was chiefly distinguished for the inexhaustible activity and ceaseless energy which he brought to bear upon the creation of a colossal business, which gave employment to some 1,500 skilled artisans. Minton had a clear head, strong body, rare powers of observation, and great endurance, besides a pride in, and a love for his calling. Like Wedgwood, he employed first-rate artists, painters in enamel, sculptors, designers of flowers and figures,—and spared neither pains nor expense in securing the best workmen. The talents of the men employed by him were carefully discriminated and duly recognized, and merit felt stimulated by the hope of promotion and reward.

The result soon was that articles of taste, which had formerly been of altogether exceptional production, became objects of ordinary supply and demand; and objects of artistic beauty, the designs of which were supplied by the best artists, were placed within reach of persons of moderate means. The quality of the articles manufactured at his works became so proverbial, that one day when Pickford's carrier rudely delivered a package from his cart at the hall-door of an exhibition of ceramic manufactures, and the officer in waiting expostulated with the man on his incautious handling of the package, his ready answer was: "Oh, never fear, sir; it's Minton's, it won't break."

It is not a little remarkable that Mr. Minton, by his unaided energy and enterprise, and at his own risk, was enabled

successfully to compete with the Sevres manufactures of France, which are produced by the co-operation of a large number of talented men, and the assistance of almost unlimited state funds. In many of the articles exhibited at Paris, in 1851, Mr. Minton's even excelled those of similar character produced at the Imperial manufactory. In hard porcelain, also, he surpassed the best specimens of Meissen and Berlin ware; in Parian, he was only approached by Copeland; while in the manufacture of encaustic tiles he stood without a rival. In perfecting these several branches Mr. Minton had many difficulties to encounter and failures to surmount, but with true energy and determination to succeed, he conquered them all and at length left the best of ancient tiles behind.

Mention was made, in the account just given, of the artist, JOHN FLAXMAN, whose career is fully as noteworthy as those of Wedgwood and Minton who employed him. He was the son of a humble seller of plaster-casts in New Street, Covent Garden; and when a child, he was so constant an invalid that it was his custom to sit behind the shop counter propped by pillows, amusing himself with drawing and reading. A benevolent clergyman, named Mathews, one day calling at the shop, found the boy trying to read a book, and on inquiring what it was, found it was a Cornelius Nepos, which his father had picked up for a few pence at a bookstall. The gentleman, after some conversation with the boy, said that was not the proper book for him to read, but that he would bring him a right one on the morrow; and the kind man was as good as his word.

The Rev. Mr. Mathews used afterwards to say, that from that casual interview with the crippled little invalid behind the plaster-cast seller's shop counter, began an acquaintance which ripened into one of the best friendships of his life. He brought several books to the boy, among which were Homer and "Don Quixote," in both of which Flaxman then and ever after took immense delight. His mind was soon full of the heroism which breathed through the pages of the former work, and, with the stucco Ajaxes and Achilli about him, loom-

ing along the shop shelves, the ambition thus early took possession of him, that he too would design and embody in poetic forms those majestic heroes. His black chalk was at once in his hand, and the enthusiastic boy labored in a divine despair to body forth in visible shapes the actions of the Greeks and Trojans.

Like all youthful efforts, his first designs were crude. The proud father one day showed them to Roubilliac, the sculptor, who turned from them with a contemptuous "pshaw!" But the boy had the right stuff in him; he had industry and patience; and he continued to labor incessantly at his books and drawings. It was long before he could walk, and only learned to do so at length by hobbling along on crutches. When he was able to throw these away, Mr. Mathews invited him to his house and helped him in his self-culture, giving him lessons in Greek and Latin. When under Mrs. Mathews he also attempted with his bit of charcoal to embody in outline such passages as struck his fancy. But when one of these was shown to Mortimer the artist, he exclaimed with affected surprise, "Is it an oyster?"

But after much study his drawing improved so much that Mrs. Mathews obtained for him a commission from a lady to draw six original sketches in black chalk from subjects in Homer. This was his first commission and a great event in his life, for he executed the order, was well-praised and well-paid for his work, and soon afterward entered the Royal Academy. In his fifteenth year he gained the silver prize and next tried for the gold one, but lost it. This failure on the part of the youth was really of service to him; for defeats do not long cast down the resolute-hearted, but only serve to call forth their real powers. "Give me time," said he to his father, "and I will yet produce works that the Academy will be proud to recognize."

He redoubled his efforts, spared no pains, designed and modeled incessantly, and consequently made steady if not rapid progress. But meanwhile poverty threatened his father's household; the plaster-cast trade yielded a very bare living;

and young Flaxman, with resolute self-denial, curtailed his hours of study, and devoted himself to helping his father in the humble details of his business. He laid aside his Homer to take up the plaster-trowel. He was willing to work in the humblest department of the trade so that his father's family might be supported, and the wolf kept from the door. To this drudgery of his art he served a long apprenticeship; but it did him good. It familiarized him with steady work, and cultivated in him the spirit of patience. The discipline may have been rough, but it was wholesome.

Happily, young Flaxman's skill in designing had reached the knowledge of Mr. Wedgwood, who sought him out for the purpose of employing him in designing improved patterns of china and earthenware to be produced at his manufactory. It may seem a humble department of art for Flaxman to have labored in; but it really was not so. Articles which are in daily use among the people, and are before their eyes at every meal, may be made the vehicles of art-education and minister to their highest culture. Before Wedgwood's time, the designs upon china and stone-ware were hideous, so, finding out Flaxman, he said to him: "Well, my lad, I have heard that you are a good draughtsman and clever designer. I'm a manufacturer of pots,—name, Wedgwood. Now, I want you to design some models for me,—nothing fantastic, but simple, tasteful, and correct in drawing. I'll pay you well. You don't think the work beneath you?" "By no means, sir," replied Flaxman, "indeed, the work is quite to my taste. Give me a few days,—call again and you will see what I can do." "That's right,—work away. Mind, I am in want of them now. They are for pots of all kinds,—teapots, jugs, teacups and saucers. But especially I want designs for a table-service. Begin with that. I mean to supply one for the royal table. Now, think of that, young man. What you design is meant for the eyes of royalty!" "I will do my best, sir, I assure you." And the kind gentleman bustled out of the shop as he had come in.

Flaxman did his best. By the time that Mr. Wedgwood

next called upon him, he had a numerous series of models prepared for various pieces of earthenware. They consisted chiefly of small groups in very low relief,—the subjects taken from ancient verse and history. Many of them are still in existence, and some are equal in beauty and simplicity to his after-designs for marble. The celebrated Etruscan vases, many of which were to be found in public museums and in the cabinets of the curious, furnished him with the best examples of form, and these he embellished with his own elegant devices. "Stuart's Athens," then recently published, also furnished him with specimens of the purest-shaped Greek utensils, and he was not slow to adopt the best of them, and work them up into new and wondrous shapes of elegance and beauty.

Flaxman continued at his work for several years, living a quiet, and secluded life, working during the day and reading in the evenings. At length in 1782, when twenty-seven years of age, he left his father's house, hired one of his own, and married a cheery, bright-souled, noble woman by the name of Ann Denman. Like him, she had a taste for poetry and art, and was, besides, an enthusiastic admirer of her husband's genius. Yet when Sir Joshua Reynolds,—himself a bachelor,—met Flaxman shortly after his marriage, he said to him, "So, Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so, sir, I declare you are ruined for an artist." Flaxman went straight home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand in his, and said, "Ann, I am ruined for an artist." "How so, John? How has it happened? and who has done it?" "It happened," he replied, "in the church, and Ann Denman has done it."

He then told her of Sir Joshua's remark,—whose opinion was well known, and had often been expressed, that if students would excel they must bring the whole powers of their mind to bear upon their art, from the moment they rise until they go to bed; and also, that no man could be a *great* artist unless he studied the grand works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and others, at Rome and Florence. "And I," said Flaxman, drawing up his little figure to its full height, "I would be a great artist." "And a great artist you shall be," said his wife,

"and visit Rome too, if that be really necessary to make you great." "But how?" asked Flaxman. "*Work and economize*," rejoined the brave wife: "I will never have it said that Ann Denman ruined John Flaxman for an artist." And so it was determined by the pair that the journey to Rome should be made when their means would admit. "I will go to Rome," said Flaxman, "and show the President that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm; and you, Ann, shall accompany me."

Patiently and happily this affectionate couple plodded on during five years in that humble little home in Wardour Street; always with the long journey to Rome before them. It was never lost sight of for a moment, and not a penny was uselessly spent that could be saved towards the necessary expenses. They said no word to any one about their project, solicited no aid from the Academy, but trusted to their own patient labor and love to pursue and achieve their object. By working for Wedgwood, who was a good paymaster, and saving diligently, Flaxman and wife at length set out for Rome. Arrived there, he set himself at work and study, and after a while English visitors sought his studio and gave him commissions at fifteen shillings apiece. He then prepared to return to England, his taste improved and cultivated by careful study; but before he left Italy, the Academies of Florence and Carrara recognized his merits by electing him a member.

His fame had preceded him to England, and he soon found abundant lucrative employment. While at Rome, he had been commissioned to execute his famous monument in memory of Lord Mansfield, and it was erected in the north transept of Westminster Abbey shortly after his return. It stands there in majestic grandeur, a monument to the genius of Flaxman himself,—calm, simple, and severe. No wonder that Banks, the sculptor, then in the heyday of his fame, exclaimed when he saw it, "This little man cuts us all out!"

When the bigwigs of the Royal Academy heard of Flaxman's return, and especially when they had an opportunity of seeing and admiring his noble portrait-statue of Mansfield,

they were eager to have him enrolled among their number. The Royal Academy always had the art of *running to the help of the strong;* and when an artist proved that he could achieve a reputation without the Academy, then the Academy was most willing to "patronize" him. He allowed his name to be proposed in the candidates' list of associates, and was immediately elected. His progress was now rapid, and he was constantly employed. Perseverance and study, which had matured his genius, had made him great, and he went on from triumph to triumph.

But he appeared in yet a new character. The little boy who had begun his studies behind the poor plaster-cast seller's shop-counter in New Street, Covent Garden, was now a man of high intellect and recognized supremacy in art, to instruct aspiring students, in the character of Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy. And no man better deserved to fill that distinguished office, for no man was better able to instruct others than he who had met and conquered his difficulties alone. Flaxman's monuments are known all over England, and their mute poetry beautifies many cathedrals, as well as rural churches. Their tenderness and grace, the soul and meaning which Flaxman put into them, has never been surpassed. The historical monuments to Reynolds and Nelson in St. Paul's cathedral, are from his hand, and so were the rapid sketches illustrative of the Lord's Prayer published in lithograph some years since. After a long, peaceful, and happy life, Flaxman lost his affectionate wife Ann, but survived her several years and continued to work, executing as his latest pieces, the celebrated "Shield of Achilles," and the "Archangel Michael vanquishing Satan."

It is sometimes thought by those who have had no opportunity to learn the facts, that the titled aristocracy of England, those distinguished persons who are called the "Peers of the Realm," Lords, Dukes, Earls, etc., are descendants of families who once owned the greater part of the island and who won distinction in earlier times. And in some instances, this is true; but in many cases the English Peerage has been re-

cruited from the lower and humbler ranks, and the houses are of modern origin.

It appears that these titles are open to commoners in England, somewhat as Senatorships are open to the poorest and humblest in this country; about the only difference between the two being that in England a title once bestowed remains with the family and is inherited, whereas in this country it expires practically at the end of the term of service, and actually at death. Here, every son must win the spurs of Knighthood for himself, if he wishes to wear them, while across the sea, when once earned, they are handed down from father to son, without any effort on the son's part. The civil wars and rebellions ruined the old nobility and dispersed their families, while the ranks of the modern peerage have been taken largely from honorable industry and from the professions.

Thus the earldom of Cornwallis was founded by Thomas Cornwallis, the Cheapside merchant; that of Essex by William Capel, the draper; and that of Craven by William Craven, the merchant tailor. The modern Earl of Warwick is not descended from "the Kingmaker," but from William Greville, the wool-stapler; while the modern dukes of Northumberland find their head, not in the Percies, but in Hugh Smithson, a respectable London apothecary. The founders of the families of Dartmouth, Radnor, Ducie, and Pomfret, were respectively a skinner, a silk manufacturer, a merchant tailor, and a Calais merchant; while the founders of the peerages of Tankerville, Dormer and Coventry, were dry-goods men.

The ancestors of Earl Romney, and Lord Dudley and Ward, were goldsmiths and jewelers; and Lord Dacres was a banker in the reign of Charles I., as Lord Overstone is in that of Queen Victoria. Edward Osborne, the founder of the dukedom of Leeds, was apprenticed to William Hewet, a rich clothworker on London Bridge, whose only daughter he courageously rescued from drowning by leaping into the Thames after her, and eventually married. Among other peerages founded by trade, are those of Fitzwilliam, Leigh, Petre, Cowper, Darnley, Hill and Carrington.

Not to mention the older feudal lords, whose tenure depended upon military service, and who so often led the van of the English armies in great national encounters, we may point to Nelson, St. Vincent, and Lyons,—to Wellington, Hill, Hardinge, Clyde, and many more in recent times, who have nobly earned their rank by their distinguished services. But plodding industry has far oftener worked its way to the peerage by the honorable pursuit of the legal profession, than by any other. No fewer than seventy British peerages, including two dukedoms, have been founded by successful lawyers. Mansfield and Erskine were, it is true, of noble families; but the latter used to thank God, that out of his own family he did not know a lord. Mansfield owed nothing to his noble relations, who were poor and uninfluential. His success was the legitimate and logical result of the means which he sedulously employed to secure it. When a boy he rode up from Scotland to London on a pony,—taking two months to make the journey. After a course of school and college, he entered upon the profession of the law, and he closed a career of patient and ceaseless labor as Lord Chief Justice of England, the functions of which office he is admitted to have performed with unsurpassed ability, justice and honor.

The others were for the most part, the sons of attorneys, grocers, clergymen, merchants and hard-working members of the middle class. Out of this profession have sprung the peerages of Howard and Cavendish, the first peers of both families having been judges; those of Aylesford, Ellenborough, Guildford, Shaftesbury, Hardwicke, Cardigan, Clarendon, Camden, Ellesmere, Rosslyn; and others nearer our own day, such as Tenterden, Eldon, Brougham, Denman, Truro, Lyndhurst, St. Leonards, Cranworth, Campbell, and Chelmsford.

The eminent Lord Lyndhurst's father was a portrait-painter, and that of St. Leonard's, a hair-dresser in Burlington street. Young Edward Sugden was originally an errand-boy in the office of the late Mr. Groom, of Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, a certificated conveyancer; and it was there that the

future Lord Chancellor of Ireland obtained his first notions of law. The origin of the late Lord Tenterden was perhaps the humblest of all, nor was he ashamed of it; for he felt that the industry, study, and application, by means of which he achieved his eminent position, were entirely due to himself.

It is related of him, that on one occasion he took his son Charles to a little shed then standing opposite the western front of Canterbury Cathedral, and pointing it out to him, said, "Charles, you see this little shop; I have brought you here on purpose to show it to you. In that shop your grandfather used to shave for a penny! that is the proudest reflection of my life." When a boy, Lord Tenterden was a singer in the cathedral, and it is a curious circumstance that his destination in life was changed by a disappointment. When he and Mr. Justice Richards were going the Home Circuit together they went to service in the cathedral, and when Richards commended the voice of a singing-man in the choir, Lord Tenterden said, "Ah! that is the only man I ever envied. When at school in this town, we were candidates for a chorister's place, and he obtained it."

Not less remarkable was the rise of John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, to the distinguished office of Lord Chancellor He was the son of a Newcastle coal-fitter, a mischievous rather than a studious boy, a great scape-grace at school and the subject of many terrible thrashings for robbing orchards. His father first thought of putting him as an apprentice to a grocer, and aferwards had almost made up his mind to make a coal-fitter of him, but about this time his eldest brother William (afterwards Lord Stowell) had gained a scholarship at Oxford and wrote to his father, saying, "Send Jack up to me." Accordingly John went up to Oxford, obtained a fellowship, but soon fell in love, ran away with the girl across the border and got married, and, as his friends thought, ruined himself for life. But John said, "I have married rashly, and now am determined to work hard to provide for the woman I love." He went up to London, took a small house, and settled down to the study of the law. He worked with great diligence and

resolution, rising at four every morning, and studying till late at night, binding a wet towel round his head to keep himself awake. Too poor to study under a special pleader, he copied out three folio volumes from a manuscript collection of precedents.

Long after, when Lord Chancellor, passing down Cursitor Lane one day, he said to his secretary, "Here was my first perch; many a time do I recollect coming down this street with sixpence in my hand to buy sprats for supper." When at length called to the bar, he waited long for employment. His first year's earnings amounted to only nine shillings. For four years he assiduously attended the London courts and the Northern Circuit, with little better success. Even in his native town he seldom had other than pauper cases to defend. The results were indeed so discouraging, that he had almost determined to relinquish his chance of London business, and settle down in some provincial town as a country barrister. His brother William wrote home, "Business is dull with poor Jack, very dull indeed!" But as he had escaped being a grocee, a coal-fitter, and a country parson, so did he also escape being a country lawyer.

An opportunity at length occurred, which enabled John Scott to exhibit the large legal knowledge which he had so laboriously acquired. In a case in which he was employed, he urged a legal point against the wishes both of the attorney and client who employed him. The Master of the Rolls decided against him, but on an appeal to the House of Lords, Lord Thurlow reversed the decision on the very point that Scott had urged. On leaving the House that day, a solicitor tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Young man, your bread-and-butter is cut for life." And the prophecy proved a faithful one, for in 1783, at the age of thirty-two, he was appointed King's Counsel, put at the head of the Northern Circuit, sat in Parliament, and so went steadily up to the highest office the Crown had to bestow, holding it for twenty-five years.

In a former chapter we gave an account of Sir William Phipps, a Yankee boy by birth, who founded the house of Nor-

manby. Equally interesting and valuable is the example of Richard Foley, the founder of the house of Foley, whose father was a small yeoman living in the center of one of the iron manufacturing districts of England. Richard was brought up to work at one of the branches of the trade, that of nail-making. He was thus a daily observer of the great labor and loss of time caused by the clumsy process then used for dividing the rods of iron into nails. It appeared about that time that the English nail-makers were gradually losing trade on account of the importation of Swedish nails which were made much faster and cheaper by reason of better mills and machinery.

Young Foley determined to make himself master of this new process. Accordingly, he suddenly disappeared from his native town and was not heard of again for many years. No one knew where he had gone, not even his own family. He had but little money, but contrived to get to Hull and then worked his passage to Sweden. The only article of property which he carried with him was a fiddle, and after landing in Sweden he begged and fiddled his way to the iron mines near Upsala. Being a capital musician, as well as a pleasant fellow, he soon ingratiated himself into the good-will of the workman, was received into all the different shops, stored his mind with observations, and then as suddenly disappeared from among the miners, as he had from home.

Arrived in England, he communicated the results of his voyage to Mr. Knight and another person at Stourbridge, who had sufficient confidence in him to advance the requisite funds for the purpose of erecting buildings and machinery for splitting iron by the new process. But when set at work, to the great vexation and disappointment of all, and especially of Richard Foley, it was found that the machinery would not act, —at all events it would not split the bars of iron. Again Foley disappeared. It was thought that shame and mortification at his failure had driven him away forever. Not so! Foley had determined to master this secret of iron-splitting, and he would yet do it. He had again set out for Sweden, accompanied

by his fiddle as before, and found his way to the iron-works, where he was joyfully welcomed by the miners; and, to make sure of their fiddler, they this time lodged him in the very splitting-mill itself.

There was such an apparent absence of intelligence about the man, except in fiddle-playing, that the miners entertained no suspicions as to the object of their minstrel, whom they thus enabled to attain the very end and aim of his life. He now carefully examined the works, and soon discovered the cause of his failure. He made drawings or tracings of the machinery as well as he could, for this was a branch of art quite new to him; and after remaining at the place long enough to enable him to verify his observations, and to impress the mechanical arrangements clearly and vividly on his mind, he again left the miners, reached a Swedish port, and took ship for England. A man of such purpose could not but succeed. He came back to his mills, changed his machinery, and set in motion that branch of industry which enabled England to hold her own nail-trade and also supply the markets of other nations. Foley lived to see the results of his own perseverance and skill, and died respected and honored by the whole nation whose interests he had so faithfully served, while serving his own.

Henry Bickersteth was the son of a surgeon at Kirkby Lonsdale in Westmoreland. His father designed him for his own profession, and accordingly sent him to Edinburgh, and then to Cambridge, to complete his studies for that purpose. As a student the boy was distinguished for his intense application and steady devotion to the object before him. He disliked the profession, however, and wished to abandon it. Losing his health by close study, he became traveling physician for Lord Oxford and went to Italy. Upon his return, he went back to Cambridge, took his degree, and entered as a student in the Inner Temple. He worked as hard at law as he had done at medicine.

Writing to his father he said, "Everybody says to me, 'You are certain of success in the end,—only persevere;' and though I don't well understand how this is to happen, I try

to believe it as much as I can, and I shall not fail to do everything in my power." At twenty-eight he was called to the bar, and had every step in life yet to make. His means were straightened, and he lived upon the contributions of his friends. For years he studied and waited. Still no business came. He stinted himself in recreation, in clothes, and even in the necessaries of life; struggling on indefatigably through all. Writing home he "confesses that he hardly knows how he shall be able to struggle on till he has had fair time and opportunity to establish himself."

After three year's waiting thus without success, he wrote to his friends that, rather than be a burden upon them longer, he was willing to give the matter up and return to Cambridge, "where he was sure of support and some profit." The friends at home sent him another small remittance, and he went on. Business gradually came in. Acquitting himself creditably in small matters, he was intrusted with cases of greater importance. He was a man who never missed an opportunity, nor allowed a legitimate chance of improvement to escape him. His unflinching industry soon began to tell upon his fortunes; a few more years and he was not only enabled to do without assistance from home, but he was in a position to pay back with interest the debts which he had incurred. The clouds had dispersed, and the after-career of Henry Bickersteth was one of honor, of emolument, and of distinguished fame. He ended his career as Master of the Rolls, sitting in the House of Peers as Baron Langdale.

Dr. David Livingstone has told the story of his own life in that modest and unassuming manner so thoroughly characteristic of the man himself. His ancestors were poor but honest Highlanders, and one of them is said to have left behind him as his only legacy the precept, "Be honest." At the age of ten, Livingstone was put to work in a cotton factory. With part of his first week's wages he bought a Latin grammar and commenced to learn that language at a night school. When not sent to bed by his mother, he would sit up till twelve or later conning his lessons, although he had to rise

the next morning by six. In this way he went through Virgil and Horace at the same time reading scientific works and books of travels. He also made some proficiency in the study of botany. He even carried on his reading amidst the roar of the machinery in the mill, by placing the book upon the spinning jenny which he worked so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed.

In this way the persevering factory boy acquired much useful knowledge; and as he grew older, the desire possessed him of becoming a missionary to the heathen. With this object he set himself to obtain a medical education, in order the better to be qualified for the enterprise. He accordingly economized his earnings, and saved as much money as enabled him to support himself while attending the Medical and Greek classes, as well as the Divinity Lectures at Glasgow, for several winters, working as a cotton spinner during the remainder of each year. He thus supported himself during his college career entirely by his own earnings as a factory workman, never having received a farthing of help from any other source. "Looking back now," he honestly says, "at that time of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and, were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training."

At length he finished his medical curriculum, wrote his Latin thesis, passed his examinations, and was admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. At first he thought of going to China, but the war then raging with that country prevented his following out that idea; and having offered his services to the London Missionary Society, he was by them sent out to Africa, which he reached in 1840. He had intended to proceed to China by his own efforts; and he says the only pang he had in going to Africa at the charge of the London Missionary Society was, because "it was not quite agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way, to become in a manner dependent upon others."

Arrived in Africa, he set to work with great vigor. He

could not brook the idea of merely entering upon the labors of others, but cut out a large sphere of independent work, preparing himself for it by undertaking manual labor in building and other handicraft employment, in addition to teaching, which, he says, "made me generally as much exhausted and unfit for study in the evenings as ever I had been when a cotton-spinner. While laboring among the Bechuanas, he dug canals, built houses, cultivated fields, reared cattle, and taught the natives while he worked with them. At first, when starting with a party of them on foot upon a long journey, he overheard their observations upon his appearance and powers.—"He is not strong," said they; "he is quite slim, and only appears stout because he puts himself into those bags (trousers); he will soon break up."

This caused the missionary's Highland blood to rise, and made him despise the fatigue of keeping them all at the top of their speed for days together, until he heard them expressing proper opinions of his pedestrian powers. What he did in Africa, and how he worked, may be learned from his own "Missionary Travels," one of the most fascinating books of its kind that has ever been given to the public. One of his last known acts is thoroughly characteristic of the man. The "Birkenhead" steam launch, which he took out with him to Africa, having proved a failure, he sent home orders for the construction of another at an estimated cost of £2,000. This sum he proposed to defray out of the means which he had set aside for his children arising from the profits of his travels.

John C. Loudon, the landscape gardener, was another man of industrious character, and possessed of an extraordinary working-power. The son of a farmer near Edinburgh, he was early inured to work. His skill in drawing plans and making sketches of scenery induced his father to train him for a landscape gardener. During his apprenticeship he sat up two whole nights every week to study; yet he worked harder during the day than any laborer. During his studious hours he learned French, and before he was eighteen translated a life of Abelard for an Encyclopædia. He was so eager to make pro-

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gress in life, that when only twenty, while working as a gardener in England, he wrote down in his note-book, "I am now twenty years of age, and perhaps a third part of my life has passed away, and yet what have I done to benefit my fellowmen?" an unusual reflection for a youth of only twenty. From French he proceeded to learn German, and rapidly mastered that language.

He now took a large farm for the purpose of introducing Scotch improvements in the art of agriculture, and soon succeded in realizing a considerable income. The continent being thrown open on the cessation of the war, he proceeded to travel for the purpose of observation, making sketches of the system of gardening in all countries, which he afterwards introduced in the historical part of his laborious Encyclopædia of Gardening. He twice repeated his journeys abroad for a similar purpose, the result of which appeared in his books which perhaps are among the most remarkable works of their kind, distinguished for the immense mass of useful matter which they contain, gathered by dint of persevering industry and labor such as has rarely been equaled.

Men who are resolved to find a way for themselves, will always find opportunities enough; and if they do not lie ready to their hand, they will make them. It is not those who have enjoyed the advantages of colleges, museums, and public galleries that have accomplished the most for science and art; nor have the greatest mechanics and inventors been trained in mechanics' institutes. Necessity, oftener than facility, has been the mother of invention; and the most prolific school of all has been the school of difficulty. Some of the very best workmen have had the most indifferent tools to work with. But it is not tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool.

Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvelous things,—such as his wooden clock, that

accurately measured the hours,—by means of a common pen-knife, a tool in everybody's hand. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of colors. An eminent foreign *savant* once called upon Dr. Wollaston and requested to be shown over his laboratories in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into a little study, and, pointing to an old tea-tray on the table containing a few watch-glasses, test papers, a small balance, and a blowpipe, said, "There is all the laboratory that I have!"

Stothard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. Watt made his first model of the condensing engine out of an old anatomist's syringe used to inject arteries previous to dissection. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather which he beat smooth for the purpose; while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plough-handle. Professor Lee was first attracted to the study of Hebrew by finding a Bible in this language in a synagogue while working as a carpenter at repairing the benches. He bought a cheap, second-hand Hebrew grammar, set himself at work, learned the language for himself, and so was able to read the book in the original. The Duke of Argyle asked Edmund Stone how he, a poor gardener's boy, contrived to be able to read Newton's Principia in Latin. The youth replied: "One needs only to know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, in order to learn everything else he wishes." Application, perseverance, and the right improvement of opportunities will do the rest.

Dr. Joseph Priestley the founder of a new department of science, and the discoverer of many gases, was accidentally drawn to the subject by the circumstance of his residing in the neighborhood of a large brewery. Being an attentive observer, he noted, in visiting the brewery, the peculiar appear

ances attending the extinction of lighted chips in the gas floating over the fermented liquor. He was forty years old at the time, and knew nothing of chemistry; he obtained access, however, to books, which taught him little, for as yet nothing was known on the subject. Then he commenced experimenting, devising his own apparatus, which was of the rudest description. The curious results of his first experiments led to others, which in his hands shortly became the science of pneumatic chemistry. About the same time, Scheele was obscurely working in the same direction in a remote Swedish village; and he discovered several new gases, with no more effective apparatus at his command than a few apothecaries' phials and pig's bladders.

Sir Humphrey Davy, when an apothecary's apprentice, performed his first experiments with instruments of the rudest description. He extemporized the greater part of them himself, out of the motley materials which chance threw in his way. The pots and pans of the kitchen, and the phials and vessels of his master's surgery, were remorselessly put in requisition. It happened that a French vessel was wrecked off the Land's End, and the surgeon escaped, bearing with him his case of instruments, among which was an old-fashioned clyster apparatus; this article he presented to Davy, with whom he had become acquainted. The apothecary's apprentice received it with great exultation, and forthwith employed it as a part of a pneumatic apparatus which he contrived, afterwards using it to perform the duties of an air-pump.

The words which Davy entered in his note-book, when about twenty years of age, working away in Dr. Beddoes' laboratory at Bristol, were eminently characteristic of him: "I have neither riches, nor power, nor birth, to recommend me; yet, if I live, I trust I shall not be of less service to mankind and my friends, than if I had been born with all these advantages." Davy possessed the capability, as Faraday did, of devoting all the powers of his mind to the practical and experimental investigation of a subject in all its bearings; and such a mind will rarely fail, by dint of mere industry and

patient thinking, in producing results of the highest order. Coleridge said of Davy, "There is an energy and elasticity in his mind, which enables him to seize on and analyze all questions, pushing them to their legitimate consequences. Every subject in Davy's mind has the principle of vitality. Living thoughts spring up like turf under his feet." Davy, on his part, said of Coleridge, whose abilities he greatly admired, "With the most exalted genius, enlarged views, sensitive heart, and enlightened mind, he will be the victim of a want of order, precision, and regularity."

Cuvier, when a youth, was one day strolling along the sands near Fiquainville, in Normandy, when he observed a cuttle-fish lying stranded on the beach. He was attracted by the curious object, took it home to dissect, and began the study of the mollusca, which ended in his becoming one of the greatest among natural historians. In like manner, Hugh Miller's curiosity was excited by the remarkable traces of extinct sea-animals in the Old Red Sandstone, on which he worked as a quarryman. He inquired, observed, studied, and became a geologist. "It was the necessity," said he, "which made me a quarrier, that taught me to be a geologist."

When the building committee advertised for plans of the Crystal Palace of 1851, the successful competitor was at the time acting as gardener to the Duke of Devonshire in England. He is now known as Sir Joseph Paxton. The architects and engineers were very much puzzled when Paxton submitted his design, but its novelty and suitableness for the purposes intended, at once secured its adoption. Paxton made his first sketch of the building upon a sheet of blotting-paper in the rooms of the Midland Railway Company at Derby, but this sketch indicated its principal features as accurately as the finished drawings did afterward. Was it a sudden idea, an inspiration of genius? Not at all. The architect of the Crystal Palace was simply a man who cultivated opportunities; a laborious, painstaking man whose life had been one of self-improvement and assiduous cultivation of knowledge. The idea of the building, as Paxton declared in a subsequent lec-

ture, was slowly and patiently elaborated by experiments extending over many years, and the Exhibition of 1851 only afforded him an opportunity to put his idea forward—with what result we have seen.

Dr. Marshall Hall was the son of Robert Hall of Basford, England, a manufacturer who was the inventor of bleaching cotton cloth by chlorine on a large scale. In the old process of bleaching, each piece had to be exposed to the air several weeks in the summer, and kept continually moist by hand labor. For this purpose meadow land was essential. Now a single establishment near Glasgow, bleaches 1400 pieces daily throughout the year in as many hours as it formerly took weeks. To this same man's second son, Samuel Nottingham Hall, the world is indebted for the manufacture and bleaching of the celebrated Nottingham lace. Marshall Hall became a physician and a physiologist and his name will rank with those of Harvey, Hunter, Jenner, and Bell. During the whole course of his long and useful life he was a most careful and minute observer; and no fact, however apparently insignificant, escaped his attention.

His important discovery of the diastaltic nervous system, by which his name will long be known among scientific men, originated in an exceedingly simple circumstance. When investigating the pneumonic circulation in the Triton, the decapitated object lay upon the table; and on separating the tail and accidentally pricking the external integument, he observed that it moved with energy, and became contorted into various forms. He had not touched a muscle nor a muscular nerve; what then was the nature of these movements? The same phenomena had probably often before been observed, but Dr Hall was the first to apply himself perseveringly to the investigation of their causes; and he exclaimed on the occasion, "I will never rest satisfied until I have found all this out, and made it clear." His attention to the subject was almost incessant; and it is estimated that in the course of his life he devoted not less than 25,000 hours to its experimental and chemical investigation; at the same time he was carrying on

an extensive private practice, and officiating as a lecturer at St. Thomas' Hospital and other medical schools. At first, his discovery was rejected by the Royal Society, but after seventeen years it was accepted and acknowledged both at home and abroad.

Sir William Herschel, the astronomer, was the son of a poor German musician who came to England from the Continent to seek his fortune. He first joined a military band and played the oboe. A Dr. Miller of Doncaster heard Herschel perform a solo on a violin and was so much pleased with it and him, that he offered the young musician a home at his house. Herschel accepted the offer, played at concerts when wanted, and spent the rest of his time studying in Dr. Miller's library. A new organ having been built at Halifax, Herschel applied for the position of organist and was selected. While there at Halifax, he began to study mathematics, entirely unassisted.

Next he went to Bath and joined a band, besides officiating as organist in a chapel. Some recent discoveries in astronomy having arrested his mind, and awakened in him a powerful spirit of curiosity, he sought and obtained from a friend the loan of a two-foot Gregorian telescope. So fascinated was the poor musician by the science, that he even thought of purchasing a telescope, but the price asked by the London optician was so alarming, that he determined to make one. Those who know what a reflecting telescope is, and the skill which is required to prepare the concave metallic speculum which forms the most important part of the apparatus, will be able to form some idea of the difficulty of this undertaking. Nevertheless, Herschel succeeded, after long and painful labor, in completing a five-foot reflector, with which he had the gratification of observing the ring and satellites of Saturn.

Not satisfied with this triumph, he proceeded to make other instruments in succession, of seven, ten, and even twenty feet. In constructing the seven-foot reflector, he finished no fewer than two hundred specula before he produced one that would bear any power that was applied to it,—a striking instance of

the persevering laboriousness of the man. While sublimely gauging the heavens with his instruments, he continued patiently to earn his bread by piping to the fashionable frequenters of the Bath Pump-Room. So eager was he in his astronomical observations, that he would steal away from the room during an interval of the performance, give a little turn to his telescope, and contentedly return to his oboe. Thus working away, Herschel discovered the Georgium Sidus, the orbit and rate of motion of which he carefully calculated and sent to the Royal Society, when the humble oboe-player found himself at once famous. He was shortly after appointed Astronomer Royal, and by the kindness of George III. placed in comfortable circumstances for life.

Hugh Miller has told the story of his life in a book called, "My Schools and Schoolmasters." It is full of lessons of self-help, and is the history of the formation of a truly noble character. His father was drowned at sea when he was but a child, leaving the boy in the care of his widowed mother. He had some school training, read much, and gleaned pickings of odd knowledge from many quarters. With a big hammer which had belonged to his great-grandfather, the boy went about chipping the stones and laying up specimens of mica, porphyry, garnet, and such like. Sometimes he had a day in the woods, and found wonderful geological curiosities there. While searching among the rocks on the beach, the farm-servants would ask him whether he was "getting silver among the stones," but the boy kept on, paying no heed to any unkind remarks.

His uncles were very anxious to have him enter the ministry, and offered to pay all his expenses at college, but the youth did not feel *called* to the ministry, and finally the uncles gave up the point. Hugh was accordingly apprenticed to the trade of his choice,—that of a working stonemason; and he began his laboring career in a quarry looking out upon the Cromarty Frith. This quarry proved one of his best schools. The remarkable geological formations which it displayed awakened his curiosity. The bar of deep-red stone beneath,

and the bar of pale-red clay above, were noted by the young quarryman, who even in such unpromising subjects found matter for observation and reflection. Where other men saw nothing, he detected analogies, differences, and peculiarities, which set him to thinking. He simply kept his eyes and his mind open; was sober, diligent, and persevering; and this was the secret of his intellectual growth.

His curiosity was excited and kept alive by the curious organic remains, principally of old and extinct species of fishes, ferns, and ammonites, which lay revealed along the coasts by the washings of the waves, or were exposed by the stroke of his mason's hammer. He never lost sight of this subject; went on accumulating observations, comparing formations, until at length, when no longer a working mason, many years afterwards, he gave to the world his highly interesting work on the Old Red Sandstone, which at once established his reputation as a scientific geologist. But this work was the fruit of long years of patient observation and research. As he modestly states in his autobiography, "The only merit to which I lay claim in the case is that of patient research,—a merit in which whoever wills may rival or surpass me; and this humble faculty of patience, when rightly developed, may lead to more extraordinary developments of idea than even genius itself."

John Leyden was the son of a Shepherd in one of the wildest valleys of Roxburghshire, and was almost entirely self-educated. Like many Scotch shepherds' sons—like Hogg, who taught himself to write by copying the letters of a printed book as he lay watching his flock on the hill-side—like Cairns, who from tending sheep on the Lammermoors, raised himself by dint of application and industry to the professor's chair which he so long worthily held—like Murray, Ferguson, and many more, Leyden was early inspired by a thirst for knowledge. When a poor barefooted boy, he walked six or eight miles across the moors daily to learn reading at the little village school-house of Kirkton, and this was all the education he received; the rest he acquired for himself.

He found his way to Edinburgh to attend the college there, setting the extremest penury at utter defiance. He was first discovered as a frequenter of a small bookseller's shop kept by Archibald Constable, afterwards so well known as a publisher. He would pass hour after hour perched on a ladder in mid-air, with some great folio in his hand, forgetful of the scanty meal of bread and water which awaited him at his miserable lodging. Access to books and lectures comprised all within the bounds of his wishes. Thus he toiled and battled at the gates of science until his unconquerable perseverance carried everything before it. Before he had attained his nineteenth year he had astonished all the professors in Edinburgh by his profound knowledge of Greek and Latin, and the general mass of information he had acquired.

Having turned his views to India, he sought employment in the civil service, but failed. He was, however, informed that a surgeon's assistant's commission was open to him. But he was no surgeon, and knew no more of the profession than a child. He could, however, learn. Then he was told that he must be ready to pass in six months! Nothing daunted, he set to work to acquire in six months what usually requires three years. At the end of six months he took his degree with honor. Scott and a few friends helped to fit him out, and he sailed for India, after publishing a poem entitled, "The Scenes of Infancy." An early death by fever only prevented him from becoming one of the greatest of Oriental scholars.

To know how the example of one of the poorest of men may affect society, hear what Dr. Guthrie of Scotland says of the influence of John Pounds, a Portsmouth cobbler, upon his own career as the apostle of the ragged-school movement "The interest I have been led to take in this cause is an example of how, in Providence, a man's destiny,—his course of life, like that of a river,—may be determined and affected by very trivial circumstances. It is rather curious,—at least it is interesting to me to remember,—that it was by a picture I was first led to take an interest in ragged schools,—by a picture in an old, obscure, decaying burgh that stands on the

shores of the Frith of Forth, the birthplace of Thomas Chalmers.

"I went to see this place many years ago, and, going into an inn for refreshment, I found the room covered with pictures of shepherdesses with their crooks, and sailors in holiday attire, not particularly interesting. But above the chimney-piece there was a large print, more respectable than its neighbors, which represented a cobbler's room. The cobbler was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees,—the massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character, and beneath his bushy eyebrows, benevolence gleamed out on a number of poor ragged boys and girls who stood at their lessons round the busy cobbler.

"My curiosity was awakened; and in the inscription I read how this man, John Pounds, a cobbler in Portsmouth, taking pity on the multitude of poor ragged children left by ministers and magistrates and ladies and gentlemen, to go to ruin on the streets,—how, like a good shepherd, he gathered in these wretched outcasts,—how he had trained them to God and to the world,—and how, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, he had rescued from misery and saved to society not less than five hundred of these children. I felt ashamed of myself. I felt reproved for the little I had done. My feelings were touched. I was astonished at this man's achievements; and I well remember, in the enthusiasm of the moment, saying to my companion (and I have seen in my cooler and calmer moments no reason for unsaying the saying), —'That man is an honor to humanity, and deserves the tallest monument ever raised within the shores of Britain.' I took up that man's history, and I found it animated by the spirit of Him who had 'compassion on the multitude.'

"John Pounds was a clever man besides; and, like Paul, if he could not win a poor boy any other way, he won him by art. He would be seen chasing a ragged boy along the quays, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but by the power of a hot potato. He knew the love an Irishman had for a potato; and John Pounds might be

seen running holding under the boy's nose a potato, like an Irishman, very hot, and with a coat as ragged as himself. When the day comes when honor will be done to whom honor is due, I can fancy the crowd of those whose fame poets have sung, and to whose memory monuments have been raised, dividing like the wave, and, passing the great, and the noble, and the mighty of the land, this poor, obscure old man stepping forward and receiving the especial notice of Him who said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it also to me.'"

There are many more illustrious names which might be cited to prove the truth of the common saying that "it is never too late to learn." Even at advanced years men can do much, if they will determine to make a beginning. Sir Henry Spelman did not begin the study of science until he was between fifty and sixty years of age. Franklin was fifty before he fully entered upon the study of Natural Philosophy. Dryden and Scott were not known as authors until each was in his fortieth year. Boccaccio, was thirty-five when he entered upon his literary career, and Alfieri was forty-six when he commenced the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold learned German at an advanced age for the purpose of reading Niebuhr in the original; and in like manner James Watt, when about forty, learned French, German, and Italian, that he might read the valuable mechanical works published in those languages. Rev. Robert Hall was once found lying upon the floor, racked by pain, learning Italian in his old age. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. None but the frivolous or the indolent will say, "I am too old to learn."

In fact, precocity in youth is quite as often a symptom of disease, as an indication of permanent intellectual vigor. What becomes of all the remarkably smart children? Trace them through life and it will be found that the dull boys often shoot ahead of them. An interesting chapter might be written on the subject of illustrious dunces,—dull boys, but brilliant men. We have room, however, for only a few instances.

Pietro di Cortona, the painter, was thought so stupid that he was nicknamed "Ass's Head" when a boy; and Tomaso Guidi was generally known as "heavy Tom," though by diligence he afterwards raised himself to the highest eminence. Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. The boy above Newton having kicked him, the dunce showed his pluck by challenging him to a fight, and beat him. Then he set to work with a will, and determined also to vanquish his antagonist as a scholar, which he did, rising to the head of his class.

Many of our greatest divines have been anything but precocious. Isaac Barrow, when a boy at the Charterhouse School, was notorious chiefly for his strong temper, pugnacious habits, and proverbial idleness as a scholar; and he caused such grief to his parents, that his father used to say that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, the least promising of them all. Adam Clarke, when a boy, was proclaimed by his father to be "a grievous dunce;" though he could roll large stones about. Dean Swift, one of the greatest writers of pure English, was "plucked" at Dublin University, and only obtained his recommendation to Oxford by special grace. The well-known Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Cook were boys together at the parish school of St Andrews; and they were found so stupid and mischievous, that the master, irritated beyond measure, dismissed them both as incorrigible dunces.

The brilliant Sheridan showed so little capacity as a boy, that he was presented to a tutor by his mother with the complimentary accompaniment, that he was an incorrigible dunce. Walter Scott was all but a dunce when a boy, always much readier for a "bicker," than apt at his lessons. At the Edinburgh University, Professor Dalzell pronounced upon him the sentence that "Dunce he was, and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned on his mother's hands as a "fool, of whom nothing could be made." Burns was a dull boy, good only at athletic exercises. Goldsmith spoke of himself as a plant that flowered late. Alfieri left college no wiser than he

entered it, and did not begin the studies by which he distinguished himself, until he had run half over Europe.

Robert Clive was a dunce, if not a reprobate, when a youth; but always full of energy, even in badness. His family, glad to get rid of him, shipped him off to Madras; and he lived to lay the foundations of the British power in India. Napoleon and Wellington were both dull boys, not distinguishing themselves in any way at school. Of the former the Duchess d'Abrantes says, "he had good health, but was in other respects like other boys." A writer in the Edinburgh Review observes that the Duke's talents seem never to have developed themselves, until some active and practical field for their display was placed immediately before him. He was long described by his Spartan mother, who thought him a dunce, as only 'food for powder.' He gained no sort of distinction either at Eton, or at the French Military college of Angers. It is not improbable that a competitive examination, at this day, might have excluded him from the army.

John Howard, the philanthropist, was another illustrious dunce, learning next to nothing during the seven years that he attended school. Stephenson, as a youth, was distinguished chiefly for his skill at wrestling, and attention to his work. The brilliant Sir Humphrey Davy was no smarter than other boys, and his teacher said he could never discover in him the faculties by which he became so distinguished. Watt, too, was a dull scholar. As Dr. Arnold of Rugby said, the difference in boys is more in energy than in talent. The dunce, with persistence and application, will inevitably get ahead of the smart boy without these qualities. Slow but sure, generally wins the race. The position of boys at school is oftener reversed in after-life than otherwise, because everything which comes easy—be it money or learning—goes easy; while that which is only acquired through great difficulty, sticks, being held with a firmer grip.

It is also a little remarkable how many of the world's great men have been little men. "It would be a curious inquiry how far the distinctions attained by celebrated men have been

owing to personal insignificance. It is remarked by greyhound fanciers that a well-formed, compact-shaped puppy never makes a fleet dog; and it is certain that many a loose-jointed, awkward, and clumsy man, as well as many a hump-backed and ugly-looking one. has found in his deformity, as Bacon long ago remarked, 'a perpetual spur, to rescue and deliver him from scorn.' History is full of examples of pygmies, who, tormented by a mortifying consciousness of their physical inferiority, have been provoked thereby to show that their lack of flesh and blood has been more than made up to them in brains. Many a Liliputian in body has proved himself a Brobdingnagian in intellect."

When Lord Nelson was passing over the quay at Yarmouth to take possession of the ship to which he had been appointed, the people exclamed, "Why make that little fellow a captain?" The sneer of disparagement was but a "foregone conclusion" in his own mind, and he thought of it when he fought the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar. Had Bonaparte been six inches higher, says Hazlitt, it is doubtful whether he would have gone on that disastrous Russian expedition, or whether he would even have been First Consul or Emperor. It was the nickname of "Little Corporal" that probably first pricked the sides of his ambition, and stung him into that terrible activity which made all Europe tremble.

Nearly all of the poets, and many of the greatest prose writers of ancient and modern times, have been little men. One of the great poets of Athens was so small that his friends fastened lead to his sandals to prevent his being toppled over or blown away. Aristotle, as we have already remarked, was a pigmy in person, though a giant in intellect. Of Pope, who was so small and crooked as to be compared to an interrogation point, Hazlitt asks, "Do we owe nothing to his deformity? He doubtless soliloquized, 'Though my person be crooked, my verses shall be straight.'" It was owing doubtless, in some degree, to the fact that he could boast of but four feet and six inches in stature, that the phenomenon of

the eighteenth century, the Abbe Galiani, owed his vast and solid erudition.

Reader, after studying all these good examples, pluck up courage and resolve to be like the best of them.

CHAPTER XVI.

Is Success Always Desirable?

Man should dare all things that he knows is right,
And fear to do nothing save what is wrong.

PHEBE CARY.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than Coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

Happen what there can, I will be just;
My fortune may forsake me, not my virtue.

BEN JOHNSON.

That is true glory and renown when God,
Looking on earth, with approbation marks
The just man.

MILTON.

That life is long, which answers life's great end.

EDWARD YOUNG.

IN answer to the question which forms the subject of this chapter, we say Yes and No. By which apparent contradiction we mean, that one kind of success is desirable, and another kind is not. As every earthly good must be bought and paid for in some kind of currency, so it is possible to buy success at too dear a price; that which we give for it being worth more than what we get in return.

We shall not be so foolish as to say that there is no power or blessing in the possession of money, for there is both. And if money can be earned by honorable and legitimate effort, it *should* be, always. There is no special virtue in being poor,

particularly if our poverty is the result of a lack of enterprise and energy on our part; on the contrary, poverty under such circumstances is both a curse and a disgrace to any man. As an observing and forcible thinker remarks: "Whatever may be said of the dangers of riches, the dangers of poverty are tenfold greater. A condition in which one is exposed to continual want, not only of the luxuries but of the veriest necessaries of life, as well as to disease and discouragement, is exceedingly unfavorable to the exercise of the higher functions of the mind and soul. The poor man is hourly beset by troops of temptations which the rich man never knows. Doubtless the highest virtues are sometimes found to flourish even in the cold clime and sterile soil of poverty.

"But it is insufferable nonsense to speak of these qualities as indigenous or native to poverty, when we know they often flourish in spite of it. Poverty is a condition which no man should accept, unless it be forced upon him as an inexorable necessity or as the alternative of dishonor. No person has a right voluntarily to place himself in a position where he will be assailed hourly by the fiercest temptations, where he will be able to preserve his uprightness only by a strength little short of angelic, and where he will be liable at any moment to become by sickness a burden to his friends. Every man, too, should make some provision for old age; for an old man in the poor-house, or begging alms, is a sorry sight, and suggests the suspicion, however ill-founded, that his life has been foolishly, if not viciously spent."

It is money, or the want of it, which sets in motion and keeps whirling the thousand wheels of industry in all the different departments and varied pursuits of life. The hum of machinery, the roar of railways, the busy marts of trade, and the myriad activities of traffic by land and sea, are all built up and sustained by the use of money. More than this, the need of money is the cohesive power which binds society together, and makes order, good government, and civil virtue possible. If every man in a community had all the money he wanted, and a few dollars over, civil chaos and anarchy would

surely follow. Labor is thus not only a blessing to the individual, but to society as well.

Competition for the possession of money not only evokes intellectual skill, tact, ingenuity and enterprise, but at the same time it acts as a civil regulator, as a kind of social balance-wheel, and as a moral preservative; keeping down the passions and lusts of men, and preventing riotous outbreaks of all kinds by providing full employment for every superfluous ounce of physical strength, and for every spare moment of time. If no one needed money, the world would soon come to a stand-still, so far as progress and civilization are concerned. Should there be no necessity for useful labor of any kind in order to provide for the physical, intellectual and social wants of life, mankind would have nothing to do but indulge their passions, gratify their appetites, and kill or conquer each other in warfare. In short, practical savagery or barbarism would result at once.

Furthermore, the very labor a man has to perform, the self-denial he has to cultivate in acquiring money, are of themselves an education. They compel him to put forth intelligence, skill, energy, vigilance, zeal, bring out his practical qualities, and gradually train his moral and intellectual powers. Mental discipline may be got from money-getting as real as that which is obtained from mathematics; "the soul is trained by the ledger as much as by the calculus, and can get exercise in the account of sales as much as in the account of stars." The provident man must of necessity be a thoughtful man, living, as he does, not for the present, but for the future; and he must also practice self-denial, that virtue which is one of the chief elements in a strong and well-formed character.

Again, in these times especially, money is a tremendous power. It generally gives to its possessor character, standing, and respectability. A pygmy in intellect, with money, becomes a giant in influence. Now, as in Shakespere's time, "the learned head must often duck to the golden fool." Rank, talents, eloquence, learning, and moral worth, all challenge a certain degree of respect; but, unconnected with property, they

have comparatively little influence in commanding the services of other men. The social standing is indicated by the bank-book. "The railway conductor accents his demand, the hotel clerk assigns rooms, the dry-goods merchant graduates the angle of his bows by it. Even the seat to which the sexton bows you in church is chosen with nice reference to your exchequer."

Mark, we are not saying that this is right, or just, or true, or honorable, in spirit or practice, but we are now simply stating acknowledged facts. With money a man "can surround himself with richer means of enjoyment, secure a more varied and harmonious culture, and set in motion grander schemes of philanthropy in this last half of the ninteenth century, than at any previous period in the world's history. Science is multiplying with amazing rapidity the comforts and luxuries of life and the means of self-culture, and money is the necromancer by which they are placed at our disposal. Money means a tight house, the warmest clothing, the most nutritious food, the best medical attendance, books, music, pictures; a good seat in the concert or lecture room, in the cars, and even in the church; the ability to rest, when weary in body or brain, and, above all, independence of thought."

And besides all, God has given to some men the power or the faculty of accumulation, showing that the amassing and the right use of wealth enter into and constitute a part of his grand and comprehensive design. We find in this divine bestowment of gifts not only a Shakespere, a Raphael, a Beethoven, and a Morse, but also an Astor, a Peabody, a Lawrence, and a Cornell. And the latter class simply followed out the bent of their natures and their genius, as did the former. Colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries, and railroads could never have been built without these accumulations of capital. All this we freely acknowledge in favor of the value and usefulness of money-getting as an element of progress and of civilization. But there is another side to this question, and to this we now turn.

While money rightfully and honorably obtained is thus a

power, a comfort, and a means of doing great good in the world, it must never, *never* be forgotten, on the other hand, that there are many things better, higher, dearer, more sacred, and more valuable even, than money or success or good fortune. If success must be purchased at the sacrifice of honor, honesty, virtue, reputation, or a good character, it were infinitely better to live and die without it, than to buy it at such a price. Better be accounted a failure in life, better be poor, inconvenient and pinching as poverty sometimes is, than to be rich, mean, soulless, miserly, and dishonorable. "While there is nothing great on earth but man, there is nothing great in men but *mind*."

As another has said: "Money-getting is unhealthy when it impoverishes the mind, or dries up the sources of the spiritual life; when it extinguishes the sense of beauty, and makes one indifferent to the wonders of nature and art; when it blunts the moral sense, and confuses the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice; when it stifles religious impulse, and blots all thought of God from the soul. Money-getting is unhealthy, again, when it engrosses all one's thought, leads a man to live meanly and coarsely, to do without books, pictures, music, travel, for the sake of greater gains, and causes him to find his deepest and most soul-satisfying joy, not in the culture of his heart or mind, not in doing good to himself or others, but in the adding of eagle to eagle, in the knowledge that the money in his chest is piled up higher and higher every year, that his account at the bank is constantly growing, that he is adding bonds to bonds, mortgages to mortgages, stocks to stocks." The most pitiable wretch on earth is he who has sold himself, body and soul, to the Devil, for the sake of gain, or for one brief hour of what is called success and glory.

More than this, Isaac Walton tells us that there are as many troubles on the other side of riches as on this, and that the cares which are the keys of riches hang heavily at the rich man's girdle. How many men, on reaching the pinnacle of wealth, find, as they look down upon their money-bags,

that they have only purchased one set of enjoyments by the loss of another equally desirable! "Do you remember, Bridget," writes Charles Lamb, with a tender retrospect to his poverty, "when you and I laughed at the play from the shilling gallery? There are no good plays to laugh at now from the boxes." Many a Sir Epicure Mammon, as he sits down with jaded appetite to his lobster salad and champagne, thinks with keen regret of the simple repast which titillated his palate when he was poor. The great railway king, Hudson, and his wife, feasting with dukes and duchesses in their big house at Albert Gate, looked back with many a sigh to the days when they ate sausages for supper in the little parlor behind their paltry shop in the city of York.

Nothing seems easier to a poor person than to be able to get pleasure and ease and enjoyment out of the possession of money. "Oh!" says the novice, "if I could only buy all that I wanted, how happy I should be." But does not every one know that the very power to possess a thing, often creates indifference, if not positive dislike, for it? More than two-thirds of the enjoyment of life comes from anticipation, and not from possession. If we know we cannot have what we want, imagination, like the evil genius that it sometimes is, immediately commences to invest the object desired with a halo of splendor; but when after much effort, we at length reach the prize, we usually discover that the brilliancy and desirability have to a great degree vanished from sight, if not from the object itself.

This truth is well illustrated in the anecdote told some years ago of two men who were conversing about John Jacob Astor's property. Some one was asked if he would be willing to take care of all the millionaire's property—ten or fifteen millions of dollars—merely for his board and clothing. "No!" was the indignant answer; "do you take me for a fool?" "Well," rejoins the other, "that is all Mr. Astor himself gets for taking care of it; he's *found*, and that's all. The houses, the warehouses, the ships, the farms, which he counts by the hundred, and is often obliged to take care of, are for the accommodation

of others." "But then he has the income, the rents of this large property, five or six hundred thousand dollars per annum." "Yes, but he can do nothing with his income but build *more* houses and warehouses and ships, or loan money on mortgages for the convenience of others. He's *found*, and you can make nothing else out of it."

The same truth is again illustrated in the life of Nathan Myers Rothschild, the great Jew banker, who for so many years opened and closed the purse of the world to Kings and Emperors as he listed; but who, notwithstanding his vast wealth, was one of the most withered and miserable men that ever lived. To part with a shilling in the way of charity cut him to the heart, and he was always contriving to find out the smallest possible pittance on which a clerk's soul could be kept in his body. With most sorrowful earnestness he exclaimed to one congratulating him on the gorgeous magnificence of his palatial mansion, and thence inferring that he was happy: "*Happy!* ME *happy!*"

Those who think Rothschild's experience singular may be still further enlightened by that of Stephen Girard. When surrounded by riches, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in the accumulation of wealth, he thus wrote to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley-slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped up in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with cares. I do not value a fortune. The love of labor is my highest motive. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that, when night comes, I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

Even the most specious and plausible reason for seeking riches, namely, to be above the necessity of a rigid economy, or the pressure of debt, Archbishop Whately shows to be unsound and deceptive. It is worth remarking, he observes, as a curious circumstance, and the reverse of what many would expect, that the expenses called for by a real or *imagined* necessity of those who have large incomes, are greater than those of persons with slenderer means; and that, consequently, a larger

proportion of what are called the rich are in embarrassed circumstances, than of the poor. This is often overlooked. Take a number of persons of equal amount of income, divided into classes from $500 per annum up to $500,000 per annum, and you will find the *percentage* of those who are under pecuniary difficulties *continually augmenting* as you go upwards. And when you come to sovereign States, whose revenue is reckoned by millions, you will hardly find *one* that is not deeply involved in debt; so that it would appear, the larger the income, the harder it is to live within it. In other words, the tendency to spend increases in a greater ratio than the wealth; and hence competence has been wittily defined as three hundred a year more than you possess.

John Foster quotes a case to show what simple determination will do in helping a man to be successful in business, and at the same time to show how little power money has to reform character. He says: "A young man who ran through his patrimony, spending it in profligacy, was at length reduced to utter want and despair. He rushed out of his house intending to put an end to his life, but stopped on arriving at an eminence overlooking what were once his estates. He sat down, ruminated for a time, and rose with the determination that he would recover them. He returned to the streets, saw a load of coals which had been shot out of a cart on the pavement before a house, offered to carry them in, and was employed. He thus earned a few pence, requested some meat and drink as a gratuity, which was given him, and the pennies were laid by. Pursuing this menial labor, he earned and saved more pennies; accumulated sufficient to enable him to purchase some cattle, the value of which he understood, and these he sold to advantage. He now pursued money with a step as steady as time, and an appetite as keen as death; advancing by degrees into larger and larger transactions, until at length he became rich. The result was, that he more than recovered his possessions, and died an inveterate miser. When he was buried, mere earth went to earth. With a nobler spirit, the same determination might have enabled such a man to be a

benefactor to others as well as to himself. But the life and its end in this case were alike sordid."

Hence it has been truly observed that it is one of the defects of business too exclusively followed, that it insensibly tends to a mechanism of character. The business man gets into a rut, and often does not look beyond it. If he lives for himself only, he becomes apt to regard other human beings only in so far as they minister to his ends. Take a leaf from the ledger of such men, and you have their life. It is against the growth of this habit of inordinate saving, that a man needs most carefully to guard himself; else, what in youth was simple economy, may in old age grow into avarice.

He who recognizes no higher logic than that of the shilling, may become a very rich man, and yet remain all the while an exceedingly poor creature. For riches are no proof whatever of moral worth; and their glitter often serves only to draw attention to the worthlessness of their possessor, as the glow-worm's light reveals the grub. Let a man be what he will, it is the mind and heart that make a man poor or rich, miserable or happy; for these are always stronger than fortune. Not only industry, honesty, frugality, perseverance amid hardships and ever-baffling discouragements, but much more miraculous attributes, as meek contentment, severe self-sacrifice, tender affections, unwavering trust in Providence, all are found blooming in the hearts of the poorest poor,—even in the sunless regions of absolute destitution, where honesty might be expected to wear an everlasting scowl of churlishness, and a bitter disbelief in the love of God to accompany obedience to the laws of man.

And more than this, it is well to remember that the greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class; and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, and artists, have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances. And

it will always be so. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows sated with it because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time hang heavy on his hands; he remains morally and spiritually asleep; and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus over which the tide floats.

The highest object of life we take to be, to form a manly character, and to work out the best development possible, of body and spirit,—of mind, conscience, heart, and soul. This is the end; all else ought to be regarded but as the means. Accordingly, that is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money, the most power of place, honor or fame; but that in which a man gets the most manhood, and performs the greatest amount of useful work and of human duty. Money is power after its sort, it is true, but intelligence, public spirit and moral virtue are powers, too, and far nobler ones.

PART II.

Happiness in Social and Family Life.

Happiness is our being's end and aim!
Alexander Pope.

There is a gentle element, and man
May breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul,
And drink its living waters till his heart
Is pure;—and this is human happiness.
N. P. Willis.

A man's happiness and success in life will depend not so much upon what he has, or upon what position he occupies, as upon what he is, and the heart he carries into his position.

Prof. S. J. Wilson.

Happiness is the congruity between a creature's nature and its circumstances.

Bishop Butler.

CHAPTER I.

The Nature of Happiness.

Over all men hangs a doubtful fate,
One gains by what another is bereft;
The frugal deities have only left
A common bank of happiness below,
Maintained, like nature, by an ebb and flow.

Sir Robert Howard.

ALTHOUGH doubted by many, there is such a thing as human happiness on earth, at least in a comparative or relative sense. But human happiness is neither divine nor perfect in extent or quality, and we must not expect to find it such; if we do, we shall most surely be disappointed in our search for it, as well as in our experience of it, when found. "That man never is, but always to be, blest," expresses a great and undeniable truth, which truth, put into other language, means that the anticipation of enjoyment is nearly always superior to any actual possession. Hope is an enchantress "who ever smiles and waves her golden hair," while Fancy and Imagination are a couple of gay but cruel deceivers that are never idle. Concerning the ministry of the former power in life, the poet Cowley says:

Of all the ills that men endure,
Hope is the only universal cure.
The captive's freedom, and the sick man's health,
The lover's victory, and the beggar's wealth.

And Campbell adds:

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;

And there as wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring;
What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away.

While Young declares that

Hope of all passions most befriends us here.
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death;
But hope, a cordial, innocent yet strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes!

Equally powerful and equally direct is the influence of fancy and imagination on the heart and life. Says Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, an early American poetess:

Fancy is a fairy that can hear
Ever the melody of nature's voice,
And see all lovely visions that she will.

While Rogers sings:

Do what he will, man cannot realize
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies;
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.

And Byron adds, with a touch of bitterness:

Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
In him alone. Can nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men?
Alas! of its own beauty is the mind
Diseased.

Therefore, we repeat, that on account of the active ministry of these two cunning mental wizards, these gay yet deceiving faculties of the mind, these two powerful sirens of life, the effect of whose workings in human thought we have just outlined in these extracts of song, we must never expect human happiness to be like that which has been pictured to us as man's blissful possession in the upper world of shadeless light and unbroken joy; still, we repeat again, there is such a thing as human happiness in the comparative or earthly sense

of the word, and that happiness is attainable by a certain course of conduct, and the possession of certain virtues, which it will be the object of Part II of this volume to disclose.

Bishop Butler was right in defining happiness to be a "state of congruity (or suitableness and harmony) between a man's nature and his circumstances." This definition is very broad, deep and comprehensive, and needs a little unfolding to bring out its truthfulness and application. First, all men are surrounded and environed in this life by a network of events, persons, and things, the action of which upon each other and their combined relation to man himself, produces what we call *circumstances*. These hem a man in on every side, and he can no more escape their influence than a ship sailing across the ocean can escape the action of wind and tide. These circumstances have a great deal to do with a man's happiness. When they are unpleasant, restricting, cramping, or torturing, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, for human nature to rise superior to their power.

Some have gone so far as to assert that man is but the sport of circumstances, like a floating slab on a tossing, billowy sea; that he is dashed about, hither and thither, by events which he has no power to control. Now, if this were literally true, it would be idle to talk about happiness, one way or the other, for it, too, like the events which surround us, would be beyond human control. But, fortunately, this is not the case. Circumstances are partly *under* as well as above the power of human will. Thus a man can make himself rich or poor, honored or disgraced, strong or sickly, just as he obeys or disregards certain laws of life. If he gives right up to the world and exercises no will-power of his own, if he allows himself to lie on the edge of life's sea like a helpless and dismantled wreck, and suffers himself to be moved about by every wave of influence which will be sure to break over him, he will be indeed the sport of circumstances, and will only know what happiness is during those brief, uncertain intervals when the "sea is calm and the sky is blue," and the winds are at rest. But if he does this and suffers on account of it, he has only

himself to blame. The All-wise and benevolent Creator never designed him for any such sphere or position. On the contrary, God has given to every man the power of self-denial, the power of resistance to evil, and the power of choice, with the additional power of carrying out aims and choices into action.

In saying this, however, we do not limit or circumscribe the power of God to move us about and change our circumstances as seems to him good, nor do we ignore the power of the world to influence and change the character of human life. On the contrary, we acknowledge both of these, and to show how one can make circumstances contribute to his success and consequent happiness in life, we have written Part I. of this volume. That whole treatise should be considered as an acknowledgment of the power of externals to make one happy or miserable. For if one's success in life, if the nature and quality of his surroundings had no influence over the amount of his happiness, why should one strive to be wealthy, or distinguished? The very fact that circumstances *do* tend powerfully in the direction of human weal or woe, added to the other fact that man is partly responsible for the nature of his circumstances, has been the very reason which has prompted us to give the reader such careful directions and rules for the betterment and exaltation of his condition in life.

We say, then, that happiness consists in part in being fortunate or successful in business life; in acquiring by honorable effort and legitimate methods a money competence. Good houses to live in, a plenty of good food and clothing, books, pictures, fine horses and carriages, money to entertain with, or to travel with, are not at all to be despised by one who seeks to be happy. All these have their influence on a man's spirits and temper, and in providing him with suitable opportunities to enjoy what are called the "good things of this life."

But money is not all, nor even the main ingredient in the cup of happiness. It is one element, we admit, but only one; for there are, in proportion, as many unhappy rich people in the world, as poor ones—if not more. This, however,

is not to be charged against riches so much as to those who, possessing riches, do not know how to use them properly. Like almost everything else in the world, money can be made to contribute to human happiness or misery with equal facility, according to the nature and disposition of him who handles it. We need many things which money will buy, and many more which money cannot buy. And what these things are we shall in this part of our work proceed to enumerate.

Let us suppose, then, that a young man has chosen his occupation in life, has settled down to his work manfully, and with a determination to persevere and be industrious, has already begun to prosper, and, in fact, is in a fair way of becoming rich in the course of time. What other things are necessary, besides those already mentioned and dwelt upon, to make him as happy as he will be successful? He is supposed to be already on the imperial highway of fortune, but how shall he blend fortune with happiness? Of course, he does not want to make a pack-horse of himself, and simply lug around a lot of business burdens all the time; nor does he want to groan and sweat continually under a great load of cares and labors. There are many other interests to look after which are equally as important as mercantile or manufacturing interests, and he must not neglect these, any more than material values.

Referring to Bishop Butler's definition of happiness again, we discover that he mentions three elements as entering into it: first, the power of circumstances, which we have just considered; secondly, a certain kind or quality of nature, which is yet to be considered; and thirdly, a state of congruity, harmony, or agreement, existing between these two, or between the inward and outward worlds. There is a world within man, as well as a world without; a world of thought, feeling, sentiment, desire, hope or fear, hatred or love; and the stream of human happiness always takes its rise in nature—from the hillsides of thought and feeling or from the valleys of contemplation and love—rather than from any state or condition of things without. To attempt to create a permanent state of happiness by the possession and manipulation of external

things, and then attempt to pour this, like the contents of a cup, into the heart, would be very much like attempting to reverse the course of the Mississippi. The internal world is higher in nature and position than the external, and stands in closer connection with the skies above, where all true happiness finds its seat and home.

Accordingly, as water always runs down the mountain side instead of up, so this river of happiness must always start from the mental or moral heights of the mind and heart, and then find its way out and down into the lower external regions where business is carried on, and where the sounds of the anvil and hammer are heard. As thought precedes external activity, so happiness must be an internal possession before it can be a permanent external realization. Burns has truly said that—

> 'Tis not in books, 'tis not in lear,
> To make us truly blest,
> If happiness has not her seat
> And center in the breast.
> We may be wise, or rich, or great,
> But never can be blest.

And Pope corroborates the same view when he says,—

> Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
> Bliss is the same in subject or in king.

And Thomson, too, joins us in sentiment in the lines:—

> Not all good things, in one rich lot combined,
> Can make the happy man without the mind;
> Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
> And all the moral harmony of life.

Ah, this thought of good Bishop Butler is indeed a just one, and his idea of happiness as harmony between a man's nature and his circumstances is both profound and true. Who does not know what it is to be out of gear sometimes with everybody and everything, himself included? Who does not know very well there is no such thing as happiness to be enjoyed in such a frame of mind? Now by supposing such a

state to become chronic and fixed within the mind, we shall have an internal condition the exact opposite of what the good Bishop meant by his harmony or congruity of nature and circumstances.

In order, then, to create a permanently happy state, speaking on general principles, a man must first do his best to surround himself with a set of circumstances which shall be agreeable and pleasant, and then try and cultivate those qualities of mind and heart which shall not only make him peaceful and joyful in himself, but adapted to, and contented with, his surroundings. There are multitudes of persons between whose natures and whose environments there is perpetual war. They want one thing, and circumstances compel them to take up with another, vastly inferior or entirely different; and rather than submit to that which they do not like or choose, they keep up a continual fight which makes continual discord. Of course, there is no happiness for such, unless they are strong enough to change the conditions of their life, make them more consonant with their feelings, or unless they cultivate those essential qualities of heart and habits of thinking which will bring them into a state of harmony with their surroundings. In some cases, and especially with the aged, either of these alternatives are practically impossible, and consequently they must look for their happiness in that "brighter sphere, where all will be made plain that so puzzles us here."

But with young people, who have the greater part of life yet before them, there is no need of settling down into a state of hopeless misery or permanent unhappiness, when an opposite state can be enjoyed just as easily. Hence it makes all the difference between happiness and misery, in a majority of cases, whether people start out in life with right or wrong ideas upon the nature of the object to be gained. To be forewarned, is usually to be forearmed against possible disaster, and hence we put this book into your hands, reader, as a sort of general guide to fortune, happiness, and heaven. There are thousands upon thousands who are seeking happiness by wrong methods, and their mistakes are not only costly and

dangerous to themselves, but they exert a reactionary influence upon others, as bad; consequently, he who may be able by wise counsel, sound reasoning, and apposite illustration, to increase the amount of happiness in any single mind, may be justly set down as a true benefactor of his kind. For real happiness is to be won at last, if ever won at all, through wise and deliberate choices and persistent courses of conduct, rather than by any lucky experiment or accidental discovery.

CHAPTER II.

Health and Happiness.

We are not ourselves
When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
To suffer with the body.

SHAKESPERE.

All the good that individuals find,
Or God or nature meant to mere mankind,
Lie in three words; health, peace and competence.

POPE.

To the strong hand and strong head, the capacious lungs and vigorous frame, fall, and will always fall, the heavy burdens; and where the heavy burdens fall, the great prizes fall, too. LAWS OF LIFE.

THE first element of happiness is good health, or a sound mind in a sound body. We put this forward first, because it belongs first. Man is an animal, as well as an immortal, and as long as he stays on earth he cannot be indifferent to the condition of his animal nature and expect either to be successful or happy. To be sick, weak, feeble, emaciated, run down, dyspeptic, or nervously exhausted, is to be good for nothing, except to be miserable.

Time was when the body was looked upon as a sort of drag upon the mind, and was treated as something which a man had to carry around with him, like a burden. The old religious ascetics, who lived in caves and in mountains and deserts, used to torture and crucify their bodies under the erroneous impression that they were thereby making themselves more spiritually-minded and more acceptable to God. Even as good a man as Pascal once said that "disease was the natural state of Christians." A more blasphemous utterance never was

written or spoken; still, that was the common idea among certain classes and orders of the Romish church at that time, and is to this day. Burton's idea, however, comes much nearer the truth when he says, "The body is the domicil or home of the mind; and, as a torch gives a better light, a sweeter smell, according to the matter it is made of, so doth our soul perform all her actions better or worse, as her organs are disposed; or, as wine savors of the cask wherein it is kept, the soul receives a tincture from the body, through which it works." Rev. Dr. J. W. Alexander used to say when asked whether he enjoyed religion, "I think I do, except when the wind is in the East."

In like manner, it used to be thought proper to wholly neglect the care and culture of the body in systems of education. The model student was often pale, puny, lean and lank, consumptive or dyspeptic, desiring to be all brain and soul. But this idea is now pretty well exploded, and physical culture receives its due share of attention at almost all colleges and other institutions for intellectual training. It has been well said that to cultivate a man's physical powers exclusively, is to make of him an athlete or a savage; to consider the moral only, is to make a man an enthusiast, a fanatic, or a monomaniac; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased, inefficient theorist. Elihu Burritt found hard work necessary to enable him to study with effect; and more than once he gave up school-keeping and study, and, taking to his leather apron again, went back to his blacksmith's forge and anvil for his health of body and mind's sake.

Milton described himself as up and stirring early in the morning,—"in winter, often ere the sound of any bell wakes man to labor or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or to cause them to be read till the attention be ready, or memory have its full fraught; then, with clear and generous labor, preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind for the cause of religion, and our country's liberty." In his "Trac-

tate on Education" he recommends the physical exercise of fencing to young men, as calculated to "keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, and also as the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage;" and he further urges that they should "be practiced in all the locks and grips of wrestling, wherein Englishmen were wont to excel."

The marvelous and juvenile vitality of Lord Palmerston was long a matter of surprise. But it was owing to his pride and pleasure as a youth, to be the best rower, jumper, and runner; to be first in the sports of the field as he was first in the senate; and his horse and gun were invariably resorted to in his hours of relaxation. Sir Walter Scott, when attending the University at Edinburgh, though he went by the name of "The Great Blockhead," was, notwithstanding his lameness, a remarkably healthy youth, and could spear a salmon with the best fisher on the Tweed, or ride a wild horse with any hunter in Yarrow. When devoting himself in after life to literary pursuits, Sir Walter never lost his taste for field-sports; but while writing "Waverly" in the morning, he would in the afternoon course hares. Professor Wilson was a very athlete, as great at throwing the hammer as in his flights of eloquence and poetry; and Burns, when a youth, was remarkable chiefly for his leaping, putting, and wrestling. Some of the greatest divines were distinguished in their youth for their physical energies. Isaac Barrow, when at the Charterhouse School, was notorious for his pugilistic encounters, in which he got many a bloody nose; Andrew Fuller, when working as a farmer's lad at Soham, was chiefly famous for his skill in boxing; and Adam Clarke, when a boy, was only remarkable for the strength displayed by him in "rolling large stones about;" the secret, possibly, of some of the power which he subsequently displayed in rolling forth large thoughts in his manhood.

In fact, success and happiness in life depend much more upon physical health than is generally imagined. Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, writing home to a friend in England, said,

"I believe, if I get on well in India, it will be owing, physically speaking, to a sound digestion." The capacity for continuous working in any calling must necessarily mainly depend upon this; and hence the necessity for attending to health, even as a means of intellectual labor itself. It is in no slight degree to the boating and cricketing sports, still cultivated at the best public schools and universities of England, that they produce so many specimens of healthy, manly and vigorous men, of the true Hodson stamp. It is said that the Duke of Wellington, when once looking at the boys engaged in their sports on the play-ground at Eton, where he had spent his own juvenile days, made the pregnant remark, "It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won."

The body has some rights of its own, although it be a slave to the nobler faculties of our being, and when this slave is abused for any length of time, he will invariably rise up against, and smite his master. The man who sleeps the soundest and digests his dinner with the least difficulty, will, other things being equal, win the most prizes in life and be the most good-natured and happy about it. A popular lecturer has lately said that "it is now generally conceded that there is an organization which we call the nervous system in the human body, to which belong the functions of emotion, intelligence, and sensation, and that this is connected intimately with the whole circulation of the blood, with the condition of the blood as affected by the liver, and by aeration in the lungs; that the manufacture of the blood is dependent upon the stomach; so *a man is what he is not in one part or another, but all over;* one part is intimately connected with the other, from the animal stomach to the throbbing brain; and when a man thinks he thinks the whole trunk through.

"Man's power comes from the generating forces that are in him, namely, the digestion of nutritious food into vitalized blood, made fine by oxygenation; an organization by which that blood has free course to flow and be glorified; a neck that will allow the blood to run up and down easily; a brain prop-

erly organized and balanced; the whole system so compounded as to have susceptibilities and recuperative force; immense energy to generate resources and facility to give them out;—all these elements go to determine what a man's working power is." Intellect in a weak body is "like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket," or like a granary to which there is no key.

Referring to the ancients again, it is a singular fact that before the dawn of the Christian era, the philosophers and orators, warriors and great men of Greece and Rome devoted a great deal of attention to the culture and maintenance of physical vigor. It is told of Cicero that he became at one time the victim of that train of maladies expressed by the word "dyspepsia,"—maladies which pursue the indolent and the overworked man as the shark follows in the wake of the plague-ship. The orator hastened, not to the physicians which might have hastened his death, but to Greece; flung himself into the gymnasium; submitted to its regimen for two entire years; and returned to the struggles of the forum as vigorous as the peasants that tilled his farm. Who doubts that by this means his periods were rounded out to a more majestic cadence, and his crushing arguments clinched with a tighter grasp? Had he remained a dyspeptic, he might have written beautiful essays on old age and friendship, but he never would have pulverized Catiline, or blasted Antony with his lightnings.

So the intellectual power of those giants of antiquity, Aristotle and Plato, was owing in a large degree to that harmonious education in which the body shared as well as the mind. That the one ruled the world of thought down to the time of Bacon, and that the other is stimulating and quickening the mind of the nineteenth century, are owing in part to the fact that they were not only great geniuses, but, as one has well said, geniuses most happily set, and that no dyspepsia broke the harmony of their thought, no neuralgia twinged the system with agony, and no philosopher's ail infected the throat with bad blood or an ulcerated mucous membrane.

Coming back to our own time, we find that nature presented our Websters, Clays, and Calhouns, not only with extraordinary minds, but—what has quite as much to do with the matter—with wonderful bodies. Above all, our Grants, Shermans, and Sheridans, what would they be without nerves of whipcord and frames of iron? The tortures of hereditary disease united with the pangs of fever, wrung from Napoleon in one of the most critical days of his history, the exclamation that the first requisite of good generalship is good health. The efficiency of the common soldier, too, he knew depended, first of all, upon his being in perfect health and splendid condition; and hence he tried to bring up all his troops to the condition of pugilists when they fight for the championship. This was the secret of their prodigious efforts, their endurance of fatigues that would have killed common men.

Horace Mann, in a letter of advice to a law-student, justly remarks that a spendthrift of health is one of the most reprehensible of spendthrifts. "I am certain," continues he, "I could have performed twice the labor, both better and with greater ease to myself, had I known as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one as I do now. In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets, as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous. I ought to have begun at home, and taken the stars when it should come their turn. The consequence was, I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since. Whatever labor I have since been able to do, I have done it all on credit instead of capital,—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the last twenty-five years, so far as it regards health, I have been put, from day to day, on my good behavior; and during the whole of this period, as an Hibernian would say, if I had lived as other folks do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight."

Thus good health is seen to be intimately connected with the enjoyment of religion, the enjoyment of study and work, and the enjoyment of life generally. There are few keener miseries than to look out upon the world, bustling with activity and palpitating with power, seeing others busy and happy, knowing there are prizes to be won and joys to be experienced in winning them, and yet to hold back from entering the arena and mingling in the fray, on account of a diseased and enfeebled body, a bedraggled and fettered mind, and an exhausted nervous system.

It hardly comes within our province to treat of the general laws of health in this connection, and, more than this, it would be exceedingly difficult to lay down any set of rules which would admit of anything like universal application. It is an old adage, but a true one, that "what is one man's meat, is another's poison." All men and women must study their own natures and constitutions, must now and then seek good medical advice, and then regulate themselves and their habits accordingly. In all cases, however, a plenty of exercise is essential to health, and so is an abundance of good nourishing food. A plenty of sweet refreshing sleep is also absolutely indispensable.

Sir Philip Sidney has said that "the common ingredients of health and long life are great temperance, the open air, moderate labor and little care;" but this is hardly an exhaustive schedule, although the four things which he mentions are all of them important. But leaving special rules aside, we wish to urge on general principles the duty of preserving health as one of the elements of happiness. To continue in any practice or habit of eating, drinking, or sporting, after it has been once clearly ascertained that such practice is hurtful or injurious to health, is to commit a most flagrant crime against self and against society. Beware, then, of doing anything which tends to destroy the vigor of health. Shun the approach of disease as you would the presence of a hideous monster. Your good health is a priceless jewel—don't throw it away.

Take special care of your nervous system, for the nerves are the connecting links between body and spirit and also the inlets of all superior influences and joys. Shattered or exhausted nerve-power is the worst calamity that can possibly befall one. Says Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell upon this point: "There is a certain amount of nerve force in every individual which is essential to life; this force is generated in the three centres, the brain, the spinal cord, the ganglia, just as the blood is generated by the stomach and its connected apparatus, and the lungs; the brain is the nervous centre for the mind, the spinal marrow is the centre for the muscles, and the ganglia form the nervous centre for the organs.

"Now each centre has thus its appropriate objects to which its nervous force must be distributed, but if the parts which should be supplied are not called into exercise, there will be an excess of nervous force in other parts, the healthy balance will be lost, and a diseased nervous system will be the consequence. We have seen the very large portion of the nervous system which is appropriated to the muscles—the great number of nerves which are distributed all over the body, from the whole length of the spinal cord—these nerves are nerves of motion, and nerves of sensation; if the muscles remain inactive the motor nerves of course remain so too; here then the first balance is destroyed, the sensitive life attains an undue power over the active motor life, the body becomes the prey of morbid sensation, of an unnatural vivacity of impressions, which mark the irritability of this unbalanced exercise of the sensitive nerves.

"Again, the inactivity of the muscular system not calling into exercise the whole nervous force of the spinal marrow, the mind, which is always active, will call the brain into undue activity, and if stimulants are applied to the mind, this will only increase the evil and produce premature mental development. Nor is this all. The sympathetic nervous system, under whose influence the organs of the body grow and live, will share in this undue activity imparted to the other centres by the inaction of the muscular system. The generative or-

gans, also, which are governed by the ganglia and intimately connected with the mind, will suffer from the lost balance of the nervous system, and while they should be the last and slowest growth of the body, will suffer with the mind a premature development.

"Here, then, are three great evils arising from the loss of nervous balance produced by the inactivity of the muscles, namely: an undue exaltation of the sensitive life, the premature development of the mind, and of the generative organs." And each and all of these three evils can be averted in men and women, it seems, by regular exercise or regular work. In fact, these evils are found more commonly among the idle, the indolent, and the dissipated, than among the sober and industrious workers of the world.

Again Doctor Blackwell remarks upon the same subject: "This nervous influence has its origin in the brain, the spinal marrow, or the ganglia (which latter are little white masses found in the different parts of the body), and is conveyed by white cords into every fibre of the body, producing feeling, movement, in fact, life. The brain is that mass of gray and white matter contained within the skull, which is the special instrument of the mind, while the spinal marrow is a thick cord, of similar substance, running through the bony tube of the spine. There is no separation between the brain and spinal-marrow; we feel the head moving upon the spine, but there is no division between them at the nape of the neck; they are encased by similar membranes, bathed by similar fluids, and formed of similar substance; the connection between the two must necessarily, then, be very intimate.

"The whole substance of the spinal cord is specially devoted to supply the muscular system with nervous influence; large white nerve-cords escape from the spinal marrow along the whole extent of the trunk, and branch off, in finer and finer threads, to every muscle in the body; the largest nerves in the whole body, being three-quarters of an inch wide, branch off in this way in the lower part of the trunk, and extend to the many powerful muscles situated in this part of the body, and

to the lower extremities. Moreover, that the muscular system may not be isolated from the rest of the body, but that its influence for good or ill may be felt in every organ, branches of these nerves are sent off to each one, although they are specially supplied from another source; so that the muscles, the various organs of the body, and the brain are intimately linked together."

We have dwelt upon this point a little because nervous diseases are frightfully on the increase in this country among all classes, young and old, male and female, and because the writer knows by painful experience that where acute or chronic nervousness exists, there happiness is not, and never can be, until general good health is restored.

CHAPTER III.

Rest and Recreation.

As a nation we are intolerant of rest. If we have a brilliant man, we insist upon his always shining. We want our rose bushes to bloom all the year round, we would have our trees all bearing fruit, and our suns always shining. Like the earth, minds must lie fallow at times. Perpetual crops exhaust any soil, and perpetual excitement will wear out any mind or body.

Waverly Magazine.

The deepest-rooted cause of American disease is that overworking of the brain and over-excitement of the nervous system, which are the necessary consequences of their intense activity. Hence nervous dyspepsia, with consumption, insanity, and all its brood of fell disorders in its train. In a word, the American works himself to death.

James Stirling.

FOLLOWING logically from the subject of the last chapter, is the topic of this. Happiness not only requires a state of general good health, but good health requires periods of rest and recreation, as well as steady labor. The old adage, "What everybody says must be true," or "Where there is much smoke, there must be some fire," holds good in relation to this subject of American "overwork and under-rest," as one has phrased it. Nearly every observant writer, thinker, or traveler, is remarking upon the fact that the majority of people in this country are killing themselves by inches in making their life "all work and no play;" running one ceaseless round of toil, with no seasons of rest and relaxtion, other than those which come necessarily. And without doubt there is much of pertinence and force in this representation. One has only to look around, or possibly look within, to be convinced of the fact that large numbers of people are dragging themselves down to death by overwork, just to gratify an insatiate ambition to be richer and greater than Mr.

A. or Mrs. B. who live over the way, and who "put on airs" occasionally by making a tremendous display in dress, equipage, etc.

Says Dr. Mathews: "Of all the nations of the earth there is no one among whom this doctrine of 'grind' has taken deeper root than among us Americans. From the days of the Puritans we have been excessively fond of work,—work, not as a means of getting a living only, but in itself and for its own sake. It seems as if we felt the primeval curse ever weighing upon us, and so we continue to drudge like galley-slaves, even after we have provided for the ever-dreaded 'rainy day,' and the pressure of bread-getting has long since passed. Hence we have so few holidays and seasons of rest or recreation, that, when they do come, we are perplexed to know what to do with ourselves.

"It is time that this everlasting drudgery should cease among us, and that some higher lessons should be impressed upon the brain of the infantile Yankee than the old saws about industry, money-getting, and the like. Let us abate something, at least, of our devotion to the almighty dollar, and regard the world as something better than a huge workshop, in which we are to toil and moil unceasingly, till death stops the human machine. Let us learn that the surest and best way to get on in the world is not to travel by 'lightning lines,' but 'to hasten slowly.' It is a libel on Providence to suppose that it has designed that we should live such a plodding, mechanical life, that we should be mere mill-horses, treading evermore the same dull, unvarying round, and all for grist, grist, still grist, till we have become as blind and stupid as that most unhappy of all quadrupeds."

No one can fail to have noticed the number of business men and professional men who die suddenly every year from apoplexy, paralysis, and kindred complaints. They go along from year to year, working a little harder and steadier all the time, because in truth they must in order to keep pace with their constantly increasing business, pay but little attention to the demands of exhausted nature, or an overtasked brain, until

suddenly, some day, they fall down as though they had been shot, and without warning or preparation, they are ushered into another world. A proper verdict in all such cases would be: *Suicide from overwork.*

Dean Swift, who was a great mental worker, gazing upon a noble oak whose topmost branches had been withered by lightning, mournfully exclaimed, "I shall be like that tree; I shall die a-top." He had been afflicted for years with giddiness and pain in the head, looked forward with prophetic dread to insanity as the portion of his later life, and sure enough, it came at last; he died as he had feared the inmate of an asylum. When Leyden, a Scotch enthusiast, was warned by his physician of the consequences, if he continued while ill with a fever and liver-complaint, to study ten hours a day, he coolly replied: "Whether I am to live or die, *the wheel must go round to the last.* . . . I may perish in the attempt, but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundred-fold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a borderer." No wonder that he sank into his grave in his thirty-sixth year, the victim of self-murder.

Alexander Nicolly, a professor of Hebrew at Oxford, who, it is said, could walk to the wall of China without an interpreter, died a few years ago at the same age, chiefly from the effects of intense study; and Dr. Alexander Murray, a similar prodigy, died at thirty-eight of the same cause. Sir Humphrey Davy, in the height of his fame, nearly killed himself by the excessive eagerness with which he prosecuted his inquiries into the alkaline metals, pursuing his labors in the night till three or four o'clock, and even then often rising before the servants of the laboratory. Excessive application threw Boerhave into a delirium for six weeks; it gave a shock to the powerful frame of Newton; it cut short the days of Sir Walter Scott, and it laid in the grave the celebrated Weber, whose mournful exclamation, amid his multiplied engagements, is familiar to many an admirer of his weird-like music: "Would that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday."

It was the same cause that struck down Sir William Hamilton in his fifty-sixth year with paralysis, and ended the life of the most brilliant and influential of American journalists, H. J. Raymond, in a cerebral crash at the early age of forty-nine. The effects of such toil in this country are far more disastrous than in Europe, for, owing to climate and other agencies, work of every kind is more exhausting here than there. It is related of Sir Philip Sidney, that when at Frankfort, he was advised by the celebrated printer, Languet, not to neglect his health during his studies, "lest he should resemble a traveler who, during a long journey, attends to himself but not to his horse."

All this is especially true of the dwellers and workers in large cities. No one unacquainted with the facts can have any idea of the almost insupportable pressure which each day brings to bear upon the brain of one who aspires to be a leading lawyer, merchant, or business man of any kind, in a great city. As has been truly said, "anxious and perplexing thought sits on his brow as he rubs his eyes at daybreak; hurrying to the breakfast table, he swallows his steak and his coffee in a twinkling, jumps from his chair almost immediately, and without having spoken a pleasant word, hastens away to the high courts of Mammon, to engage in the sharp struggle for pelf. There he spends hour after hour in calculating how to change his hundreds to thousands; dinner and supper—which he bolts, never eats—come and go almost without observation; even nightfall finds him still employed, with body and mind jaded, and eyes smarting with sleeplessness; till at length, far in the night, the toil-worn laborer seeks his couch, only to think of the struggles and anxieties of the day, or to dream of those of to-morrow." Thus matters go on for a few feverish years, when he breaks down utterly, is obliged to go off to Europe or is confined to his home, and at last dies a wretched miserable, broken-down man. Where is the sense or the wisdom or the happiness in a life of this sort?

In accordance with this rush and hurly-burly of work and strain and fret and worry which is so common among all

classes in these times, the character of diseases has changed in the same direction. There are fewer cases of lingering consumption than formerly, while all the sharp and sudden diseases have fearfully increased. Most fevers, it is said, run now to a low typhoid form, and men are constantly sinking down in middle life from the giving out of life's vital forces. Such a death as Dryden described some two-hundred years ago is becoming more and more rare.

> Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
> But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
> Even wondered at because he dropped no sooner.
> Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
> Yet freshly he ran out ten winters more,
> Till, like a clock worn out with beating time,
> *The wheels of weary life at last stood still.*

Instead of this, the toilers of to-day drop like Holmes's "one-hoss shay," which

> Went to pieces all at once,
> All at once, and nothing first,—
> Just as bubbles do when they burst.

Nor is the case much better with those who toil upon farms or in the shops. Says Dr. J. G. Holland: "No one can settle down in a European city or village for a month, and observe the laboring classes, without noticing a great difference between their aspirations, ambitions and habits, and those of corresponding classes in this country. He may see great poverty in a continental town, and men and women laboring severely and faring meanly, and a hopeless gap existing between classes; he may see the poor virtually the slaves of the rich; but he will witness a measure of contentment and a daily participation in humble pleasures to which his eyes have been strangers at home. Much of this apparent contentment and enjoyment undoubtedly comes from the hopelessness of the struggle for anything better. An impassable gulf exists between them and the educated and aristocratic classes—a gulf which they have recognized from their birth; and, having

recognized this, they have recognized their own limitations, and adapted themselves to them. Seeing just what they can do and cannot do, they very rationally undertake to get out of life just what their condition renders attainable. There is no far-off, crowning good for them to aim at; so they try to get what they can on the way. They make much of fete-days, and social gatherings, and music, and do what they can to sweeten their daily toil, which they know must be continued while the power to labor lasts.

"But in America this is far different. The typical man in this country is never satisfied with what he has, but is constantly striving for something more and higher. He does not waste money on pleasure, and does not approve of those who do so. He lives in a constant fever of hope and expectation, or grows sour with hope deferred or blank disappointment. Out of it all grows the worship of wealth and that demoralization which results in unscrupulousness concerning the methods of its acquirement. So America presents the anomaly of a laboring class with unprecedented prosperity and privileges, and unexampled discontent and discomfort.

"There is surely something better than this. There is something better than a life-long sacrifice of content and enjoyment for a possible wealth, which, however, may never be acquired, and which has not the power, when won, to yield its holder the boon which he expects it to purchase. To withhold from the frugal wife the gown she desires, to deny her the journey which would do so much to break up the monotony of her home-life, to rear children in mean ways, to shut away from the family life a thousand social pleasures, to relinquish all amusements that have a cost attached to them, for wealth which may or may not come when the family life is broken up forever—surely this is neither sound enterprise nor wise economy. We would not have the American laborer, farmer and mechanic become improvident, but we would very much like to see them happier than they are, by resort to the daily sociable enjoyments which are always ready to their hand. Nature is strong in the young, and they will have society and play of

some sort. It should remain strong in the old, and does remain strong in them, until it is expelled by the absorbing and subordinating passion for gain.

"Something of the Old World fondness for play, and daily or weekly indulgence in it, should become habitual among our workers. Toil would be sweeter if there were a reward at the end of it; work would be gentler when used as a means for securing a pleasure which stands closer than an old age of ease; character would be softer and richer and more childlike, when acquired among genial, every-day delights. The all-subordinating strife for wealth, carried on with fearful struggles and constant self-denials, makes us petty, irritable and hard. When the whole American people have learned that a dollar's worth of pure pleasure is worth more than anything else under the sun; that working is not living, but only the means by which we win a living; that money is good for nothing except for what it brings of comfort and culture; and that we live not in the future, but in the present, they will be a happy people—happier and better than they have been."

It is truly a sad sight to see a human being in whom the impulse and disposition for play has died out. Sad to see a man or a woman get so accustomed to the routine of labor that they cannot break it off to indulge in any kind of recreation or amusement. A man begins life with an overflow of vitality and animal spirits which makes him bright, genial, and playful. He sympathizes with children, plays with brutes, enjoys society, and indulges in recreative exercises of mind and body. Then he plunges into business and works away for twenty years or more, and finally wakes up to the fact that there is no interest in life to him except in daily toil.

The same thing is true of literary men in some cases. They write so much and so constantly that they are obliged to keep it up as a preventive of something worse. "I must write to empty my mind," said Byron, "or go mad." When Sir Walter Scott was warned by his medical advisers, after his first attack of apoplexy, that if he persisted in working his

brain, his malady must inevitably recur with redoubled severity, he replied: "As for bidding me not work, Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and say, '*Now don't boil.*' . . . . I foresee distinctly that if I were to be idle I should go mad." Go mad he did, from excessive labor; but not till after many a warning and presentiment of the attack of which he died. Years before his death the reluctant conviction forced itself on the mind of his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, that the mighty magician of the pen was losing something of his energy. Though the faculties were there, and occasionally blazed forth with their old meridian splendor, yet his sagacious judgment and matchless memory were frequently at fault:—

> "Among the chords the fingers strayed,
> And an uncertain warbling made."

Ever and anon he paused and looked around him, like one half waking from a dream mocked with shadows. The sad bewilderment of his gaze showed a momentary consciousness that, like Samson in the lap of the Philistine, "his strength was passing from him, and he was becoming weak, like unto other men." Then came the strong effort of aroused will. The clouds dispersed as if before a resistless current of pure air; all was bright and serene as of old; and then the sky was shrouded again in yet deeper darkness, till at last the night of death closed the scene. It is said that Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose intellectual as well as his moral structure was grand and powerful, passed all his days in the dread of a similar intellectual eclipse.

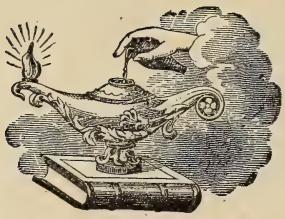
Now, it is but a truism to assert that there can be no such thing as enjoyment or happiness in leading such lives as have just been outlined. While work is necessary, steady, regular work, work up to the full measure of human capacity, yet seasons of rest and recreation are equally essential. It used to be thought that the time spent in sleep was comparatively lost, so far as utility was concerned, but happily this notion is

no longer tenable. In fact, more people die every year for the want of sufficient sleep, than from hardly any other single cause.

The very highest medical authorities in the world now agree that the best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only actual recuperation of brain force; because, during sleep, the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain-substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself these nutritive particles during the state of rest, or quiet and stillness in sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to take up a fresh supply.

With regard to methods, and kinds of recreation, each one must judge for himself. Some are rejuvenated and restored by a simple change of employment, others must indulge in some innocent, harmless game or play, while others again demand total quiet. The one main thing to be looked after is, that the change, or quiet, whichever is chosen, shall be pleasant and agreeable, instead of forced or perfunctory. Whatever a person *loves* to do, is done with far less weariness and exhaustion than labor which is felt to be a drudgery. But neither should recreation, on the other hand, be carried to excess, since play or exercise of any kind pursued to weariness, is just as bad as overwork. The original and primal fact in this matter is, that there is only about so much physical, mental and nervous vitality in each human system to begin with, and when

this amount is overdrawn, your drafts and calls for more power go to protest—that is, are not responded to. In fact, nature keeps as strict an account with each individual as any bank would, and will not honor demands beyond the amount of strength deposited or husbanded. But the only funds necessary to keep the amount good, are proper seasons of rest and recreation, intermingled with a generous diet and a steady occupation.



AUTUMN IN THE COUNTRY.

CHAPTER IV.

Society and Happiness.

Without good company, all dainties
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.
PHILIP MASSINGER.

Unhappy he who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death.
THOMSON.

Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bud. 'Tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.
COWPER.

IN the very beginning, it was declared by the highest possible authority that it was not good for man to be *alone*. This truth, being a fundamental one, holds good for all time. Society and social intercourse, when of a proper kind and not carried to excess, become a very important aid to human enjoyment. The man who has no society of any kind, becomes morbid in his feelings and views, sharp, angular and disagreeably peculiar in his opinions, grows self-conceited, and is apt to fancy himself and his things as the center of the universe in importance and value. And when, with these views, he attempts to make others and the things of others revolve around him and his own affairs, he at once encounters an opposition which either frightens him back into deeper and closer retirement, or else arouses in him an honest but ill-grounded indignation which makes him the laughing-stock of all with whom he attempts to deal. To such an one

life becomes an entirely unsatisfactory, one-sided, and comparatively useless possession. Therefore all should cultivate social relations and thus give vent to the social instincts of their natures. It is good to have self and personal cares go into the background occasionally, and let the interests and welfare of others come to the front. It is good to measure ourselves, our views, feelings, and achievements, by the lives and thoughts of those about us. There is also real culture and refinement to be gained in good society. One gets the sharp angles and rough corners of his nature and manners taken off, he acquires a degree of self-confidence, he learns something of gentility and politeness by the action and influence of social currents, just as stones on the sea-beach become round, smooth, and polished through the continued friction of dashing waves.

Young, bright, and healthful natures should not allow themselves to grow morose, churlish, and ill-natured by selfish isolation from social enjoyments. On the contrary, they should cultivate a genial, cheerful spirit and temper. Such a spirit is of great price and of great power. In the "Merchant of Venice" the dramatist asks,

> Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
> Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
> Sleep when he wakes, and creep into jaundice
> By being peevish?

And to such a question, it may well be replied, "There is no need of it." Better far to cultivate a cheerful social nature whose very presence carries sunshine with it wherever it goes. If there is no joy in the heart, no nobility in the soul, no benevolence and generosity in the mind, a person's whole character will soon grow as cold as an iceberg, hard as granite rock, and as bleak, barren, and arid as the desert of Sahara. Says S. C. Goodrich: "Of all virtues, cheerfulness is the most profitable. It makes the person who exercises it happy, and renders him acceptable to all he meets. While other virtues defer the day of recompense, cheerfulness pays down. It is a cosmetic which makes homeliness graceful and winning, it promotes health and gives clearness and vigor to the mind, it

is the bright weather of the heart in contrast to the clouds and gloom of melancholy."

Again, there is no trait of human nature which is more precious and valuable than a quick and ready sympathy with the joys and woes of others, "rejoicing with those that do rejoice, and weeping with those that weep." Sympathy always marks the true man and the noble nature. And why should we not be sympathetic? The world is a unit in interests, and we all stand or fall together. "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." Humanity is linked together by a thousand different cords, like the different parts of a body. The foot cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee, nor the hand to the head, I have no need of thee. Neither can any one man or woman, or any one class of men or women, stand apart and say to the rest of the world, I can get along without your help. We are all dependent upon one another for more comforts and pleasures than we realize, or even know of. Whittier truly says:

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast:
Pluck but one thread, and the web ye mar,
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.

In fact, this power of social sympathy marks the line of broad distinction between mankind and the lower orders of being. "Though the lower animals have feeling," writes the eloquent Dr. Guthrie of Scotland, "they have no fellow-feeling. Have I not seen the horse enjoying his feed of corn when his yoke-fellow lay a-dying in the neighboring stall, and never turn an eye of pity on the sufferer? They have strong passions, but no sympathy. It is said that the wounded deer sheds tears, but it belongs to man only to divide by sympathy another's sorrows and double another's joys. They say that if a piano is struck in a room where stands another unopened and un-

touched, he who lays his ear to that will hear a string within, as if touched by a shadowy spirit, sound the same note; but more strange and more glorious how the strings of one heart vibrate to those of another." Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, preaching once in a prison, said in his sermon, that the only difference between himself and his hearers was owing to the grace of God. Afterwards one of the prisoners sent for him and asked, "Did you mean what you said about sympathizing with us?" Being assured that the utterance was genuine, he said: "I am here for life, but I can stay more contentedly now that I know I have *a brother out in the world.*" It is said the man behaved so well afterward that he was pardoned, and that he died in the last war thanking God to the last for the preacher's sympathy. "Happy then is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon others as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to move on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners."

But it is not enough to be simply social, in order to be happy, one must have a kind of society which elevates and ennobles, rather than that which depresses and destroys. 'Tis not society alone which blesses, but *good* society. In fact, it would be better to have none at all, than mingle with bad companions. For just as the tree-frog is said to take on the color of whatever he adheres to for a short time, being dark-green when found on green corn, and the color of white-oak bark when attached to that tree, so men and women generally resemble those with whom they associate. The river Thames in England is a sweet and pretty river near its source, but before it gets through the city of London it has been with sewers and drains so much as to become most foul and nauseating. It was intended that the river should purify the sewers, but instead of that the sewers have corrupted the river. So it is with pure minds and morals, and bad company.

The wise old philosopher, Pythagoras, before he admitted any one into his school always inquired into the character of

his associates; and from this circumstance, doubtless, arose the modern proverb, that a man may be known by the company which he keeps. There are some kinds of society whose influence is like an infectious disease, corrupting all who come within reach of it. In fact all society either lifts up or drags down according to its character and quality. Bad boys have ruined many a lad who would otherwise have grown up to be a useful and honorable man, while bad women have slain their victims by thousands. In ancient fable, there was a creature whose name was Circe. She was represented as living in a beautiful palace on an island, where were flowers, music, and many other attractions. Whoever came to see her, as a guest, she first feasted with delicacies and wine, then touched them with a wand and transformed them into lions, tigers, wolves, swine, or some other kind of animal, and set them adrift to roam through her grounds. Not very dissimilar to this, is the effect of bad female society or bad companions of either sex, upon those who would be virtuous, noble, and true.

Again, in order to have social pleasures contribute to happiness they must not be pursued to excess. Many people become so infatuated with society and social intercourse that they are perfectly unhappy when alone, or even when about their daily business. In fact, when this delusion gets fast hold of the mind, all work is turned into drudgery, and the person becomes a miserable loiterer, or a dissatisfied grumbler and complainer, instead of an active, cheerful, healthy and useful worker in the world's great hive of industry. This is a wretched perversion of a noble gift and a pleasurable privilege. We urge, therefore, that all young people should guard themselves in this direction, and not allow the love of society, and especially what is called *fashionable* society, to run away with them. Whenever a person finds himself or herself wishing to be in gay company all the time, and are really unhappy when not in it; whenever the thought of being alone, or of being obliged to work, strikes a dread in the mind, it is then high time to order "down brakes" on the indulgence of the social propensity.

There is hardly any form of dissipation more debilitating or more injurious to body, mind, and heart, than a continual round of parties, balls, and evening entertainments. Whenever anybody gets into such a condition of mind that they must be "on the go" all the time in order to enjoy anything, such a person will soon find themselves "on the go" towards general ruin, or at best, towards practical good-for-nothingness.

While society is good by way of spice or variety, while it has many noble and useful functions to perform in the development and refinement of human nature, yet, perverted from its true intent, it is changed into a source of great evil. It encourages and necessitates extravagance in dress, it includes late hours at night which should be given up to "tired nature's sweet restorer," healthful sleep, it furnishes an occasion for calling out much heart-bitterness in the line of envy and jealousy between rivals and opponents, and serves to evoke much hypocritical dissembling and pretense in the way of friendship. As Cowper says:

> She who invites
> Her dear five hundred friends, but contemns them all
> And dreads their coming—what can they less
> Than shrug and grimace to hide their hate of her.

Such society as this is a curse, and the less one has of it the better. Sincerity and truthfulness and unaffected naturalness and ease are the only social qualities which shine with steady lustre or benefit by their attractive light.

CHAPTER V.

Human Love.

Love is life's end—an end but never ending!
Love is life's wealth—ne'er spent but ever spending!
Love is life's reward—rewarded in rewarding.

Edmund Spenser.

O the tender ties,
Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart,
Which, broken, drains the soul of human joy,
And makes it pain to live.

Edward Young.

Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst for greatness:
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse.

Joseph Addison.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Sir Walter Scott.

THERE are a few persons in the world who affect to despise the sentiment which forms the subject of this chapter. They even go so far in their pretended contempt for it as to pronounce the very word, *love*, with a sort of sneering, drawling tone of voice. They call it sickish, silly, sentimental nonsense, and all that. But, reader, notice it whenever and wherever you will, those persons are generally in one of three different classes, namely: disappointed old maids and bachelors who once wanted to love somebody and tried it, but did not succeed to their heart's satisfaction; or they are sordid, hardened, debased, miserly skin-flints whose

only idea of life is getting money, and who are correctly represented by the character of Shylock in "The Merchant of Vevice"; or they are the so-called intellectual and strong-minded men and women who have sacrificed the better and higher part of their natures for the exclusive pursuit of some inferior good, to the attainment of which they have devoted their lives.

But all three of these classes are at best only abnormal and unhealthy specimens of humanity. Naturally unlovable themselves by nature or by choice, they try to drag down everybody and everything else around them to their own base level of existence, and like Satan in "Paradise Lost," speak disparagingly of those "high seats above" on a happier plane of life which they feel they may never hope to secure. All healthy, right-minded and normally-constructed beings, however, never occupy any such attitude towards this passion of the soul, as that which has just been described; for they know too well that love is the very life-blood of happiness, and constitutes the native element in which it lives, moves and has its being. They know that what the air is to the lungs, that love is to the life of the heart. They know that love and happiness are (to change the figure) like the two faces of the same golden coin. They know that this delightful compound of sentiment and feeling enters into the best, highest, deepest, and purest joy of earth. They feel like Scott, that not only is heaven above the realm of love, but that the very nature of God himself, as well as the very essence of all religion, is comprehended in the one magic word which rests on so many human lips and nestles so warmly in so many human hearts.

But love is of various kinds and qualities, and so also is happiness. In its lowest form, love is hardly more than simple passion, or lust. But it does not stay here long, it goes up into the region of sentiment and fancy and thereby becomes æsthetic in nature. It next lays a strong hold upon the imagination, and through this door enters the heart. Still farther on in its development it becomes a fixed habit of existence, or the ruling and governing power in the whole

nature. It then controls thought, feeling, action, and when associated with religion is a twin motive with the principle of duty. As such, it is man's highest teacher and best inward monitor. It elevates the soul and all its outgoings. It antagonizes everything like barbarity in human nature, and so becomes like a "refiner and purifier of silver." It stimulates and encourages every noble endeavor and rewards the doer with garlands of satisfaction and delight. It is the spur to all self-conquest, as well as the subjugator of all external obstacles and impediments in nature. Says George Chapman, an early dramatist,

> Love is nature's second sun,
> Causing a spring of virtues where'er it shines.
> And as without a sun, the world's great eye,
> All colors, beauties, both of art and nature,
> Are given in vain to man; so without love
> All beauties bred in woman are in vain,
> All virtues born in men lie buried;
> For love reveals them as a sun doth color.
> And as the sun reflecting his warm beams
> Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
> So love, fair shining in the inward man,
> Brings forth in him the honorable fruits
> Of valor, wit, virtue, and noble thoughts,
> Brave resolution and divine discourse.

We find the same thought happily expressed again in the well-known comedy of "Love's Labor Lost:"

> Love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
> Lives not alone immured within the brain;
> But with the motion of all elements
> Courses as swift as thought in every power,
> And gives to every power a double power
> Above their functions and their offices.

Has the reader ever seen the flight of an English skylark? Starting from the ground on which he builds his lowly nest, he circles his way upward through the air, rising higher and higher and pouring back a flood of deep, rich song as he ascends; when finally lost to view in the cerulean sky above, he still sends downward the entrancing echoes of his melody even

after his form is hidden in clouds. So love starts from the ground nest of physical nature, rises, as already outlined, into the upper air of sentiment and fancy, takes hold of the imagination and through that door enters the heart, and ever singing as it goes, stops not in its penetrating progress until it is lost to outward sight in that hidden department of the soul where it links itself with the Divine, whence it floods the whole being with emotions of tenderest quality and with songs of exquisite melody.

This is our view, but a popular writer and speaker says: "Love amid the other graces in this world, is like a cathedral tower which begins on the earth and at first is surrounded by the other parts of the structure. But at length, rising above buttressed walls and arch and parapet and pinnacle, it shoots, spire-like, many a foot right into the air—so high that the huge cross on its summit glows like a star in the evening sky, when the rest of the pile is enveloped in darkness. Here, love divides the honors with the other graces, but they will have felt the wrap of night and darkness about them, when *it* will shine luminous against the sky of eternity."

Gail Hamilton has compared love and its workings to "a molecule of oxygen which roams lonely through the vast universe yearning for its mate and finding no rest, until, of a sudden, it meets a molecule of hydrogen in a quiet nook; when lo! a rush, an embrace, and then no more either oxygen or hydrogen, but a diamond drop of dew sparkling on the white bosom of the lily." But the truth of the matter is, as Peter Bayne declares, "love has a thousand modes and forms, all of which may be consistent with reality and truth. It may come to some like the burst of morning light, kindling the whole soul into new life and radiance, or it may grow inaudibly and unknown in others until its roots are found to be through and through the heart entwined with every fibre."

For love is a plant of strange growth, writes Augusta Evans, "now lifting its head feebly in rich, sunny spots where every fostering influence is enjoyed, and now springing vigorous from barren, rocky cliffs, defying adverse elements and sending its

fibrous roots deeper and deeper in uncongenial soil; now bending before the fierce breath of storms only to erect itself more firmly, and sometimes spreading its delicate petals on the edge of eternal snow—but in all cases, self-sustaining, invincible, and immortal."

The following incident will serve to illustrate the strength of this sentiment when once aroused and in full control of the heart: A young Englishman, Gilbert Becket by name, enlisted as a soldier in the Crusades, and being taken prisoner became a slave to a Saracen prince, where he not only obtained the confidence of his master, but was also loved by his master's fair daughter. By and by he had a chance to escape from his bondage and went back to his native land. But the devoted girl with her loving heart followed him. She knew but two words of the English language, and these were—*London* and *Gilbert*; but by repeating the first she obtained passage in a vessel to the great English metropolis, and then she went from street to street pronouncing the other word, "Gilbert." A crowd collected about her, asking a thousand questions, but to one and all she returned the same answer—"Gilbert." At last she came to the street on which Gilbert really lived in a prosperous condition. The usual crowd drew the family to the window, Gilbert himself saw and recognized her, and took to his arms and home his far-come princess with her solitary fond word.

For a similar illustration of the power of the same sentiment in the heart of a man, read the closing stanza of Edgar A. Poe's famous poem entitled, "Annabel Lee:"—

O the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Therefore, reader mine, whoever you are, whether man, woman, youth, maiden, or child, remember if you ever wish to

know the meaning of true earthly joy and of sweetest happiness below, you must never in a fit of wanton folly or despair, pluck the brightest jewel from the diadem of your faculties and cast it ruthlessly away, or seek to trample it beneath the iron hoof of lordly ambition or encrust it with the cankerous greed of gold. Above all things else, keep your heart-life, which is always the life of love, fresh, sweet, tender and sympathetic. The golden wealth of India or the nobler wealth of intellectual power can never compensate for the rarer and more precious wealth of deep, true, genuine affection. The love of a child! what more beautiful and innocent and attractive than that? The love of youth! what can be richer and happier? As Moore says:—

> New hope may bloom,
> And days may come
> Of milder, brighter beam,
> But there's nothing half so sweet in life
> As Love's young dream.

As young men and maidens grow up and mature in thought and feeling, there comes to them a time when a new joy breaks in upon their hearts, like a tide from a distant sea or a breath from a fairer land. Under the influence of this strange, sweet feeling, the world begins to wear a new aspect, and life takes on a fuller and deeper significance. Cherish the visit of this heavenly messenger to your heart, for such he will prove himself to be, if properly entertained and guarded and kept. Throw not away your treasure lightly, but keep it until you can bestow it worthily. Its presence and power are never to be regretted unless they lead you into folly, shame and crime. The love of a mother! what is holier, purer, or stronger? The love of a father! how courageous and deep! The love of brother and sister! how tender and true! The love of God! how infinite and all-embracing! Tell me, reader, is there anything "sickish, silly, or sentimental," about all these? Ah, no;—

> "True love's the gift which God hath given
> To man alone beneath the heaven.
> Its holy flame for ever burneth,

From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
It liveth not in fierce desire,
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind
In body and in soul doth bind."

This is an age when heart-life is apparently dying out, and passion, intense business rivalry, cold, heartless ambition or intellectual pre-eminence are seeking with desperate energy to usurp Love's throne. It were well if the fire of true affection were kindled afresh on the Heart's purer altar. There is plenty of passion in society, yea, too much of it; plenty of jealousy and envy, and strife after social pre-eminence, and all that, but where is the good, pure, old-fashioned love between persons which used to be seen and enjoyed? Has it gone as a dream of the past, never to come back any more, or is it a purely mythical or imaginary possession? Or, have we become so intensely civilized as not to need such an element any longer? Several things conspire to crush out or keep down this life of the heart, which is a life of sentiment, of beauty, and of love.

On the physical and material side of life, there is the race after wealth and place and power; a race so all-engrossing as to absorb every energy of one's being; a race, in the heat and strife of which every green herb of love in the heart is hopelessly withered or consumed. No blast from fiery furnace is more destructive to flowers than this deadly scramble after money is to all the finer and nobler feelings of the soul. How much better to possess less outwardly, and be infinitely richer within! In its reactive influence, at least, one thrill of genuine love in the soul is of far more value than any amount of currency in the pocket. And as a nation we are poor in this life of the heart, simply because we are all so nearly crazy to be rich.

On the intellectual side of life the present all absorbing interest in scientific investigation is injuring this life of the heart. For science by its very nature can only deal with facts,

laws and forces, and so it tends inevitably towards intellectual materialism. It is true, there are facts of sentiment and of love and of beauty, as there are of geology and philosophy, still the scientist as such confines himself in his studies almost wholly to tangible materials and concrete, practical phenomena, and so excludes from his thought everything of an immaterial or ideal character. And the tendency to this study is making men hard, cold, selfish, and skeptical, simply because it helps to kill out this heart-life, this warm, genial, sympathetic life of love in the soul. And on this account the sciences will always be inferior to the classics as a means of culture, because they do not appeal to the better side of human nature, do not waken into life the higher emotions, do not call out nor develop the life of sentiment and of beauty in the mind. Better be less intellectual and more loving in a world like this! No amount of talent can compensate for a dead, cold heart.

On the society side of life where the force and power of women are felt, there is a vanity and an excessive love of dress and display which is killing out this tender love and sympathy. And as women are the natural and heaven-appointed guardians of this higher, finer, and better life of humanity, when they become derelict and degenerate, the pupils of course suffer with them. For man is woman's pupil in this life of love—God made her as his teacher—and when she lowers the tone of her own heart-life, she pulls down the whole social fabric with her. We plead, then, for a re-invigoration of our individual and national heart-life, for a return to the days of good, honest, sincere, genuine affection between man and man, and man and woman. The true feeling of a true woman in regard to this subject is beautifully expressed by Mrs. Emily C. Judson (formerly Fanny Forrester) in a poem called, "My Angel Guide." Two or three stanzas read as follows:

I gazed down life's dim labyrinth
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue
And wild as wild could be;
But as I gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide.
I knew him even then, * * * *
And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way;
And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay;
While easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day!

And, on the other hand, the true feelings of a true man on the same theme, are aptly embodied in some lines from Byron:

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
A feeling from the Godhead caught
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray from Him who formed the whole—
A glory circling round the soul!

CHAPTER VI.

COURTSHIP.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death,
And with a loyal gravity.
Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her by your *truthful* words
Pure from courtship's flatteries.
Then her Yes once said to you,
Shall be Yes forevermore.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Look how the blue-eyed violets
Glance love to one another!
Their little leaves are whispering
The vows they may not smother.
The birds are pouring passion forth
In every blossoming tree—
If flowers and birds talk love, lady,
Why not we?

T. BUCHANAN READ.

His feeling words her quickened sense much pleased
And softly sunk into her happy heart;
Heart that is inly hurt is greatly eased
With hope of thing that may assuage its smart;
For pleasing words are like to magic art.

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and then
Sittest love-glorified!—Rule kindly,

Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!
DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

WE do much fear that those very wise and would-be superior beings who were mentioned and partly described at the beginning of the last chapter, will be doubly shocked when they find us passing on from one topic to another in our contemplated "sentimental journey," treating of Love, Courtship and Marriage in succession; but we cannot help it if they are. To be true to the facts of life, and to accurately indicate the elements of human happiness is of more consequence in our view than either their smiles or frowns. So, having written of love in general in the preceding chapter, we now come to one of the more concrete and practical exhibitions or applications of it in actual life.

The period of courtship in human experience is not only very real and tangible, but also very important as well; and a period, moreover, which is seldom forgotten after being once enjoyed—or endured. That a good deal of the "courting" which is ordinarily done by lovers is silly in itself, and looks supremely so to uninterested outsiders, we readily admit. But what of it, so long as it enters into, and constitutes one of the principal ingredients of the cup of human happiness? Some one has truly said that "he who is not foolish half of the time, is all," and there is much of philosophy and good sense wrapped up in the remark. We cannot be wise and profound, grave and dignified all of the time, if we try. Washington Irving in his "Knickerbocker" describes some of those old Dutch Governors of New York as sitting on a judicial bench all day and rarely smiling or speaking, but those men, it must be remembered, were very fat, heavy and logy, and smoked and drank beer incessantly; and therefore can hardly be compared with the modern "live Yankee" inhabiting the country to-day. There is only one kind of bird that never indulges in fun, (so far as we know) and that is an owl; the rest of them chipper and coo and make love to each other just as boys and

girls do, and seemingly enjoy it as much. We shall therefore only speak the truth when we aver that in the good, old-fashioned process of courtship as carried on between young men and maidens,—and between old ones also if they ever have occasion to repeat their love-experience—there lies a very large share of tangible comfort and genial enjoyment.

In the first place, courtship is a great civilizing agency. Nothing ever takes the bashfulness and awkwardness out of a great, green, overgrown boy like the fiery ordeal of "going to see his girl," especially if any one else is "around" except the enamored pair. And nothing ever puts a young, unsophisticated girl on her mettle more than to properly receive and entertain her first youthful lover. The experience is sometimes highly amusing to others, and often highly excruciating to the parties themselves; but the simple result and outcome of it all is, that it does them both good in more senses than one, and they both come out of it more matured in thought and feeling and better prepared for life than before they met. Charles Lamb has described an experience of this kind in verse which is too rich and true to life to pass by.—

> Ah! I remember well (and how can I
> But evermore remember well) when first
> Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
> The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed
> And looked upon each other, and conceived
> Not what we ail'd—yet something we did ail;
> And yet were well, and yet were not well,
> And what was our disease we could not tell.

In this connection, we cannot do better than quote also Edmund Clarence Stedman's exquisite poem on the pleasures, trials and consequences of "seeing a girl home from meeting" in the country for the first time. The man or woman who can read it without interest, or without feeling a warm thrill run through his or her heart, even though well on in years, has a nature, or has had an experience in life, which is legitimate matter for the exercise of pity. And the man or woman who cannot recall a similar experience in his or her own heart-

history, is also to be commiserated as having never yet felt a species of joy which comes to the heart but once or rarely during a whole lifetime.

The conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.
Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.
I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet
Her face with youth and health was beaming.
The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!
So lightly touched my jacket cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended; * * *
She shook her ringlets from her head
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
For I was sure she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slily peeping through it; * *
My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!

> To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill,
> I'd give—But who can live life over?

The pleasures of "love's young dream" usually come to the heart in its earlier years. A young man, for example, is busy with the plottings of ambition. He is trying to find out how to be great and distinguished by doing something which the long line of heroes, gone before, had never been able to accomplish. Up to a given time of his life he had looked down with scorn, it may be, upon all exhibitions of the tender passion. But suddenly, in some unexpected nook or corner, or on some thronged street of the world, he meets a fair face, the sight of which instantly holds him in thrall, as did the vision of the fairy frigate of Ellen Douglass which shot out from the shores of Loch Katrine, the heart of "Snowdoun's Knight and Scotland's King." He remembers that face—in fact, cannot forget it. It haunts his dreams and fully occupies his waking hours. He follows it, and makes the acquaintance of the "little divinity in pink" to whom it belongs. Acquaintance ripens into friendship, and friendship culminates in love.

And now a new light shines on that young man's path, new thoughts and projects, plans and hopes, come trooping through his brain. His whole ideal of life has been changed, and he now concludes that to be true and loving is infinitely higher, better, and sweeter, than simply to be great. Shall we ask what is the matter with our young friend? What it is that leads him into reverie when alone; what gives new interest to a class of reading which had heretofore been wholly neglected; what that fills his whole being at favored moments with rapturous and intense delight? Ah! what can it be but "the old, old story," ever old yet ever new, ever fresh and ever true?

Human nature being essentially the same, whether in man or in woman, we need not stop here to draw a companion picture to the above, representing the state of things in the heart and life of the maiden who keeps our young friend company during this halcyon period of courtship. But we pass on to consider some of the graver aspects of this stage of youthful

existence. It is altogether too true that much of the courtship of ordinary young people is carried on under false colors and with a deliberate idea of deception in the mind of one or both of the parties. This of course is altogether wrong, absolutely unmanly and unwomanly, and very dangerous.

The essential design of courtship is to furnish both parties with an opportunity of getting intimately acquainted with each other's characteristics and dispositions before the final word is spoken which bind them together for life. And to further this end, there must be perfect transparency of movement and actions, and perfect honesty of purpose and motive. During the period of courtship, the first wild flush of youthful love which has led to the mutual association, should strengthen, ripen, and consolidate into a sober attachment solid and enduring enough to form an adequate basis for marriage. Hence, great caution is needed here, and also the exercise of the best judgment of both parties. Mistakes are easy and often lead to fatal results.

Says the Rev. Dr. Wise, "When a young man feels a fondness arising in his mind for a young lady, he should hold it in check until he can discover who and what she is. A lady, wreathed in smiles and moving with cautious effort to conceal defects of temper or of intellect, can soon acquire an irresistable influence over the mind of an attentive lover unless he is well on his guard. And it will be far better for him to stifle his affection at the beginning, if he discovers her unfitness to be his wife, than to go on heedlessly and bear the life-long agony of an imprudent marriage. In like manner, the paramount question with every young lady concerning the man who is paying her particular attentions should be, 'is he worthy of my love?' And her first aim should be to decide this question, carefully and honestly, by studying his character, observing his appearance and conduct, and inquiring into his history, standing and parentage."

Of course, we are not so foolish and unreasonable as to suppose that every young man and woman, engaged in courtship, will not strive to appear "at their best" when in the company

of each other. This striving is both natural and inevitable and altogether harmless, provided that there is no deliberate intention to deceive. In this, as in all other cases, it is the purpose and motive which constitutes criminality. In fact, it would be impossible for real lovers *not* to appear at their best. Love acts as a mighty stimulant to all the powers of body, mind and heart, and any good person under its influence will turn their best side outward as innocently and unconsciously as a flower opens its petals to the shining sun. Shakespere says in "Midsummer Night's Dream," that so strong is this power that

> Things base and vile, holding no quality,
> Love can transpose to form and dignity.

And a little further on he declares that

> Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
> And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.

Hence the best, and almost the only time to correct mistakes in affection is at the beginning of courtship, before the passion by indulgence has become so strong and deep that a rupture of its ties would be attended with more danger and disaster, than their continuance.

One of the most singular and sensible specimens of courtship correspondence which has come down to us is found in the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, written to her lover previous to marriage. We acknowledge that to our liking they are a trifle cool and business-like, yet the good sense and the entire absence of infatuation which they display, are altogether remarkable and very commendable. She says:— * * "If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another: 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely nec-

essary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good humor, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural funds of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me), though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved wife would be troublesome. People are not for ever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion.

"To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect, for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in a smooth tranquillity. I shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and *you* will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country, but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls in love with his dogs and his horses, and *out* of love with everything else. I am not now arguing in favor of the town; you have answered me as to that point. In respect to your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, if necessary to be happy, that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are." * *

Again, writing on the same subject, she adds:—"Where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow

weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects: which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity has extinguished; but there is no returning from a flatness given by satiety."

The story is told of a young man, paying particular attentions to a young lady, that he was invited into the parlor one day to wait her appearance. While there, a little sister some five years old skipped in and said to him, "I wish you would stay here all the time, for when you are coming, sister begins to sing and be good, gives me cake and pie and anything I want; but when you are gone sister is not so good; she gets mad and slaps and bangs me about." The revelation came just in time, for the young man took his hat and left before the fickle, deceiving siren had got ready to show herself, and never went there again. Served her right.

It is an unpleasant fact—but a fact nevertheless—that many courtships and marriage ventures are not governed or carried on from motives of pure love at all, but rather by considerations of convenience, policy, property, social distinctions, and a hundred other kindred motives. Love, however, is the only natural and divinely-ordained basis on which such relationship can stand secure. And where this true love exists there need be no apprehension of failure in the carrying out of matrimonial designs, for love's mysterious alchemy, encountering impeding elements or obstacles, turns them all into gold, and so prepares the way for the crowning realization of its hopes. What a world of sorrow and pain and anguish of heart, of domestic, legal, and social difficulty would be avoided, if the little winged god could be allowed to maintain his place at the helm of every matrimonial craft all the voyage through!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM. Page 344.

But where baser natures predominate, and young ladies are willing to barter themselves soul and body, for the uncertain emoluments of wealth, so long must they risk the consequences of matrimonial failure, or unenviable notoriety, of more or less social scandal, and possibly of a secret heart-ache. The only effectual way of preventing social disasters is to elevate the nature and idea of courtship association; or, rather, to bring it back to its divine and original idea—to make it a matter of the heart, primarily and fundamentally, leaving all items of wealth, position, and the like, to be arranged as strictly secondary and subordinate details. Courtship or marriage, in any case, without love as the inspiring and controlling motive, is a gigantic blunder, a desperate expedient, an enormous social crime. Said Themistocles the wise Athenian ruler, "If compelled to choose, I would bestow my daughter upon a man without money, sooner than upon money without a man." And so would every other wise man.

It is also usual during this period of courtship for parties to enter into what is called a "marriage engagement." Is the practice to be commended? We think not for many reasons. The fact of such an engagement is the starting-point of innumerable legal, domestic, and social difficulties. It leads to many law-suits for breach of promise in the courts. It often lets loose a deluge of scandal in regard to the parties. It offers a temptation to designing women to sue their disgusted lovers from a feeling of revenge, or to extort money from them unjustly. It sometimes leaves a stain upon the names of the parties which years may not efface. Again, what real or practical good do these engagements do to either party, except to furnish a convenient hook, sometimes, on which to hang a suit in case of a failure of expectations? More than this, what good have such engagements ever done, except to create, it may be, for the time being, a feeling of importance in the youthful mind while contemplating the existence of the blissful bargain, and then again, it may be, to create a feeling of life-long sorrow over the unenviable notoriety gained when the bargain does not happen to hold good, all the journey through?

Will it be urged, in reply, that such contracts between young single persons make the "courting business" more regular, normal and legitimate than it would otherwise be? Will it be said that such contracts have a binding force upon the parties involved, preventing them, after such a contract has been entered into, from giving any more loose rein to their fancy or affections; that it *holds* them to marriage and so makes it better both for them and for the world at large? Or will it be asserted that as no two persons can walk together unless they are agreed, this "engagement" is nothing more than such a necessary agreement put into form and shape; that it is simply a mutual understanding arrived at by the persons interested?

If the latter point only were true, there were no need of discussion; for a practice at once so harmless and so essential ought surely to be allowed to pass unchallenged. But every one knows there is vastly more than this in such a marriage engagement; that it has legal power and force; that it is considered in a court as authoritative, valid and binding as an oath; and that thereby it prepares the way for an almost endless amount of social and domestic trouble. It was not uncommon in the days of our fathers and mothers for young people to get the Bible down, place it between them, and over its hallowed covers vow eternal fidelity and love. And when such a transaction had taken place, the parties considered themselves as virtually bound to each other as though they had repeated the priestly rite before an altar "in the presence of God and these witnesses."

It seems as though a moment's reflection would convince every candid mind that all the engagements in the world could never add a single jot or tittle to the force of true love; but on the other hand, that its inevitable tendency and power would be to abate love rather that increase or solidify it, Nothing is so entirely impatient of all force and restraint as human affection. The least suspicion of anything which acts as a fetter or chain, is enough to take the heart out of all love instantly, and force it, like an angry tide, against the barrier

which obstructs its path. Love and freedom are twin-born passions, and are usually found in mutual companionship. But, whenever the idea of compulsion is brought to bear upon human love, then the character of that love begins to change at once, and the power of it begins to weaken in the heart.

Who knows the amount of domestic social misery which has been occasioned by the simple fact of these marriage engagements becoming irksome and galling to one or the other of the parties, before the happy day had been fixed? How many breach of promise suits have originated primarily in this feeling of compulsion? The thought enters the mind some day as carelessly, perhaps, as a thistle down floats into the window at summer-time; but it lodges, it remains, it germinates, grows, becomes rooted, brings forth fruit which severs hearts, disunites households, makes a noise, starts a report, leaves a permanent blight on one side or the other.

We are persuaded it would be better for all parties concerned if none of these binding engagements were entered into at all. If a young man and woman love each other well enough to marry, and so express themselves to each other, let the mutual understanding which such an expressson of feeling will invariably create, be always accompanied by another mutual understanding to the effect that whenever either party desires to be released from these silken bonds and this implied agreement, there is and shall be up to the very day of marriage the most perfect liberty to carry such a desire into effect. The only marriage engagement in the world worth a straw is the one founded upon, cemented by, and built up into an ever-growing attachment in the heart. Such a proviso, inserted into every marriage contract, would take away all idea of compulsion, promote a feeling of freedom within, and instantly stop all talk and scandal if the parties saw fit to separate before the act of marriage took place. It would also stop all suits at law over broken promises and vows, and still further prevent whole oceans of scandal from being emptied, every now and then, into the social arena of life. Moreover, the

existence of such a proviso would tend to make young ladies more chary of their matrimonial secrets, more reticent concerning their designs, less liable to make a parade of rings upon a certain finger of the left hand, and not half so bold in purchasing and then boasting of their elaborate and elegant *trousseaux*.

CHAPTER VII.

Marriage.

If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
And all my fortunes at thy feet I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Romeo and Juliet.

Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing—
Wed, or cease to woo.

Thos. Campbell.

Happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

Thomson's Seasons.

Fom the beginning of the creation, God made them male and female; and for this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh.

Mark, x: 6, 7.

IT will be seen from the biblical quotation just given, what was the original design of God with reference to men and women in this world. And from this creative purpose, as from a primordial cell-germ, there has been evolved on the one hand, love, which is the best of all human experiences; courtship, which is like unto it in flavor and quality; marriage, which is the consummate fruitage of love's growth; connubial and parental felicity, which is the "only bliss of paradise that has survived the fall;" sweet and blessed

companionship in life, than which there can be no greater privilege this side of heaven; and congenial soul-union, which is the perfection of earthly joy. While from out this same original design as from a Pandora-box of evil, there has flowed on the other hand, personal antipathy, ripening into positive hatred; deception; forced wedlock, which is but an open hell; ill-assorted unions; unmated and wretched hearts; divorce; cruelty; blighting shame or consuming grief; madness and murder! F. W. Robertson was right when he said "there are two rocks in this world of ours on which all souls must either anchor or be wrecked—one is God, and the other is the sex opposite." In other words, religion and marriage are two of the most fundamental and most important interests of life.

Comparing life to a passage o'er a restless flood, marriage is like a suspension-bridge which spans the torrent; and over this structure the long train of humanity has ever walked with joyful or weary feet. Do not be frightened, reader, at the somewhat sombre opening of this chapter. We shall not intentionally conjure up frightful ogres to discourage you from fulfilling your "manifest destiny," neither shall we knowingly paint the picture of married life as all sunshine and flowers; for neither delineation would be true to fact. In this state, as in all others, there is a mixture of pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow. In other words, marriage is a "Bitter-Sweet," with the sweet predominating, if the proper conditions are observed. Longfellow is entirely right when he says

> As the cord unto the bow is,
> So is woman unto the man:
> *Useless each without the other.*

In childhood days, the young girls at school were wont to form a circle and go round and round repeating in chorus the well-worn lines,

> "The happiest life that ever was led,
> Is always to court and never to wed;"

and judging from the actions of many children of a larger growth now, the same sentiment is quite extensively cher-

ished. There is many a pert young Miss (and now and then a pert old one, also,) who declares with a species of bitter disdain that

"The hour of marriage ends the female reign,
And we give all we have to buy a chain;
Hire men to be our lords, who were our slaves,
And bribe our lovers to be perjured knaves.

But these are among that large and growing number of female butterflies who had rather continue to bask in a lover's smiles and attentions, than assume the responsibilities and cares of a permanent married state. These stoutly aver that "she that takes the best of husbands puts on a golden fetter; for husbands are like painted fruit which promise much, but still deceive us when we come to try them." And then, growing bolder with outspoken contempt, they sometimes loudly proclaim that

"Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate;
While love, kept at distance, is divine,
Obliging, and says everything that's fine."

But on the other hand, there are many more true and noble women who would echo the words of Mrs. Hemans when she writes thus of her husband:

I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That e'er fond woman's knew:
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
For my own, my treasured share
In all the secrets of thy soul,
Thy sorrows and thy care.

I bless thee for kind looks and words
Showered on my path like dew;
For all the love in those deep eyes,
A gladness ever new!
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied
But in kindly tones of cheer;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here.

Or again with another they would acknowledge that "the tying of two in wedlock is as the tuning of two lutes in one key; one cannot be delighted, but the other rejoiceth." They would joyfully declare that "marriage, rightly understood, gives to the tender and the good, a paradise below."

Still, it cannot be denied that the hour when a young couple stand up before the altar and take upon themselves vows and promises which can end, properly and lawfully, only with the life of one of the parties, is as solemn as it is interesting. Both are inexperienced in the ways of the world, and both are ignorant of the thousand trials and perplexities of the life before them, and yet both are so confiding and trustful, and so full of hope, anticipation, and joy, that it seems to them, in their blindness, that nothing can ever shake their settled bliss. But what makes the father and mother and intimate friends often weep at these wedding festivals? Mrs. Hemans says,

> Holy and pure are the drops that fall
> When the young bride goes from the father's hall
> For she goes unto love untried and new,
> And parts from love which hath aye been true.

What makes the aged spectators weep? It is doubtless mingled recollection and anticipatory foreboding. It is the knowledge of future contingencies and possibilities which has been gained, perchance, by bitter experience. The old people know, if the young couple does not, that "honeymoons" are generally short-lived, and after the calm frequently comes a storm.

It is probably true that the majority of young people enter upon the married state with altogether too high and extravagant notions about what they are to experience and enjoy in this new sphere of life. As love is largely ideal in its nature, the imagination often carries away captive all the more solid and sober faculties of the mind, and feeds the two smitten souls with a sweet compound of fancies and phantoms, "cooked to a turn, and nicely seasoned." But even this temporary delusion is one of the kindly provisions of nature and should always be accounted such.

"When the altar of religion
Greets the expectant bridal pair,
And the vow that lasts till dying
Vibrates on the sacred air;
When man's lavish protestations
Doubts of after-change defy,
Comforting the fairer spirit
Bound his servitor for aye;
When beneath love's silver moonbeams
Many rocks in shadow sleep
Undiscovered, till possession
Shares the dangers of the deep—
It is well we cannot see
What the end will be."

It is not to be denied that there is more or less of disappointment and consequent unhappiness in married life, but so there is in unmarried life, as well. No condition or position is free from vexations and crosses, trials and sorrows, for these are the common lot of all. But much of the prevailing married misery of our time is self-caused and altogether needless. In the olden time, before people got so crazy in this country over imaginary prospects of suddenly getting rich and great by lucky investments or profitable speculations; before all became so deeply dissatisfied with ordinary homes, moderate incomes and limited opportunities; before sham and shoddy and braggadocio became the order of the day, boys and girls used to grow up healthily, love each other naturally and fervently, marry sensibly, live happily, and die peacefully; leaving behind them large families and a fair competence in the way of accumulated savings. But now everybody seems to be trying to tear in pieces all that the past has built up, and are putting nothing in its place. As a natural consequence, amidst the general upheaval, home, the family, and married life, have suffered fearfully and are yet suffering. Divorces, separations, scandals and murders multiply on every hand.

But the prevailing causes of such a state of things is found not in marriage or married life *per se*, but in the general state of the country, the wide diffusion of false ideas, the

universal condition of restlessness, uneasiness and morbid dissatisfaction with everything and everybody, self included, and in the increasing number of unwise matches. The number of pairs yoked in unsympathetic wedlock is always large. All marriages in which the strength of fleshly passion is the predominating motive, are liable to prove disastrous—and the number of these is always enormous. All marriages where one party continues to grow and the other to depreciate, mentally or morally, will surely bring about a state of unhappiness in the course of time. All marriages in which one or both parties have been grossly deceived, are liable to the same fatal termination.

Neither is it to be denied that the man or woman who finds himself or herself tied up for life to the companionship of one with whom there can be, owing to diversity of nature, no real congeniality or sympathy, is an object of sincerest commiseration. To be compelled to live with one you cannot thoroughly respect and esteem, as well as love, (for all true love is grounded in esteem); to inwardly loathe the presence and sight of one and still be forced by inexorable vows to associate with him or her; to feel degraded by such association and not be able to break it off, is a species of refined torture and agony of spirit which can hardly be surpassed in the infernal regions. To sit by, imprisoned in heart and mind, and see the thronging multitudes around, and know that among them there are many whom you *could* love, purely and devotedly, if you were only free to do so; to realize that life is becoming a failure through the sad consequences of an early mistake which cannot be rectified, is to produce in actual life a literal embodiment of the mythical story of Tantalus.

Under such circumstances it becomes an interesting question how much may prison-bound husbands and wives love their friends and associates without trespassing upon the sanctity of each other's rights, or breaking over the line of decorum and lawfulness. Of course the temptation to believe in the doctrine of free-love, in such a position, is very great, but no pure heart would entertain such a thought for a mo-

ment. Right through this little open door, however, comes in that domestic fiend, jealousy, whom the old English poets and dramatists sought to kill by piercing it with such dagger-like epithets as "a canker-worm," "a green-eyed monster," the "daughter of envy," a "subtle liar," a "pale hag," an "infernal fury," a "merciless destroyer," a "false seducer of hearts," a "yellow-tinging plague," and "the ugliest fiend of hell."

This feeling of domestic and family exclusiveness is always most unreasonable among those of least intelligence, least refinement, and least general culture. As a general rule, (with notable exceptions of course) the finer the nature, the better the breeding, the more cultivated the taste of a person, the less inclined is he or she to jealous exactions of a partner in this respect. It would seem that the words of the highest moral authority in the universe ought to be sufficient in regard to this matter, but still the fact remains that they are not. We allude to that broad and comprehensive command of the Saviour that each one should "love his neighbor as himself, and should do unto others as he would have others do unto him." This command, we think, rightly interpreted and properly applied, would cover this question entirely.

Marriage and married life were never designed to be an instrument for promoting or increasing in the world the accursed spirit of human selfishness. If it were so designed, it would be a curse instead of a blessing.

A home should not be guarded like a Turkish harem by the jealous eye of either husband or wife. Neither should one's entire thought or affection be confined within its walls. To insist on this is to make the world more wretched than it naturally is, or need be. What the society of to-day wants more than any other one thing that can be mentioned, is more cosmopolitan love, more general disinterested regard, more universal affection among its different members; and were this bestowed with greater freedom, there would not be as many barren, desolate spots in life's journey, nor so many weary, aching, starved hearts. Every one, in normal mood

or condition, wants to be loved, and every one ought to be loved. Love is the celestial pabulum of the soul's life, and without it men and women pine, wither, or become hardened and reckless.

Some entirely impracticable people are always saying that married folks should bestow upon each other the same delicate and unwearied attentions through life, that they did during the courtship period. This is good advice if it could be carried out. Many couples are already so far estranged from each other that any attempt at a resuscitation of the "former things," would be both awkward and annoying, and might possibly increase dislike, instead of drawing together in closer friendship and more loving harmony. A safer rule therefore is that both strive to adjust themselves to their new relationships, rather than try to perpetuate a state that has passed away. In one sense a married pair can be lovers still; but in another more important and more fundamental aspect, they *never* can be lovers again. The Rubicon of uncertainty is past, and they are yoked or mated for life; and they must now bend their united energies to the prosecution of their appropriate life-work. They must take no backward steps, but push on in thought, in feeling, in endeavor. Accordingly let both strive to be *married* lovers, rather than unmarried ones. As "Hudibras" Butler says:

> All love at first, like generous wine,
> Ferments and frets until 'tis fine,
> But when 'tis settled on the lee,
> And from the impurer matter free,
> Becomes the richer still, the older.

Moore also echoes the same thought thus:

> Although my heart in earlier youth
> Might kindle with more wild desire,
> Believe me, it has gained in truth
> Much more than it has lost in fire.

On the other hand, neither the husband nor the wife can safely say to himself or herself: "Now that I am married, I

have nothing more to do with the matter of love. Those days are past, and I must now give attention to sterner duties and cares." To say this, or to feel this, is to inaugurate, sooner or later, a reign of domestic misery. Particularly disastrous will it prove, if the wife assumes this attitude of mind. She is the ordained Priestess of Love in every home. She is sheltered and protected by her home, while the husband is daily exposed to the rough-and-tumble, debauching, petrifying influences of the outside business world. And as, before marriage, the husband took the initiative in all acts of affection, she being compelled by her nature to receive rather than give, so now that relations have changed, duties and actions should change also. She need feel no longer any maiden restraint, but should at once come forward and take her place as love's High Priest, and make her home a sanctuary of peace, happiness and quiet order. And instead of sinking down or giving back in thought, feeling, or endeavor, she should advance to new conquests and to higher planes of excellence and attainment until, in her husband's soul, a deep and thorough esteem, a profound and genuine regard, fills the place formerly occupied by the fiercer fires of zeal. My lady readers may not relish the statement, but we believe, nevertheless, that upon the internal attitude and external conduct of the wife, depends the pleasure and success of married life more than upon all other influences combined. Because

> "Man's love is of man's life a thing, a part,
> But 'tis woman's whole existence."

It requires indeed a great deal of attention, care, prudence, watchfulness, foresight, quick intuition and good, strong, common sense to keep the married state healthful, invigorating and joyous, during a long term of years. Light causes often move dissensions between hearts that love.

> "Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
> And sorrow but more closely tied;
> That stood the storm when waves were rough,

Yet, in a sunny hour, fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity."

Especially will this be true if, from any cause, the terrible scourge of jealousy be allowed to enter heart or home. When this comes in, love usually goes out. There is not a single redeeming side or feature to this fell passion of human nature, for its root is a morbid and exacting self-love, rather than love for the other, as is sometimes alleged by way of its justification. Therefore, let every married couple avoid it as they would the coming of yellow fever or the devil. After this passion is once aroused the bright altar-flame which once leaped from heart to eyes, and spread itself like the crimson glow of sunrise all over the countenance, dies down and burns lower and lower until there is left but the chilled and cheerless cinders of an extinct funeral pyre. The heart is dead and cold, or changed to an instrument of self-torture and intense hate. Then life becomes an intolerable burden to be shaken off at the first convenient opportunity through suicide, or is converted into a suppressed volcano whose internal fury and wrath are liable at any time to burst forth in flames of cruelty, desertion, or murder.

Yet, after all this, more mutual love and more marriages are among the great wants of our time. The darkest side of our present social life lies in the direction of this want. Young men and maidens are not marrying as fast as is good and healthful for public morality and social virtue. Pure, happy, industrious homes constitute the nucleus of both Church and State, and a peaceful, united pair is the only normal, divinely-established and perfectly rounded unit of humanity, and the only true center and source of all that makes life valuable or earth blessed.

As good Bishop Taylor says: "If you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last and best gift to man; his angel of mercy. Her voice is his sweetest music; her smiles, his brightest day; her kiss, the guardian of his innocence; her industry, his surest

wealth; her economy, his safest steward; her lips, his faithful counselors; her bosom, his softest pillow; her prayers his ablest advocate at Heaven's court." Therefore, reader, think of some familiar picture of old bachelorhood or maidenhood life with which you are acquainted, and then look on this picture of married life:—

"Dainty Mabel full of grace,
With her bright and smiling face,
Dances lightly 'cross the floor,
Opens wide the outer door.
For she hears above the blast
Of the Storm-King sweeping past—
Hears a welcome, well-known step—
Hears a voice cry: "Ah, my pet!"
Safely sheltered from the storm,
By the fireside bright and warm,
With his arms about her pressed,
With her head upon his breast,
Softly says he: "Ah Ma-Belle
How I love you, none can tell.
What have I to fear in life
While I hold my darling wife?"
Slow she answers, with a sigh:
"When the years, in passing by,
Shall dim the lustre of my eye,
When I make you dull replies,
Will your love grow dead and cold?
Will you love me when I'm old?"
Stroking now her drooping head,
Low and gently Robin said:
"Well I know the hand of Time
Will whiten both your hair and mine;
But together we will share
Every joy and every care;
Then as now will rise above
Thanks for thee, my darling love."
Now the curtains downward drop,
The fire burns low, the lights are out,
They have gone to peaceful rest.
And the angels, hovering near,
Drop, methinks, a silent tear
O'er the holiest thing in life—
A happy husband, happy wife."

Then after due consideration say if you do not conclude with Shakespere that—

> Earlier happy is the rose distilled,
> Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
> Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Franklin, in writing to a newly-married friend, said:—"I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen, and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life—the fate of many here who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find at length that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set. What think you of the odd half of a pair of scissors? It can't well cut anything; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher."

Jeremy Taylor says:—"Marriage has in it less of beauty, but more safety, than the single life. It hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but it is supported by all the strength of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of the apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, labors and unites into societies and republics, sends out colonies and feeds the world with delicacies, obeys the king and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind; 'tis that state of good to which God hath designed the present condition of the world."

Pope thus speaks of the pleasures of married life:—

> Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,
> When love is liberty, and nature law;
> All then is full, possessing and possessed,

No craving void left aching in the breast;
E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part
As each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.

"Live in a palace without woman," says Douglas Jerrold, "'tis but a place to shiver in. Whereas, take off the house-top, break every window, make the doors creak, the chimneys smoke, give free entry to the sun, wind, rain—still will a wife make the hovel habitable; nay, bring the little household gods crowding about the fire-place."

Sir Thomas Bernard says: — "Of all temporal and worldly enjoyments, the marriage union with a congenial mind, animating a pleasing frame, is by far the greatest." Johnson writes: — "Marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and he must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim. . . . Marriage has many pains, but celibacy no pleasures."

"I have noticed," says Washington Irving, "that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are softened and relieved by domestic endearments, and self-respect kept alive by finding that although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet still there is a little world of love at home of which he is monarch; whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect, to fall to ruin, like a deserted mansion, for want of inhabitants. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity."

And so we will sum up the whole matter by saying that—

"The man who weds a loving wife
Whate'er betide him in this life,
Shall bear up under all;
But he that finds an evil mate,
No good can come within his gate,
His cup is filled with gall."

CHAPTER VIII.

Husband and Wife.

Husbands, love your wives. Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands.
THE BIBLE.

Know then,
As wives owe a duty—so do men.
Men must be like the branch and bark to trees
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage,
Clothe them in winter, tender them in age.
If it appears to them they've strayed amiss,
They only must rebuke them with a kiss.
WILKINS.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land,
While thou stayest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience.
SHAKESPERE.

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman than to study household good
And good works in her husband to promote.
MILTON.

The shrewd wife is
One who ne'er answers till her husband cools,
Or if she rules him never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys.
POPE.

Husband, husband, cease your strife,
No longer idly rave sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.
BURNS

My wife, my life ! O we will walk this world
Yoked in all exercise of noble aim.

TENNYSON

All day, like some sweet bird content to sing
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro,
And ever and anon will upward spring
To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,
The murmured melody of pleasant thought ;
Light household duties evermore inwrought
With pleasant fancies of one trusting heart
That lives but in her smile, and ever turns
To be refreshed where one pure altar burns—
Shut out from hence the mockery of life,
Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting wife.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

WE will suppose now that the words have been spoken at the bridal altar which bind heart to heart and life to life, until "death do them part." By this simple ceremony, properly performed, those who were formerly twain, have now become "one flesh." The relations of the parties to each other instantly changed when they crossed the threshhold of the married state. They are no longer lovers, in the sense they were before marriage, they are no longer courting each other, in the old sense of the word; but they both step up, by the act of marriage, on to a new, a higher, and more permanent plane of life than they ever before occupied. They take their place among other men and women as a newly-formed unit of humanity's vast aggregate of families and homes. They become in the eye of the law the nucleus of a separate and independent domestic establishment. Henceforth, they are to be known to each other and to all around, not as two single individuals of uncertain age and civil standing, but as a definite, legal pair with common interests and wants.

The life upon which the young husband and wife have now entered, is essentially a new life; and the happiness which it is intended to bring to the hearts and minds of both, is dependent largely upon the observance of certain common-sense rules or maxims. Of course, every youthful couple enter

upon married life with the most roseate and fondest expectations. The period of early love and courtship is, to a great extent, one wherein the imagination runs riot and a species of fanciful delusion is the inevitable consequence. This delusion, however, is an entirely blissful experience, and, in our belief, entirely Providential in character and design.

"When the youth beside the maiden
Looks into her credulous eyes,
And the heart upon the surface
Shines too happy to be wise;
He by speeches less than gestures
Hinteth what her hopes expound,
Laying out the waste hereafter
Like enchanted garden-ground—
It is well they cannot see
What the end shall be:"

as, in many cases, if they did or could see, they would probably shrink back affrighted and refuse to go any farther in that path of mingled joy and sorrow which all are destined to tread.

Consequently, marriage will always be more or less of a surprise or a revelation to husband, wife, or both. In other words, they will very likely get disenchanted before many months go by, and it will not be at all strange or peculiar if one or both feel a little disappointed over the whole affair. As Dr. Johnson truly observes, "the whole endeavor of both parties, during the time of courtship, is frequently to hinder themselves from being known; to disguise their natural temper and real desires in hypocritical imitation, studied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love was avowed, neither see the other but in a mask; and the cheat is managed often on both sides with so much art, and discovered afterwards with so much abruptness, that each has reason to suspect that some transformation has happened, and that by a strange imposture, as in the case of Jacob, one has been courted and another married."

Well, let it be so; this is not the only disappointment you will experience in life's journey, and it will be no worse or

harder to bear than others which are sure to follow. It will be wise, therefore, to regulate your anticipations, *if you can*, and not expect too much from the union. Married life under any conditions is not all roses and honeymoon. There are stern realities connected with it which must be met, and some thorns will be found concealed beneath the rose-leaves, and some bitter ingredients will get mixed with the sweet ones in the cup of its joy. Quaint old Thomas Fuller says;—"Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Rather expect both wind and storms sometimes, which, when blown over, the air is the clearer and wholesomer for them. Make account of certain cares and troubles which will attend thee."

Still it will do no hurt to make up your mind to be happy, and resolve to increase each others happiness in every possible way. Happiness, like every other earthly good, costs something; hence it is a legitimate object of inquiry with every married couple how to preserve the love and perpetuate the comfort that fell to their lot when their acquaintance first began. Never cultivate a habit of fault-finding. Praise the virtues, rather than look for the failings of each other, and beware of the first dispute. Mutual forbearance can never come amiss, as

> "The kindest and the happiest pair
> Will find occasion to forbear,
> And something every day they live
> To pity, and perhaps forgive."

Mary is never quite an angel, and John is not wholly immaculate. Perfection belongs not to earth, and if love is blind, it should be blind to unavoidable faults in human character. When Matthew Henry, the commentator, was married, his father, Philip Henry, sent the newly-wedded pair the following piece of advice, which no doubt will be useful to others at the present day:—

> "Love one another; pray oft together: and see
> You never both together angry be:

If one speaks fire, t'other with water come;
Is one provoked? be t'other soft or dumb."

Mutual happiness can only be enjoyed by mutual forbearance, mutual comfort, mutual strength, mutual guidance, mutual trust; common principles, common duties, common burdens, common aims, common hopes, common joys.

Above all things, don't go abroad to speak of each other's frailties; a husband or a wife ought not to speak of the other's faults to any but themselves. Says quaint old Fuller: "Jars concealed are half reconciled; while, if generally known, 'tis a double task to stop the breach at home and men's mouths abroad." Hitches will occur, but many bad results may be avoided by a resolution well kept on both sides to cloak and forgive offences—to say with Milton:—

Let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere; but strive
In offices of love how each may lighten
The other's burden in our share of woe.

The skill to wound and the skill to cure are very different things. The first is most cultivated and the last is least appreciated among married people. Family life will claim every day some little sacrifice. It is only thus that true love can exist, for wherever the spirit of selfishness is allowed to take its place, discord will assuredly follow.

There should always be an endeavor on the part of each to adapt self to the temper and characteristics of the other. In fact, to the extent of this mutual adaptation, will lie the measure of the mutual enjoyment. Says Goldsmith:

How small of all that human hearts endure
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

And another has well added:

"The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery and a price above;
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,

The angry word suppressed, the taunting thought;
Subduing and subdued, the petty strife
Which clouds the color of domestic life:
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend."

Married people should also be mutually respectful to each other. For if man is at the head of the household, yet the wife is the crown of her husband, and as each supplies what the other lacks, each is as good in his or her place as the other. Such being the case, let due honor be given to each other on all occasions. Many wait for some great opportunity to exhibit this respect, forgetting that the happiness of life is made up of every-day duties.

Married people should also confide in each other. Said Lord Bolingbroke:—"If I was making up a plan of consequence, I should like first to consult with a sensible woman." Many a man has been saved from disastrous speculations by consulting his wife; many a man has been ruined by the wife allowing some other person's judgment to interfere between her and her husband. Never listen to any one for a moment who whispers, "Don't tell your wife" or "husband." You ought not to be ashamed to consult one another upon any step that is to be taken. Therefore be frank with one another; for let a man think what he may, his wife's counsel is worth seeking. She will often see what is right, and actually do it, before the husband has finished his deliberations; or, as another says—"When a man has toiled step by step up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top, but she will not be able to tell how she got there." Women, we are told, "jump to conclusions," and it is true. The wife can "take stock" of a man in a moment, and if she warns you against any one, depend upon it as a rule she will be right. A woman has a special instinct in this respect. Indeed, the intuitive judgments of women are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which men reach by an elaborate process of reasoning.

Besides these mutual duties of married life, there are special duties belonging to husband and wife separately. Thus it is the special duty of the husband to provide for the proper support of his wife. When a man's work is done and his wages are in his hand, he should not squander them. Nothing is so detrimental to home happiness as the habit of living in continual want. As N. P. Willis says,

> True love is at home on a carpet,
> And mightily likes his ease,
> And has a good eye for a dinner,
> But starves beneath shady trees.

Household expenses should never exceed the income, and it is worth an effort to keep them below it. By doing this you will save one frequent source of trouble between husband and wife, namely expense. Instead of a nice, tidy, cheerful little house, with its bit of garden, its comfortable parlor, and all the means of bringing up a family so as to set them on respectably in life, and put the chance of wealth and influence within their reach, many men are content to muddle on in a wretched hovel, letting the poor wife slave, and the children roll and fight in the gutters.

Again, it is the special duty of the husband to prefer his home and seek to make it attractive. The love of home is generally a test of character. When a man spends his spare time mostly away from home, it implies something bad, and points to something worse. Many a wife has occasion to utter a complaint on this score something like the following:

> "You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home and heart,
> To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
> And I would rather share your tear than any other's glee,
> For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me.
> There's sunlight for me in your smiles and music in your tone;
> I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim,
> I cry, 'O Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on him;
> Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul!'
> And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,
> How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our child?
> I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
> And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong:
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind;
I ask not for attire more gay, if such as I have got,
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not.
But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs bestow,
Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not something know?
Subtract from meetings among men each eve an hour for me;
Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.

If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think when you're away,
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, if you stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers;
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind,
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind."

No one likes to live in the sight of ugliness. No man is so poor but that he can have flowering shrubs in his yard. Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain, in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him as far as circumstances will admit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects, in decorating it within and without with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order; a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart by its fond associations of comfort and content.

The word husband literally means "the band of the house," the support of it, the person who keeps it together, as a band keeps together a sheaf of corn. There are many married men who are not husbands, because they are not the band of the house. In many cases, the wife is the husband; for oftentimes it is she who, by her prudence and thrift and economy, keeps the house together. The married man who, by his dissolute habits, strips his house of all its comforts, is not a husband; in a legal sense he is, but in no other, for he is not a *house-*

band; instead of keeping his household together, he suffers both home and family to go to ruin.

A third special duty of the husband is to love his wife sincerely, ardently, and supremely. Before you married her, you consulted her tastes, her wishes, and her judgment upon everything; surely if you love her sincerely, she is still worthy of the same confidence. Are you aware that she still thinks that she has no such pleasant walks as those she takes with her hand leaning upon your arm? A neglected wife is the most disconsolate creature in the world.

> "Be to her faults a little blind,
> And to her virtues very kind."

Some husbands are so stiff and proud that they scarcely say a kind word or give a kiss to their wives for days and weeks together. It is an awful thing for a woman to be married to a man with whom, as Dr. Johnson says, she may be "living with the suspicion and solicitude of one who plays with a tame tiger, always under the necessity of watching the moment when the savage shall begin to growl."

Many husbands are tyrants, beneath whose sway all the gentler affections wither and die. Take care that you are not of the number; but if you pretend to love without showing that you love, or to be a husband without giving up an hour of your time to her whom you love, how is she to know of the existence of your affection? Remember, the power of selfishness, which is inwoven with our whole being, is designed to be altogether broken by marriage; and, by degrees, that love, becoming more and more pure, should take its place. When a man marries, he gives himself up to another being: in this affair of life he first goes out of himself, and inflicts the first deadly wound on his egotism. By every child with which his marriage is blessed, Nature renews the same attack on his selfhood; causes him to live less for himself, and more—even without being distinctly conscious of it—for others: his heart expands in proportion as the claimants upon it increase; and, bursting the bonds of its former narrow exclusiveness, it eventually extends its sympathies to all around.

Still another special duty of the husband is to help his wife in the home when he can do so without infringing upon larger and more important duties. Many men seem to forget that it is as much their duty now and then to rock a cradle, nurse a baby, or play with the children, as it is the mother's. It is a grand thing to have a romp with the children, and that man is not worthy to be a father who cannot now and then play with them, or take an interest in their sports and occupations. Many a man who while courting was so anxious to help, that he would scarcely allow Mary to carry her parasol, seems, when married, to forget that this kind of attention is needful. Sometimes we may see in a crowded market, a strong man walking with his hands in his pockets, while by his side is seen his weak wife struggling beneath the weight of a basket laden with provisions. She might indeed well say—

> "Once to prevent my wishes, Philo flew;
> But Time that alters all, has altered you."

Remember that there are many little duties which a man can easily discharge, but which will make the labor of his wife lighter and more cheerful. Look around and see if you cannot chop some wood, carry some coal, fetch in some water, drive in a few nails, and, as we have said, if there happen to be any children, play with them a little, and so lighten the burdens of the household. Gilfillan says, "Woman comes after man in the order of creation, and is inferior to man; but woman at the same time, if weaker, is more refined in her composition than man. Woman is the complement of man, and his great desideratum. Woman as the sister of man is bound to love, and entitled to be loved in return; as the shadow of man to reflect and obey him; as the spouse of man, to sympathise with, help, and cheer; and receive aid, countenance, and sympathetic compassion in exchange."

In like manner, there are some special duties for the wife to perform, and these we now enumerate as we have those belonging to the husband. As the word "husband" literally means a *house-band*, so the word "wife" signifies literally *a*

weaver. Before cloth and cotton factories arose, one of the principal duties of a wife was to keep the family in clothing by weaving. The wool was spun into thread by the girls who were therefore called *spinsters*, and the thread into cloth by the wife who was called a weaver. And as Trench well says, "In the word itself is wrapped up a hint of earnest, in-door, stay-at-home occupations, as being fitted for her who bears the name." Now, if we judge many so-called wives by this standard, we shall find them a long way from answering the conditions. "Marriage," one says, "changes an angel into a woman, and it is a lucky thing if the process don't go on and change her into something else," for many wives instead of being good, are good for nothing. They are unreasonable, peevish, indolent, extravagant, gossiping, dirty, slatternly. Indeed, we may sum up by saying there are some *good*, some bad, and many very indifferent ones to be found."

But the wise man of old wrote that he "who findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor from the Lord." But this is far different from saying, "he who findeth a *woman*, etc." To find a woman is easy enough, but to find a good *wife* is sometimes quite difficult. "The greatest of earthly blessings," said Luther, "is a pious and amiable wife who fears God and loves her family, and with whom a man may be at peace." While on the other hand a bad wife are as "shackles on a man's feet, a palsy to his hands, a burden on his shoulders, smoke in his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn in his side, a dagger in his heart." In the language of a quaint old writer, "A good wife should be like three things; which three things she should not be like. First, she should be like a *snail*, to keep within her own house, but she should not be like a *snail* to carry all she has upon her back. Secondly she should be like an *echo*, to speak when spoken to, but she should not be like an *echo* always to have the last word. Thirdly, she should be like a *town-clock*, always to keep time and regularity, but she should not, like a *town-clock*, speak so loud that all the town may hear."

In the first place, there can never be but one head to any-

thing, whether it be a manufacturing corporation or a household, and that head, God says, shall be the man. Indeed, nature herself revolts at the indecency of a woman mounting the box, grasping the reins, and driving her household, husband included, whithersoever she will. Milton puts into the mouth of Eve this sentiment:—

> What thou bid'st,
> Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
> God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
> Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

Matthew Henry, in his commentary, when speaking of the creation of woman from the rib of the man, forcibly says, "She was not made out of his head to top him, not out of his feet to be trampled upon by him, but out of his side to be equal with him, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved." And no sensible woman can object to this description. Sidney Smith very wisely remarks also, "Every man has little infirmities of temper and disposition which require forgiveness; peculiarities which require to be managed; prejudices which should be avoided, innocent habits which should be indulged, fixed opinions which should be treated with respect, particular feelings and delicacies which should be consulted; all this may be done without the slightest violation of truth, or the most trifling infringment of religion. These are the sacrifices which repay."

Still, the husband has no right to command what is morally wrong or unlawful. He has no right to compel the partner of his life to become a partner in sinful pleasures or amusements; no right to interfere with the proper discharge of her religious duties, or require her to be the instrument of his vices or follies. But then, as a matter of fact, while the men hold the reins, the women generally tell them which way to drive.

A second special duty of the wife is to make her home a supremely happy one; to cause her husband to say while away at his work,—

> "Rainy and rough sets the day,
> There's a heart waiting for somebody;

I must be up and away,
Somebody is anxious for somebody;
Thrice hath she been to the gate,
Thrice hath she listened for somebody;
Midst the night, stormy and late,
Somebody's looking for somebody.

There'll be a comforting fire,
There'll be supper for somebody;
One in her neatest attire
Will look to the table for somebody;
Though the stars set from the west,
There's a star shining for somebody,
Lighting the home he loves best,
Warming the bosom of somebody.

There'll be a coat o'er the chair,
There'll be slippers for somebody;
There'll be a wife's tender care,
Love's fond endearments for somebody;
There'll be the little one's charms,
Soon they'll be wakened for somebody.
When I've got both in my arms,
Then oh! how blest will be somebody."

Accordingly, it will be the wife's business to prepare beforehand for the prompt discharge of all her household duties. For a stitch in time not only saves nine, but prevents those outbreaks of temper which often occur when there is a button short, or some little article is wanted at the last moment, when all are ready to sit down to dinner or tea. Men love neatness, tidiness, method; and nothing pleases them better than to see a woman who is a "clever manager" of her house. And the finest music in the world has not so sweet a sound as that of the rattling plate exactly at the meal-time hour; while fancy-work will soon be cast aside with contempt, if the buttons are not put on the shirts ready for use. Good wives, as a rule, make good husbands; while bad wives transform good husbands into bad ones; or as Rousseau says, "Men will always be what women make them."

There is quite a practical moral to the following story:—"A few weeks after marriage, a husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his clean shirt, as he saw no appear-

ance of a washing. He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning, and kindled a fire. When putting on the kettle, he made a noise on purpose to arouse his wife. She immediately peeped over the blankets, and then exclaimed, "My dear, what are you doing?" He deliberately responded, "I've put on my last clean shirt, and I'm going to wash one now for myself." "Very well," replied Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash one for me, too, while you are at it." Of course by such a method even an angel would soon become soured. By way of helping to keep the house in order we give the following hints on household management. Have a stated day of the week for ascertaining and getting in what articles you need for the house. Don't market on Saturday night if you can avoid it. Get the washing over in the early part of the week, so that the ironing, mending, etc., may be out of the way before Saturday. Have a place for everything, and try and keep everything in its place.

Another special duty of the wife is to take good care of her health. How comparatively few married women we meet with, who are anything like healthy and strong; they can neither eat, drink, nor sleep as they ought. Women of the present day are far more feeble than their grandmothers of the early part of this century. They do not take enough out-door exercise. Indeed they often say, they stay indoors until they don't want to go out. This is a great and fatal mistake. Then there is the proper ventilation of the house, and especially the bedrooms, every day. It is the general practice to make the beds as soon as possible in the morning. It is a singular thing that the rooms in which we spend a third at least of our lives, are frequently the worst-ventilated places in the house; and what little air can get through is frequently hindered by the foolish habit of stopping up the chimney. See to it that a good current of fresh air gets into your sleeping-rooms, if you wish to preserve your health and keep away disease.

Again, a desire to please in her appearance should never leave the wife for a single day; for if she begins to neglect *herself*, she will find it a short and easy road to neglect the

house. A dirty woman and a dirty house generally go together. Many worthy women, who would not for the world be found wanting in the matter of personal neatness, seem somehow to have the notion that any study of the arts of personal beauty in family life is unmatronly. Marriage sometimes transforms a charming, trim, tripping young lady into a waddling matron, whose every-day toilet suggests only the idea of a feather-bed tied around with a string. We do not believe that the summary banishment of the graces from the domestic circle as soon as the first baby makes its appearance, is at all conducive to domestic affection. Nor do we think that there is any need of so doing. Do you ask what is neatness and taste in dress? Listen to a comment of Dr. Johnson: "The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection in this respect is, that one can never remember what she had on."

Comfort your husband in times of trial and trouble. "It is not so thankworthy for thee to cheer thy husband when he can cheer thee, or himself without thee, while the day of prosperity lasts; but then to play the sweet orator, and to make him merry when all other comforts have forsaken him, in the sad season of sickness, of sorrow: this is better than all music and melody. Every busy bird, while summer lasts, will chirp and chatter; but to sing upon the bare bough or thorn-bush when the leaves are gone and the cold winter approacheth, this argues a wife truly graceful, truly amiable and cheerful, and, next to the soul's peace with God, is the greatest content under the sun."

Another great duty of the wife is to make a special study of her husband's habits, wants, and temper. A man has generally formed many of his habits before marriage, and if a woman is wise she will try to gratify some of his little whims and fancies instead of trying to oppose them. A writer in the Spectator has truly said, "A woman never fairly enjoys her part as a wife who does not patronize her husband a good deal on small points, and who is not mildly conscious of her own superiority to him in that emancipation of spirit which makes her indulgence of these fancies of his seem so like spoiling him.

If you yourself attach any real importance to the little matters you look after for him, so far it is not properly indulging. When you lament over him as he comes in wet and cold from a snow-storm, or bathe his head when it aches with Cologne, or see that he has his tonic at the right hour when he is ill, or scold the servants for disturbing his nap before he sets to his evening work, or 'break' an unexpected bill to him—in all these cases you are simply giving him your hearty sympathy —not petting him. But it is in taking care that his food is as he likes it; that the odd fancy of his is gratified about having pudding with roast beef; or that the curious dislike to being fidgeted by the servant's entering to draw down the blinds and close the shutters in his study, is humored; or that his unfortunate taste for plenty of cream in his tea, which spoils it so to your finer perception, is satisfied—it is in these things that you feel full delight in petting your husband and that your face beams 'with something of angelic light' in conceding to his frailty what you feel entirely independent of for yourself."

Dr. Franklin having noticed that a certain mechanic, who worked near his office, was always happy and smiling, ventured to ask him the secret of his constant cheerfulness. "It's no secret," he replied; "I have got one of the best of wives; when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I come home, she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and the tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many things through the day to please me, that I cannot find in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."

Remember, it always takes two to make a quarrel; and if the husband happens to come home out of sorts, try and calm him down. He will then with joy say—

> "Well thou playest the housewife's part,
> And all thy threads with magic art
> Have wound themselves about my heart."

If he should be inclined to dispute with you, abstain from a long argument with him. Let it be a standing motto, *never to irritate.* Gentleness is the best way to carry a

point, and to keep a husband in a good temper is one of the duties of a wife. As one well remarks—"A wife should never irritate her husband by acting in opposition to his prejudices. A husband usually has little crotchety notions, about which he is very particular; these may be in themselves of no moment, but if they are continually thwarted, they will soon come to be looked upon as weighty matters, and will frequently lead to grave disputes." Beware lest you make your house appear so unpleasant that your husband goes away to find comfort. Let not your husband say with reference to you,

"A woman's rosy mouth is good to see;
With its soft, sculptured lines cut cleanly out.
A 'thing of beauty' it must surely be;
But for the rest, there may exist a doubt.
To hear it scold through breakfast, lunch, and tea,
Is apt to put the best digestion out.
No 'joy for ever,' is the ruby mouth
That blows much oftener from 'nor-east than south.'"

A wife should always remember that it only requires a

"Something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
For love that tempest never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day:
And voices lose the love that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of life are gone;
And hearts so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds, or like the stream
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part forever."

Should a quarrel unfortunately arise, a wife's greatest care ought to be to confine the knowledge of it to her own breast. Many silly women, in irritation and in a desire to be thought

martyrs, no sooner have words with their husbands, than they rush off and tell the whole story to some chosen confidant, of course making their husbands appear as very bad persons. A wife should have no confidants; and she should be careful to conceal any little discord that may occur with her husband. For if one person be informed, the scandal spreads, and the wife has ere long bitter cause to regret having lowered both herself and her husband in popular estimation; but worst of all, a husband rarely forgets, and never quite forgives, such an exposure, which as Richardson observes, "is sure to be remembered long after the honest people have forgotten it themselves."

Lastly, in the matter of family or personal expenses, a wife should first know whether her husband can spare money before she spends it. He alone can tell what he can spare; and if he gives you good reason for supposing that he can't afford to buy this or that, be satisfied. Many a man has been ruined by allowing his wife to spend before he has earned his money. You have no right to risk the happiness of home in this way. The woman who feels that she has a right to spend every penny that she can get, forgets that she has no right to waste or squander it. She and her husband are partners, and both should be equally anxious to keep the nightmare of debt far away. Women ought to be specially interested in watching over the family income and in seeing that the household expenses fall within its limits, instead of outside of them. And when money is denied you, never get sulky over it. A sulky man is bad enough; what, then, must be a sulky woman, and that woman a wife; a constant inmate, a companion day and night? Only think of the delight of sitting at the same table and sleeping in the same bed for a week, and not exchanging a word all the while! There is many a man who has had occasion to say with more of sadness than glee:

"Heaven bless the wives, they fill our hives
With little bees and honey!
They soothe life's shocks, they mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money!"

CHAPTER IX.

Home.

When thy heart in its pride, would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away—
When the sullying breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home,
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more.

Felicia Hemans.

I love that dear old home! my mother lived there!
And the sunlight seems to me brighter far
Than wheresoever else. I know the forms
Of every tree and mountain, hill and dell;
Its waters gurgle like a tongue I know—
It is my home.

Frances K. Butler.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine clambers over all.
There is the barn—and as of yore
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the peewee's mournful song.
Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still!

T. Buchanan Read.

The heart has many a dwelling-spot
On life-time's pilgrim way,
In many a land where human lot
Leads human foot to stray;
But time or change can ne'er efface

This truth, where'er we roam,
That the heart has many a dwelling-place,
But only once a Home.

FREDERICK ENOS.

AFTER courtship and marriage comes—or should come—the home. No mere boarding-place, however good and pleasant, no traveling tour, however varied and extended, can supply the want created by an instinctive heart-longing for some place, "be it ever so lowly," which can be called—*our home*. As J. Howard Payne wrote so many years ago (himself at the time a homeless exile in a foreign land),

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

The very word has a soothing cadence connected with its pronunciation. It constitutes the magic circle within which the weary spirit finds refuge; it is the sacred asylum to which the care-worn heart retreats to find rest from the toils and disquietude of life. It is a word which touches every fiber of the soul and strikes every chord of the human heart with its angelic fingers. Nothing but death can break its spell. What tender associations are linked with home! What pleasing images and deep emotion it awakens! It calls up the fondest memories of life and opens in our nature the purest, deepest, richest fount of consecrated thought and feeling.

Some years ago about twenty thousand people gathered in the old Castle Garden, New York, to hear Jenny Lind sing, as no other songstress ever had sung, the sublime compositions of Beethoven, Handel, etc. At length the Swedish Nightingale thought of her home, paused, and seemed to fold her wings for a higher flight. She began with deep emotion to pour forth "Home, Sweet Home." The audience could not stand it. An uproar of applause stopped the music. Tears gushed from those thousands like rain. Beethoven and Handel were forgotten. After a moment the song came again, seemingly as from heaven, almost angelic. *Home*, that was the word that bound as with a spell twenty thousand souls,

and Howard Payne triumphed over the great masters of song. When we look at the brevity and simplicity of this home song, we are ready to ask, what is the charm that lies concealed in it? The answer is easy. Next to religion, the deepest and most ineradicable sentiment in the human soul is that of the home affections. Every heart vibrates to this theme.

There is no happiness in life, there is no misery like that growing out of the dispositions which consecrate or desecrate a home. He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home. Home should be made so truly home that the weary, tempted heart could turn toward it anywhere on the dusty highway of life and receive light and strength. The affections and loves of home constitute the poetry of human life, and, so far as our present existence is concerned with all the domestic relations, are worth more than all other social ties. They give the first throb to the heart and unseal the deep fountains of its love. Home is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes, and solicitudes form the chief interest of human life.

There is nothing in the world which is so venerable as the character of parents; nothing so intimate and endearing as the relation of husband and wife; nothing so tender as that of children; nothing so lovely as those of brothers and sisters. The little circle is made one by a singular union of the affections. The only fountains in the wilderness of life where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitter ingredients, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life. Pleasure may heat the heart with artificial excitement, ambition may delude it with golden dreams, war may eradicate its fine fibres and diminish its sensitiveness, but it is only domestic love that can render it truly happy.

Even as the sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, so the home-life must be constituted of little tendernesses, kind looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels. It must not be like the torch-blaze of natural excitement which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light which burns as safely in the dry east wind as in the stillest atmosphere. Let each cultivate the mutual confidence

which is a gift capable of increase and improvement, and soon it will be found that kindliness will spring up on every side, displacing constitutional unsuitability, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea-rocks.

Much of a man's energy and success, as well as happiness, depends upon the character of his home. Secure *there*, he goes forth bravely to encounter the trials of life. It is his point of rest. It is a reserved power to fall back upon. Home and home friends! How dear they are to us all! When all other friends prove false, home friends, removed from every bias but love, are the steadfast and sure stays of our peace of soul,—are best and dearest when the hour is darkest and the danger of evil the greatest. But if one have none to care for him at home,—if there be neglect, or love of absence, or coldness in our home and on our hearth, then, even if we prosper without, it is dark indeed within! It is not seldom that we can trace alienation and dissipation to this source. If no wife or sister care for him who returns from his toil, well may he despair of life's best blessings. Home is nothing but a name without true friends.

The sweetest type of heaven is home—nay, heaven itself is the home for whose acquisition we are to strive the most strongly. Home, in one form and another, is the great object of life. It stands at the end of every day's labor, and beckons us to its bosom; and life would be cheerless and meaningless did we not discern across the river that divides it from the life beyond, glimpses of pleasant mansions prepared for us.

"Like the great rock's grateful shade,
In a strange and weary land—
Like the desert's cooling spring,
To a faint and and drooping band—
So to all will memories come,
Of the peaceful hours at home!

"To the sailor on the sea
As the midnight watch he keeps,
Some sweet thought of home will be
With him if he wakes or sleeps.

Memories of mother-love
Follow where his footsteps rove!

"On the bloody field of death
Where brave hearts beat faint and low,
Heroes with their parting breath,
Say some word before they go
That a comrade sad and lone
Will bear back to those at home!

"Hours at home! can we forget
Aught that makes their memory dear?
Youth and childhood linger yet
With their skies so brightly clear,
And we bless, where'er we roam,
All that speaks of hours at home."

More than this, our nature demands a home. It is the first essential element of our social being. Life cannot be complete without home relations; there would be no proper equilibrium of life and character without the home influence. The strength of this influence may be estimated by the power of its impressions. It is the prerogative of home to make the first impression upon our nature, and to give that nature its first direction onward and upward. It uncovers the moral fountain, chooses its channel, and gives the stream its first impulse. It makes the "first stamp and sets the first seal" upon the plastic nature of the child. It gives the first tone to our desires and furnishes ingredients that will either sweeten or embitter the whole cup of life. These impressions are indelible and durable as life. Compared with them, other impressions are like those made upon sand or wax. To erase them we must remove every strata of our being. Even the infidel lives under the holy influence of a pious mother's impressions. John Randolph could never shake off the restraining influence of a little prayer his mother taught him when a child. It preserved him from the clutches of avowed infidelity.

Thus the home influence is either a blessing or a curse. It cannot be neutral. In either case it is mighty, commencing with our birth, going with us through life, clinging to us in death, and reaching into the eternal world. Like the calm,

A HAPPY HOME. Page 384.

deep stream, it moves on in silent, but overwhelming power. It strikes its roots deep into the human heart, and spreads its branches wide over our whole being. Like the lily that braves the tempest, and "the Alpine flower that leans its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows," it is exerted amid the wildest storms of life and breathes a softening spell in our bosom even when a heartless world is freezing up the fountains of sympathy and love. It is governing, restraining, attracting and traditional. It holds the empire of the heart and rules the life. It restrains the wayward passions of the child and checks him in his mad career of ruin.

Our habits, too, are formed under the molding power of home. The "tender twig" is there bent, the spirit shaped, principles implanted, and the whole character is formed until it becomes a habit. Who does not feel this influence of home upon all his habits of life? The gray-haired father who wails in his second infancy, feels the traces of his childhood home in his spirit, desires and habits. The most illustrious statesmen, the most distinguished warriors, the most eloquent ministers, and the greatest benefactors of human kind, owe their greatness to the fostering influence of home. Napoleon felt this when he said, "What France needs is good mothers." The homes of the American revolution made the men of the revolution. Their influence reaches yet far into the inmost frame and constitution of our republic.

Place does not constitute home. Many a gilded palace and sea of luxury is not a home. Many a flower-girt dwelling and splendid mansion lacks all the essentials of home. A hovel is often more a home than a palace. If the spirit of congenial friendship link not the hearts of the inmates of a dwelling, it is not a home. If love reign not there; if charity spread not her downy mantle over all; if peace prevail not; if contentment be not a meek and merry dweller therein; if virtue rear not her beautiful children, and religion come not in her white robe of gentleness to lay her hand in benediction on every head, the home is not complete.

We are all in the habit of building for ourselves ideal

homes. But they are generally made up of outward things—a house, a garden, a carriage, and the ornaments and appendages of luxury. And if, in our lives, we do not realize our ideas, we make ourselves miserable and our friends miserable. But the true idea of home is a quiet, secluded spot, where loving hearts dwell, set apart and dedicated to intellectual and moral improvement. It is not a formal school of staid solemnity and rigid discipline, where virtue is made a task and progress a sharp necessity, but a place where obedience is a pleasure, discipline a joy, and improvement a self-wrought delight.

Every home should be cheerful. Innocent joy should reign in every heart. There should be domestic amusements, fireside pleasures, quiet and simple it may be, but such as shall make home happy, and not leave it that irksome place which will oblige the youthful spirit to look elsewhere for joy. There are a thousand unobtrusive ways in which we may add to the cheerfulness of home. The very modulations of the voice will often make a wonderful difference. How many shades of feeling are expressed by the voice! No delicately tuned harp-string can awaken more pleasure; no grating discord can pierce with more pain.

Let parents talk much and talk well at home. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among the children. If they have not mental activity and physical vigor sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than try to charm strangers or amuse friends. The youth who does not love home is always in danger.

Fathers and mothers, if you would not have your children lost to you in after life—if you would have your married daughters not forget their old home in the new one—if you would have your sons lend a hand to keep you in the old rose-covered cottage, instead of letting you go to the naked walls of a workhouse—make home happy to them when they are young. Send them out into the world in the full belief that

there is "no place like home." And even if the old home should in the course of time be pulled down, or be lost to your children, it will still live in their memories. The kind looks, and kind words, and thoughtful love of those who once inhabited it will not pass away.

Poor, tempest-tossed Goldsmith, writing of

> Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
> Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
> Where smiling Spring its earliest visits paid,
> And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed,
> Dear, lovely bower of innocence and ease,
> Seat of my youth, when every sport could please,

says, with a touch of sad pathos mingled with deep and inexpressible fondness:—

> In all my wanderings round this world of care,
> In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
> I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
> And in these humble bowers to lay me down.
> To husband out life's taper at the close,
> And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.
> And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
> Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
> I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
> There to return—and die at home at last.

And such is the feeling of every human heart, unless that feeling has been killed by parental unkindness and cruelty, or by personal degradation and vice.

WOMAN AND HOME.

In such a true home, woman is the God-ordained queen. Nature placed her on that throne, and she practically rules or ruins her kingdom and its subjects. Accordingly, home takes its hue and happiness principally from her. If she is in the best sense womanly—if she is true and tender, loving and heroic, patient and self-devoted—she consciously or unconsciously organizes and puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mold the destiny of the nation than any man, un-

crowned by power or eloquence, can possibly effect. The men of the nation are what their mothers make them, as a rule; and the voice which those men speak in the expression of their power is the voice of the women who bore and bred them.

There can be no substitute for this. There is no other possible way in which the women of the nation can organize their influence and power that will tell so beneficially upon society and the State. Neither woman nor the nation can afford to have home demoralized, or in any way deteriorated by the loss of her presence, or the lessening of her influence there. As a nation we rise or fall as the character of our homes, presided over by woman, rises or falls; and the best gauge of our prosperity is to be found in the measure by which these homes find multiplication in the land. In true marriage, and the struggle after the highest ideal of home life, is to be found the solution of most of the ugly problems that confront the present generation.

But there is a type of American womanhood of which all good people should be ashamed. It is found chiefly in large cities. It lives in hotels and boarding-houses; it travels, it haunts the fashionable watering-places; it is prominent at the opera and the ball; in short, it is wherever it can show itself and its clothes. It rejoices over a notice of itself in a newspaper as among the proudest and most grateful of its social achievements. Its grand first question is: "Wherewithal shall I be clothed?" and when that is answered as well as it can be, the next is: "How and where can I show my clothes so as to attract the most men, distress the greatest number of women, and make the most stunning social sensation?" We have all seen these women at home and away; and their presumption, boldness, vanity, idleness, display, and lack of all noble and womanly aims are a disgrace to the city which produces them, and the country after whose name they call themselves.

Of course there is a sufficient cause for the production of this type of woman, and it is to be found in her circumstances

and way of life. It is prevalent among those who have suddenly become rich, among those of humble beginnings and insufficient breeding and education. It is fostered in boarding houses and hotels—those hot-beds of jealousy and personal and social rivalry and aimless idleness. The woman who finds herself housed and clothed and fed and petted and furnished with money for artificial as well as real wants, without the lifting of a finger or the burden of a care, and without the culture of head or heart that leads her to seek for the higher satisfactions of womanhood, becomes in the most natural way precisely what we have described. It would be unnatural for her to become anything else. The simple truth is, that unless women have a routine of duty that diverts their thoughts from themselves, and gives them something to think of besides dress and the exhibition of it, they degenerate.

"There is no cure for this," says Dr. Holland, "but universal housekeeping. There is no man who can afford to pay a fair price for board, who cannot afford to keep house; and housekeeping, though it be never so humble, is the most natural and the healthiest office to which woman is ever called. There is no one thing that would do so much to elevate womanhood as a universal secession from boarding-house and hotel life, and a universal entrance upon separate homes. Such a step would increase the stock of happiness, improve health of body and health of mind, and raise at once the standard of morals and manners.

"The devil always finds work for idle hands to do, whether the hands belong to men or women; but American men are not apt to be idle. They are absorbed in work from early until late, and leave their idle wives cooped up in rooms that cost them no care, to get rid of the lingering time as they can. To live in public, to be on dress parade every day, to be always part and parcel of a gossiping multitude, to live aimlessly year after year, with thoughts concentrated upon one's person and one's selfish delights, to be perpetually without a routine of healthy duty, is to take the broadest and briefest road to the degradation of all that is admirable and lovable in

womanhood. It is to make, by the most natural process, that gay, gaudy, loud, frivolous, pretentious, vain, intriguing, unsatisfied, and unhappy creature which is known and recognized everywhere as the fashionable woman."

We greatly fear that multitudes of women in these days do not understand their true position and work in life; do not realize that God intended them to be a kind of connecting link between man and all higher good, and the guardian and preserver of the nobler, higher, diviner part of human life; intended to have them woo men back from cold, hard selfishness to a life of tenderness, beauty, purity, truthfulness and love. Nor do they realize that it is possible for them, as the preservers of the world's heart-life, to become its very worst destroyers! Think of this, woman, when you try to outdo your neighbor in personal and household display, and ask yourself whether you are fulfilling your real mission in so doing? Instead of being simply animated bundles of dry-goods, ray out from your heart and life a glow of power and love that shall tinge the world with a brighter luster, and lead it up to a higher walk in tender sympathy and pure benevolence. You can do it as no other being on earth can, and God will hold you responsible for not doing it. Instead of trying to please simply, try to make men better, more charitable, less envious, with more of tender pity towards the unfortunate, more of truth and goodness in their hearts.

Says a modern writer: "If an active competition with man in professional or mercantile life will fit woman for home life, and help to endow her with those virtues whose illustration is so essential to her best influence in the family, let her by all means engage in this competition. If the studies and apprenticeships necessary to make such a life as this successful are those which peculiarly fit women to be wives and mothers, and prepare them to preside over the homes of the people, let us change our educational institutions to meet the necessity, and do it at once. If woman's power over the ballot-box, now exercised by shaping the voter, and lifting the moral tone of the nation at home, will be made better and more unselfish by

giving her a hand in political strife, and the chance for an office, let her vote by all means. If those virtues and traits of character which are universally recognized as womanly are nurtured by participation in public life—if woman grows modest, sweet, truthful, and trustworthy by familiarity with political intrigues, or by engaging in public debates—if her home grows better and more influential for good in consequence of her absence from it, then we advocate without qualification her entrance upon public life at once, and demand that the broadest place shall be made for her. If the number of true marriages is to be increased by a policy that tends to make the sexes competitors with each other for the prizes of wealth and place, and secures to any marked degree their independence of each other, then let that policy be adopted."

In her own true and proper sphere, the power of women over men is very great, and is always positively exercised for good or for evil. She can become an angel or a demon to lead men on—to heaven or hell. As has been truly remarked, the mind of man is so constituted as to feel most sensitively the praise or the blame of woman. It is hard for any man to feel that he rests under the censure of all the good women by whom he is surrounded. A man who has not some woman, somewhere, who believes in him, trusts him and loves him, has reached a point where self-respect is gone.

All men who deserve the name of men desire the respect of women; and when a man finds himself in a position which fixes upon him the disapproval of a whole community of women, a power is brought to bear upon him which he certainly cannot ignore, and which he finds it difficult to resist. The power of woman, simply as woman, has had too many illustrations in history to need discussion. A man's self-respect can only be nursed to its best estate in the approval of the finer sense and quicker conscience of the women who know him. Therefore when women for any reason leave the home as their true post of honor and of duty, they do thereby immediately lessen the quantity and weaken the quality of their power in exact proportion to the extent of their wanderings.

A temptation often comes to many women in the home which is truthfully and beautifully expressed in the following poem by Ada V. Leslie. The temptation is all the more dangerous because it takes on, to an aspiring woman's ambition, the garb and form of an angel of light, and frequently leads her away from paths of peace to rugged and toilsome ascents up the sides of a cold and desolate mountain.—

Last night my darling said to me,
With flushing cheek and downcast eye,
"You men are always gay, while we
Can only sit and sigh.

"We laugh and jest, to lure you on
To say 'I love,' with many a wile;
But oh! beneath the jesting tone,
The glances and the smile—

"Our hearts are sad—a vague unrest
Fills all the pauses of our life;
Not always can a faithful breast,
And sacred name of wife,

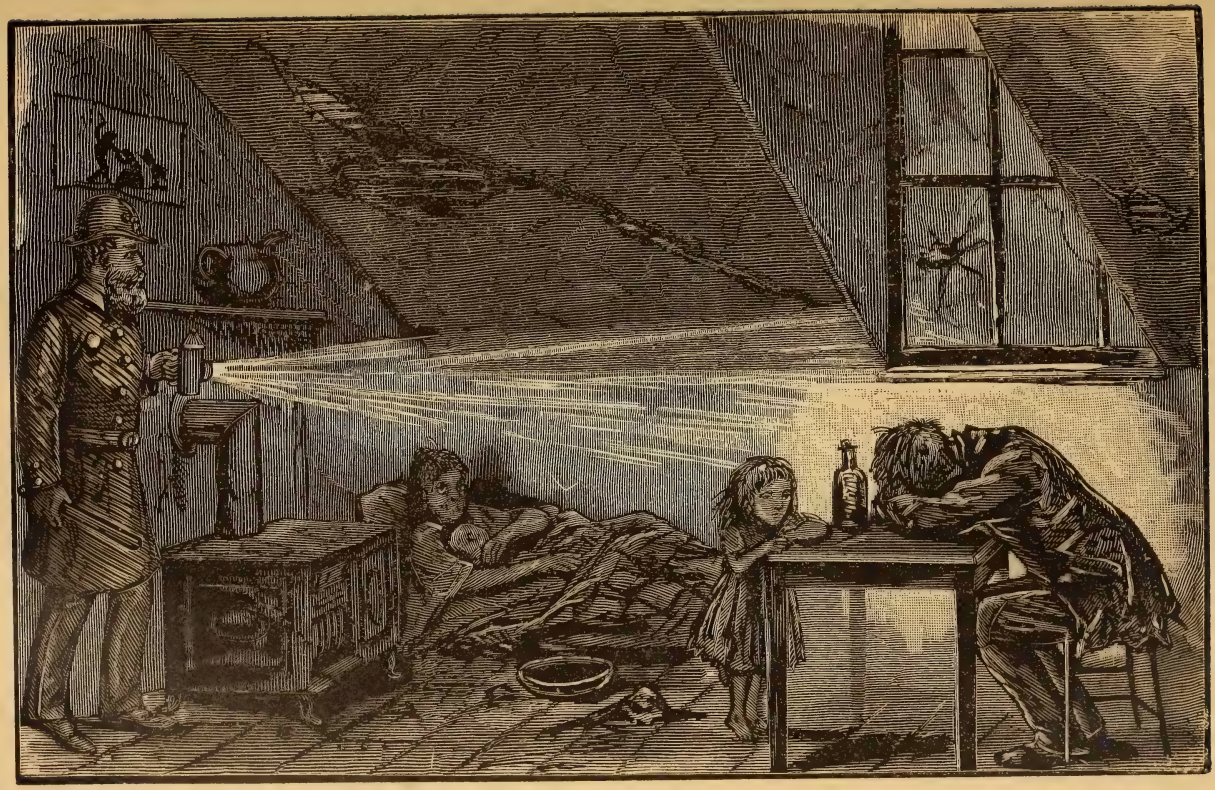
"Bring peace and joy; a greater good
Shines out afar on dizzy heights;
A bitter longing stirs our blood,
Through all the days and nights.

"As one within a prison chained,
Who sees his comrades fight and fall,
And weeps to see his share unclaimed
Of that which is for all—

"The right to do, the right to be
A nobler thing than toy or slave;
A something great and good and free,
Whose rest is not the grave.

"E'en so we yearn—ah me, you smile!
And I have shown my heart in vain;
But then, I've learnt this truth the while
You care not for our pain.

"Tis wiser far by stern control—
By bitter, rigid discipline,
To tutor woman's loving soul
To hopes and thoughts divine.



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"Tis better, nobler, to forego
A bride's delight, that sweet, vague dream,
Than waken up to married woe,
Which has no Lethean stream."

I stretched to her my loving arms—
I gave a pleading look and said,
"Here is your home!" She sank therein,
Her false ambition dead!

No man or woman with mature mind and heart, having had any considerable experience in the ways and trials of life, but will agree that this maiden's final decision, as depicted in the last verse, was a wise and proper one. It is right and truly noble for all women to long to be something more "than toy or slave," but it does not follow that to be this she must needs "forego a bride's delight," or step down from her home throne. On the contrary, "the right to do, the right to be, something great and good and free," is a right (or rather, a privilege) which can be exercised and enjoyed nowhere on earth so fully and advantageously as in the home circle.

To leave that sacred, holy, happy spot and rush out blindly and wildly after some imaginary good which "shines afar on dizzy heights," is to throw down the sceptre of her power, and deliberately trample under foot all the leverage of influence which God and her own feminine nature have placed at her disposal.

The home, to any true woman, need never be "a prison," unless she herself makes it thus by an unwise choice of a life-partner, or by a "vague unrest" after the home duties and pleasures are once entered upon. But on the other hand, home is just the place above all others where "hopes and thoughts divine" are born, nurtured, matured and carried into practical realization. And so the lines of Young are verified anew, that

The first sure symptoms of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.

CHAPTER X.

Early Childhood.

O! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime
As it blends with the ocean of Years.

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

Benj. F. Taylor.

READER, embark with me on board the fairy skiff, Memory, and let us each take up one of fancy's silver oars, and row up this grand old river and view the "magical isle" of our childhood, as it lies peacefully sleeping in the glorious haze of departed and buried joys. Perchance we may land at that same beach where, in the long ago, we whiled away the unconscious hours in skipping smooth pebbles upon its quiet, glassy surface, for the pleasure of watching the dimpling waves which followed, breaking

BOYHOOD'S REVERIE.

(From a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.) Page 394.

along in successive ridges, and lessening as they widened. We will also look up with reverence and admiration into the sky of youthful hope once more; not quite cloudless it may be, but beautifully mottled with stray, floating, "man's-hand" spots. We will catch if possible the yet lingering echoes of that song of early joy, and invigorate our worn and drooping spirits with a snuff of fragrance manufactured by those celestial perfumers—"Junes & Roses."

One of the greatest and most valuable delights which are felt by mortals amid the stern and oftentimes soul-harrowing conflicts of life's after campaign, is that of recalling the scenes of one's earlier years. To go backward along the pathway of experience, leaving the excitement and perplexity of the matured present, pushing aside all care and forcing our way through brushwood and thicket as well as gliding over violet patches, proceeding on and on till that old homestead of the soul is reached—the same that sheltered our infancy and witnessed our first loves and fears—is a pleasure than which nothing is superior, save a contemplation of eternal bliss. Now it is like that bounding exhilaration which one feels in escaping from the hot, crowded and dusty thoroughfares of a sweltering city to some rural spot, surrounded with vernal fields, clover-scented breezes and singing birds, and then it sobers down to the silent pensiveness and pulseless ecstacy of a twilight dream. Says Richard Henry Stoddard:

There are gains for all our losses,
    There are balms for all our pains;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
    And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better
    Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
    Which will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
    And we sigh for it in vain;

We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

There lies in every uncorrupted bosom a certain consciousness which spontaneously responds with a certain class of emotions and memories to the word, home-feeling. The home of our childhood is the place where—at least as it seems to us afterward—we spend the pleasantest part of our life. And the longer our life becomes, the more strongly does it seem to bind us back to this childhood home. As unpleasant memories, because they are unpleasant and therefore not willingly revived, pass more readily out of view, and on the contrary, pleasant memories, because they are pleasant and therefore cherished, are most tenaciously retained, so the memories and associations of our early home gradually glorify the place to our retrospective vision, and the love of it becomes to us a permanent inheritance.

Our inner life, as soon as its first childhood is left behind, begins to travel toward the second, which it reaches in old age, when all that belonged to and characterized the first is singularly revived. The convoluted sea-shell, on whatever shore the billows may have cast it, moans still for its old ocean-bed; the magnetic needle, however acted upon by diverting and disturbing forces, ever tremblingly seeks the pole; the bird of passage, in its season, yields its life to the attracting power of the "sweet south," and reaches it through fog and storms. So our restless hearts ever turn with mysterious spontaneity to that spot dearer than all others—that beginning and center of our life which moves not with the whirl, nor travels with us in our pilgrimage—that place of rest, and peace and love—our childhood home.

The outward acts of childhood are not its history, and they give little clue to its inward and true history. The peculiar plastic life which really wrought in us during those beautiful years can only be read in the impressions which we then received, and which memory has carried with it as part of our own deep life. These memories are the true book of our

early life; and if we wish to make a record of our childhood for others, these memories are, and must be, the life of the record we make.

As says another, "home is not so much a place as a continuous location of thoughts, feelings, impressions, and memories. The home of the babe is its mother's bosom, lap, and arms. The home of the infant is the nursery. The home of the boy or girl is the yard and playground. The home of manhood is a continuous reproduction of all these in the mind and memory, and a transferring of them to other and wider localities. The home of the citizen extends over his country, which is his fatherland—an extension of the idea of family home. The home of the Christian is the church, which overleaps the limits of nationality and becomes catholic. The home of the glorified saint is universal as the wide realm of the Redeemer.

"This home-feeling begins where life itself begins—in the family. This word, very significantly, means hidden, covered, secret, or concealed. Here are the germs of the future growth. Here are the elements which inform, inlay, and feed the tenderest and most delicate tissues and fibres of our early growth. Here are found the finest adjustments in the union of the world without and the world within us. Here, as in the inner petals of the rose, are the softest touches. Here is that heart of things out of which are the issues of life, and of all that in life shall yet be. Here rises that stream, the liveliest green of whose margin enables us always to trace it back to its source. Here we began. Here nations began. Here the race began."

It is a pretty, if not a truthful conceit of Wordsworth's that

> Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar;
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But with trailing clouds of glory from God
> Who is our home.

And so this recollection of the scenes and the home of our childhood is not only delicious and unique as an enjoyment, but also eminently beneficial as a moral exercise. All reflection, when rightly carried on, has an elevating tendency. Abuses in character are best corrected by invisible thought vigils. Morally speaking, being, independent of higher influences, is progressive in evil alone. Early childhood, therefore, is the most innocent and upright portion of an earthly career. The soul, coming to us like a sprig of immortality from the Tree of Life above, seems to maintain its native essence untainted and intact at first, but becomes polluted by association with the corrupt nature into which it is ingrafted. And its first convictions are the highest authority we can have on ethical questions except the revealed will. In man's perpetual vibrations between extremes no better standard of judgment can be found, outside of infallible guidance, to ascertain how far the central point of his swinging has deviated from the true, golden mean, than by an attentive comparison of prevailing sentiments with original impressions on the same point.

Whether any particular sacredness should be attached to this part of life when the light of Deity streams into the chambers of spiritual vision with scarce an intervening obstacle, is a question which might be answered both ways. Wordsworth would stoutly contend for the affirmative and would say:—

> The thought of my past years in me doth breed
> Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,
> For that which is most worthy to be blest—
> Delight and liberty, the simple creed
> Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
> With new-fledged hope still fluttering in its breast—
> Not for these I raise
> The song of thanks and praise;
> But for those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things; * * *
> High instincts before which our mortal nature
> Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
> For those first affections,
> Those shadowy recollections

Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing.
Truths that wake to perish never,
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

On the other hand, Elizabeth Barrett Browning would say:

'Tis ever a solemn thing to me
To look upon a babe that sleeps—
Wearing in its spirit-deeps
The unrevealed mystery
Of its Adam's taint and woe,
Which, when they revealed lie,
Will not let it slumber so.

And James Russell Lowell would add:

Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that drear voyage from whose night
The ominous shadows never lift;
But 'tis more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn.

So without attempting to arbitrate between such distinguished advocates, we will only remark that those who call the idea of childish purity all moonshine, and youthful experiences all folly, are a class of people, generally speaking, in whom one can see developed a marked contraction of mind and heart, a hardened and debasing selfishness, mingled with more or less of ignorant conceit; while a higher range of thought and a broader expansion of soul almost uniformly regards the incidents and suggestions of childhood as having a distinct bearing upon the unique and intimate relationship which this period of life is supposed to sustain to the great world of truth and beauty around, and the Great Source of truth above.

As Dr. Harbaugh says: "In our early life, two worlds, the world without us and the world within us, meet and exchange their deepest sympathies. It is this that hallows the little world of our early life. Scenery on which our eyes have rested in childhood's years, while our minds and affections were peculiarly plastic and growing, transfers its own images to the mind and spirit, leaving there a bent and a bias which remain part of our inmost selves." Lord Byron in "Childe Harold," uttered a truth when he said:

> I live not in myself, but become
> Portion of that around me: and to me
> High mountains are a feeling.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Yea, the mountains, waves, and skies are a part
> Of me, and of my soul, as I of them!

Then Longfellow, with deeper perception and truer insight, declares that

> What the leaves are to the forest,
> With light and air for food,
> Ere their sweet and tender juices
> Have been hardened into wood,
> That to the world are children;
> Through them it feels the glow
> Of a brighter and sunnier climate
> Than reaches the trunks below.

Well exclaims the author, above-quoted, again:

"How distinctly stands out to our mind the Springtime of our childhood—its first genial days, its swelling buds, its violets in the early freshened grass, and the return of the robin, the bluebird, and the swallow!

"Then, also, how marked to memory are the Summers of childhood—the woods like a gentle, waving lake of green leaves; the twittering heat over the landscape like a swarm of silver-winged insects; the fire-flies mimicking the stars at eve in the dewy meadow; the calm clover-fields in their glory of red and white blossoms inviting first the bees and then the mowers; the silvery, waving rye and the golden waving wheat,

and the corn in rows; the glad shout of the reaper and the painful whine of the dogs, responsive to the noon-day horn; while the gathering stillness of evening brings to the ear the tinkling bells and the lowing and bleating of herds returning to their nightly shelter!

"Then comes Autumn 'nodding o'er the yellow plain,' looked upon as the only season of life when its sobriety brings no thought of sadness. For only by degrees, and in harmony with other processes and experiences of life, do its sober scenes and solemn voices breathe upon the heart the plaintive spirit which inspires longings toward a home left behind on earth, and aspirations toward a home awaited, in heaven! In childhood the spirit receives the impressions of autumn scenes with perfect cheerfulness, as nature's calmer and serener smiles, and memory treasures the golden store.

"Then comes the Winters of childhood, combining the sternest out-door lessons with the sweetest heart-teachings of the fireside. The thickly-falling flakes from the leaden clouds —the sheet of snow on the fields, hard and glistened by the sun—the piercing creak of the heavy wagon over the crisped and frozen road, and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells; then the snow-balls, the snow-men, the snow-forts, and the athletic feats upon the glassy stream or pond; the school hours and the school recess, with its balls, muster, battles, races, and hill-side sliding—all this and much more, memory calls up most vividly only in connection with this period of childhood.

"These seasons are not to us, in adult life or in old age, what they were then. Let any one but for a moment earnestly analyze his present feelings, and he will find that all the high and solemn meaning that now lies in the passing seasons is a hidden meaning, and is substantially comprised in what they call up from the past. They are rich and pleasant and impressive, only as they revive memories of seasons gone. In themselves they are secular and common; but as they are like those which childhood knew, they are interesting, and covered with a soft and sacred charm. It was only childhood that could commune with the inner sense of these scenes, and after-life

communes with them through the impressions and memories of childhood." Says Wordsworth,

> There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Appareled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.
> It is not now as it hath been of yore:
> Turn wheresoe'er we may,
> By night or day,
> The things which I have seen I now can see no more.
> The rainbow comes and goes,
> And lovely is the rose;
> The moon doth with delight
> Look around her when the heavens are bare;
> Waters on a starry night
> Are beautiful and fair;
> The sunshine is a glorious birth;
> But yet I know, where'er I go,
> That there has passed away a glory from the earth.

Thanks, then, for that delicious period of life when the heart was "free childhood's heart, fresh with the dews of tenderness;" when the twin worlds of hope and joy were neither cursed by thorns nor disfigured by ruins; when we were not carrying, as now, great loads of schemes frustrated, hopes crushed, cares already burdensome and still accumulating, and an ambition ever longing with agonizing intensity, but never satisfied.

Who can look back upon earlier years through the rose-tinted perspective of reminiscence, and not repeat with special unction those familiar lines—

> "How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
> When fond recollection presents them to view."

Nor does the fact, that this delight exists more in present conceptions and consciousness than it did in the actual experience, abate its fervor; the heart clings to the joyous memories of the past, with a fond tenacity which death alone can diminish. Although we know that while passing through these

scenes we were far from being happy, yet we cannot repress a regret at their irrevocable flight, and are easily betrayed into a wish that similar experiences may occupy our *second* childhood, and smooth its passage to the tomb.

"Oh, remembered for aye, be the Blessed Isle
All the day of life till night;
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that 'Greenwood' of soul be in sight."

CHAPTER XI.

HOUSEHOLD PETS.

A SKETCH.

A HOUSEHOLD pet! Who has not had one, or what young heart does not thrill at the word? The three most natural objects of *matured* human love in its selfishness are money, breadstuffs and a partner, yet there are few who have not another, apart from these, apart from children even, an object of little or no intrinsic value, which they regard with an interest second in quality, and sometimes in quantity, only to that which clusters around their depository of supreme devotion and highest reverence. Cowper's affection for his hares is an example of my meaning. It seems to be demanded by an inborn craving of human nature. The great and lowly, the good and bad of all time have exhibited the same passion, while in our day the love of pets attains a universality quite or nearly equal to the worship of the Penates, or household deities, by the ancient Latins.

But while this affectionate admiration in man, on account of the multiplicity of his cares and distractions of his attention, is dependent upon the humor of the moment and only produces a whimsical delight, it is far different with children. In them it subserves a more important mission. The Wise Framer of body and soul is desirous of, and provides means for, a harmonious development of character. Hence the intensity and changeable nature of early desires and loves. Continued movement in any direction brings out a corresponding trait or characteristic. Thus eating and drinking induces habits of self-preservation and sustenance, a pursuit of novelty, courage, and saying prayers at night, veneration.

But when these and similar wants are satisfied and their appropriate elements of character are on the highway of development, then some other object is needed to attract and draw out into visible life a rich germ of the soul still untouched, which blossoms into that most ennobling attribute of humanity—disinterested love. Kind Providence, peculiarly tender in respect to the necessities of the lambs, always supplies this demand of youthful life in its first appearance by placing an object within its reach, towards which it will leap and around it twine, like kindred particles to a magnet. This is its pet. With some it is a flower; with others a dog, or bird, or lamb —mine was a cat. And as much superior as is our emotional nature to all others, so much stronger is this affection than all others. Oftentimes the child, as if to partially reciprocate the favor, lavishes upon its new-found idol all the wealth of its fickle, enthusiastic, yet deliciously pure heart. It forms, as it were, the hub into which are morticed all the spokes of home influences and domestic ties.

From earliest boyhood I had a singular sympathy with, and devoted attachment for, the feline race, and especially for a kitten. Whether this liking proceeded from a natural affinity in our respective constitutions, or whether they *are* loveable creatures *per se*, was a point which I left undecided. But as Cowper said concerning his hare:—

> I kept him for his humor's sake,
> For he would oft beguile
> My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
> And force me to smile,

so this little pet of mine never failed to produce a like pleasing impression on me when tangled in the meshes of misanthropy or sorrow. Some of the brightest engravings which hang in the picture-gallery of my memory are those which photograph the scenes of my frolics with a kitten. How oft

> "In life's fair morn, ere noon had come,
> Or grief the fount of pleasure froze,"

have I gone, when pussy was lying asleep upon the cushion of

a rocking-chair, and, kneeling down, laid my head beside hers, and felt the warm, soft fur on my cheek, and heard the labored purring as, with bellows-like precision, she gave utterance to an inward-felt satisfaction in lulling murmurs that thrilled my young heart into a bliss more soothing than any voice of affection in subsequent years, though coming as it has from *human* lips in low-toned whispers.

At such times, I remember, I would fall into a kind of trance; first I would wonder what funny apparatus kitty must have in her throat to create the gentle music; then my ardent imagination, unhampered with the spectres of past evil, nor busy with forebodings of a doubtful future, catching tinge from the current of mysterious thought, would stretch its eagle wings and soar away, till the plumage of its pinions would be damp and heavy from contact with the mists that shroud the regions of the unknown. Thus would I linger in the land of shade till a harsh, complaining voice would break the spell by exclaiming, ungenerously: "Get up child; don't be so foolish!" Alas, the chider little realized how far the cords of mental and social development were lengthened out during those few moments and by that simple process; nor how many young twigs, just shooting forth from the yet tender plant of character, were snapped or bent by the too hurried and violent interruption.

Parents, always beware how you "quench the smoking flax," or crush out the precarious life of hope-and-joy-buds by recklessly sweeping over them the iron materialism of a more hardened nature. You can no more do so with impunity and safety than a gardener could go into a nursery and prune young trees into symmetry with the blunt edge of a hoe. Sprouts there are to be removed, but let it be done with care and tenderness, by the keen knife of persuasion and love. More than half of all disobedience to parents is the result of early prejudices ripened into hate. Better far to adopt and carry into practice the German proverb, "The child is father of the man," than any opposite theory.

I remember, too, very distinctly, when thus torn away from

my delightful reverie, standing in the doorway of our humble cottage and casting, for the thousandth time, my eye over the outspread landscape, how everything appeared to be lighted up with a new, strange brilliancy, which was but the reflection, doubtless, of my vision-illumined soul. Then again how frightened I have been when she was lying underneath the stove, or in the warm rays of the sun, as I sat observing with silent admiration those inimitable attitudes into which no animals but cats can throw themselves with such attractiveness—lying curled up in an indescribable little heap, or in a springing posture with fore paws turned in, heart-like—to suddenly see her eyes open and roll wildly, muscles contract and body jerk as if in a spasm; then, upon asking in great alarm what was the matter with her, to be quieted with the answer, "Kitty is dreaming." Strange dream, thought I, to produce in her and in me such *aw*(*e*)-ful sensations!

'Twas in her livelier moods, however, that she was wont to please me most; to watch her gambols when, true to instinct, an impulse would seize her to fancy some rattling object near at hand a mouse. What grace and beauty and sprightliness of movement, as with ears erect, tail frisking, eyes distended and body crouched, she'd leap and strike it with her eager paw, then gallop away to stop its whirling course. These performances never failed of creating in my heart untold rapture. And as I have laughed at her nimbleness and folly, very often puss, as if indignant, would cease her play for a moment and look up into my face with such grave and blank astonishment as to effectually repress my childish glee. O what would I not have given to have ascertained her precise amount of intelligence just then?

Again, I often woke at the still midnight and found out by endeavoring to assume a straight position and feeling a leaden weight, accompanied by a genial warmth upon my slightly cold feet, that my pet was there, as the cause of the agreeable effect. And how I regretted her departure, when by an untimely lengthening of aching limbs, she, either fearful of disturbing my slumbers, or offended at the apparently rough

usage, would go away abruptly and seek another couch. Never shall I forget that feeling of loneliness that used to creep over me at such moments, when upon the breathless hush of night would break the muffled sound of her leap from bed to floor, succeeded by footfalls, at first but scarcely perceptible, then growing more and more faint until their gentle echoes became lost in the more audible throbbings of my own heart.

Occasionally, I would reach out and take her up to my pillow and try to shield her from the biting wintry air; but kitty, so gentle, so entertaining in every other capacity, always proved an uneasy and troublesome bed-fellow. For be it known, that with all her good qualities, my pet was still a cat, and had her preferences founded upon the cat standard of propriety, and, I suppose, to lie with her head upon a pillow, and be covered up with bed-clothes, was an approach towards civilization altogether too near to coincide with her preconceived notions of feline dignity. But think you, reader, I shall ever forget the efforts I used to make to reconcile her to this arrangement?—labors that cost me hours of waking care and anxiety, when I might and perhaps should have been asleep?

But this picture would be altogether incomplete without a background, and so I must proceed to bring out some of its darker shades. Memory brings vividly to view the sharp outlines of one early pet in particular, that eclipsed all others. I named her Lily. She was a beautiful Maltese; sleek, nimble, and graceful. I seem to see her even now, skipping and playing with an almost faultless *naivete*. My love for her was very great—too great. A mournful interest clusters around her memory. Its urn is covered by disappointment's gloomy night-shade. Sorrow's first *real* shadow fell upon my soul in connection with her. Think not, dear reader, that my young life was one unmingled cup of joy; many and bitter have been the days of grief intermixed, among which the following event is prominent, because lying nearly at the bottom, where the glass is narrowest!

On account of a sudden increase in the census of the tribe,

it was decreed by my father (unfeeling man!) that Lily must be killed. But what a shock to my young sensibilities that announcement was! I could not, *would* not believe it, at first; but soon became convinced that he was really in earnest. Then, vainly but agonizingly did I plead for its life; that, if spared, I would divide my own portion of food with her. My father was inexorable,—the number, he said was too large. Failing in this I next tried to give her away, but, alas! no one wanted her. Nothing now remained but the dread alternative of death.

It was on a bright summer's morning—well do I remember it—that Lily met her doom. Birds were singing merrily; the west wind sighed sweetly, and, to me, all nature seemed to unite with the one burden of my heart and lips: "Father, let her live!" Lily was at her usual occupation, playing, oh, so prettily! upon the kitchen floor. I thought I had never seen her look so charmingly before. With affection's tendrils well-nigh snapped, and senses sorrow-filmed, I saw her seized while thus engaged, and borne away. My eyes involuntarily followed her till out of sight. As the executioner was moving off to dash her head against some insensate rock—fit emblem of his own cruel heart—Lily seemed to have a sudden consciousness of her fate, and, raising her sweet, blue eyes to his fierce orbs imploringly, asked as plainly as she *could* ask,—"Are you going to kill me?" then, tried to extricate herself from his grasp. I could hold out no longer. Covering my face with my hands, I sobbed the grief I could not speak!

That day, the sun of hope and joy was to me shrouded in sackcloth. I could think of nothing else but Lily. With a mechanical power, I discharged the duties of its successive hours, till the approach of evening. Then, as material shades began to fall around, and the chirping of the cricket was heard, and the little flowers were drooping 'neath the weight of crystal dew, all emblematic of the state of my own heart, enwrapped with the no less tangible shadows of woe, vocalized with the shrill chirpings of the worm "that dieth not," and strown with the flowers of affection crushed under the weight of their

own life—at this hour, when the world without and the world within were blent in sympathetic union, like a bereaved and weeping woman, I went forth to seek the place where they had laid her.

Upon a green, grassy mound beside a "babbling brook," with wild flowers waving their yellow plumes above, as decorations, was Lily's sepulchre. There she lay, cold, bloody and stiff. I stooped down and looked into her glassy eyes, but no expression returned my wondering gaze. I repeated her name, but saw no returning movement of recognition. I touched her—an icy chill went crashing to the very heart of sensation. Then, powers of thought returning, I asked my soul the question—"Where was Lily now?" It could not be that this object before me was her, because the Lily I had known — *my* Lily—was full of life, activity, and beauty. This mangled form, indeed, resembled that which she was wont to bear, but I felt, and could not persuade my heart, but that there had fled all loveliness, all of worth, all of Lily herself! "Perhaps she will come back to me, sometime," I mentally exclaimed on turning away; and with this consoling thought for a companion I stole back to the house, crept up stairs silently to bed, and laid down amidst darkness, misery and mystery!

Oh, the intuitions of fledgling intellect! To me, at that time, death was a *new* as well as unsolved enigma; yet the queries which suggested themselves to my mind while crouched over the lifeless body of my pet, lying unburied on the damp turf of the meadow, were those which have baffled the science of ages, and are still perplexing the investigations of the great and good.

There are several practical inferences deducible from this subject and sketch which 'twere a pity not to draw out, as they will minister to the wants of the utilitarian reader, and serve as an appropriate ending of the endeavor. Did you ever take notice of a cat watching a mouse with limbs in proper posture, muscles and will in sympathy, all prepared for a leap, eyes almost immovably fixed, breath apparently suspended, starting at the slightest rustle, and all this not for a moment

only, but hours in succession? What better example do you want of perseverance, intensity of action, and that familiar adage, "Strike, while the iron is hot?" And when at last successful, have you never observed what a look of placid triumph and satisfaction it would put on? An inspiration to move forward, an inwardly-strenthening energy to do and dare, is imparted by such a leader and scene!

Again, a little kitten playing with toys under a delusion that they are mice, is but too emblematic, reader, of you and I and all the world beside; chasing bubbles, hopes, and phantom schemes, deceived as to their true character, and slow to learn the truth, "that things are not what they seem." The kitten is urged forward in *its* folly by the strong impulse of nature, and so are we in ours. Humiliating similitude!

I have been often moved to envy at the sight of my pet's contentment and happiness, although conscious it was but the contentment of stupidity. While she could take comfort "dozing out idle noons," or "frisking at evening hours" with no dread excited by the Future, nor sorrow by the Past, I was to be tormented with bitter recollections of lost opportunities and incurred guilt, and continually fearing lest there should be yet in reserve some keener disappointment and more poignant grief. Truly did Gray sing,

> "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Sensibility, acuteness of perception and nicety of discrimination are given to us here, only at the sacrifice of all perfect joy and contented repose. Byron wrote:

> Between two worlds, life hovers like a star
> How little do we know that which we are,
> How less what we may be! the eternal surge
> Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
> Our bubbles; but as the old burst, new emerge.

One grade higher in nature and we reach the plane of angelic life and freedom, while an equal remove downwards inevitably deposits us side by side with the dumb, unintelligent brute.

So much for *my* pet, but the love of household pets in gen-

eral may truly be said to be an ennobling affection of the mind. It indicates the existence of one chord in the soul which is not dead and seared, but which continues to vibrate responsive to tender touches of sentiment and feeling as embodied in the objects and aspects of nature around. In great cities, there is many a poor, fallen woman to whose heart and eye a little, innocent caged bird, swinging in the window, or a climbing vine throwing out tendrils and blossoms toward the sun, constitute the last link which binds her thoughts and memory to the life of purity and peace which she has left behind.

There is also many a poor child in an uncongenial home, to whom a pet of some kind acts as the preserver of her heart's better life. Denied the privilege of loving anybody or anything else, she showers upon her little pet the whole wealth of her young affections and so keeps alive within her breast that tenderness and sympathy of feeling which, in after life, will constitute the crowning glory and excellence of her womanly nature. There are old people, too, and ill-mated people, and wretched people of all sorts, as well as some not wretched, to whom pets are alike valuable and necessary. It matters little what the loved object is, whether bird or kitten or flower, or even a pretty doll, so long as it fulfills the purpose for which pets are designed.

Reference was made in the foregoing sketch to the poet Cowper and his hares. Here is the poetical epitaph which he composed on the death of one of these favorites:

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
  Nor swifter greyound follow,
Whose feet ne'er tainted morning dew,
  Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo',
Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
  Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
  Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
  His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look

And, when he could, would bite.
On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
Or pippin's russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

Eight years, and five round rolling moons
He saw thus steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.
I kept him for his humor's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath his walnut shade
He finds his long, last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.
She, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

Record is made of a young lady living in California who had an unusual and very interesting little pet in the shape of a humming bird of most petite form and brilliant plumage, in a fancy cage of delicately-wrought and cunningly-fashioned lace. The bird fell from its nest when too young to fly, and so was easily caught. She nursed it for a week, feeding it every hour during the day. Taking a little vial such as is used for homeopathic globules from her pocket, and explaining that it was filled with thick syrup made by dissolving loaf sugar in a little water, she drew the cork and presented it to the minikin bird, which immediately inserted its slender bill, almost as long as its little body, and sipped away as contentedly as could be, taking in all perhaps two drops.

With old people, grandparents especially, little children are often the dearest, sweetest pets of all. Between old age and childhood there is often the closest sympathy, and earth has few pleasanter sights than a venerable, kind-hearted old man surrounded by children and grandchildren who hang on his

neck, press their smooth, fresh cheeks to his wrinkled face, entertain him with their childish, innocent prattle, and testify their love for him by every word and look. Moreover, it often happens that these little child-pets become the leaders and guides of the old people to the bright and better land on high. We find this thought beautifully illustrated in a little poem entitled "Grandfather's Pet":

"This is the room where she slept,
Only a year ago—
Quiet and carefully swept,
Blinds and curtains like snow;
There, by the bed in the dusky gloom,
She would kneel with her tiny clasped hands and pray!
Here is the little white rose of a room—
With the fragrance fled away!

Effie, Grandfather's pet,
With her wise little face—
I seem to hear her yet,
Singing about the place;
But the crowds roll on, and the streets are drear,
And the world seems hard with a bitter doom,
And Effie is singing elsewhere—and here
Is the little white rose of a room.

Why, if she stood just there,
As she used to do,
With her long, light yellow hair,
And eyes of blue—
If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,
And ran to my side with a living touch,
Though I know she is quiet, and buried, and dead,
I should not wonder much.

I wonder, now, if she
Knows I am standing here,
Feeling, wherever she be,
We hold the place so dear?
It cannot be that she sleeps too sound,
Still in her little night-gown dressed,
Not to hear my footsteps sound
In the room where she used to rest.

I have felt hard fortune's stings,
And battled in doubt and strife,

And never thought much of things
  Beyond this human life;
But I cannot think that my darling died
  Like great strong men with their prayers untrue—
Nay! rather she sits at God's own side,
  And sings as she used to do!

A weary path I have trod;
  And now I feel no fear—
For I cannot think that God
  Is so far, since she was here!
As I stand, I can see the blue eyes shine,
  And the small arms reach through the curtained gloom—
While the breath of the great Lord God divine
  Stirs the little white rose of a room!"

CHAPTER XII.

The Family.

At length his humble cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

BURNS.

THE family is the oldest and most valuable institution on earth. In the garden of Eden it had its origin, and its founder was no less a being than God himself, the Author of life and the Creator of the world. In the beginning, God made the first pair male and female, put them together in a common home, and commanded them to be fruitful and multiply. And so the world was gradually filled by the increase of children and the multiplication of families and homes. There is not a single institution of earth, whether sacred or secular, but has had its rise in the family. The Church is simply a large Christian family. The State is nothing more than an aggregation of families. Family government is the original model of State authority, discipline and punishment. The father of a family was the first priest and preacher.

Accordingly, there can be no permanent state of human happiness outside of the family relation. The Nomads or wandering tribes of the desert, although shut out from much

of civilized enjoyment by their want of a steady, fixed habitation, still have separate families and find about all their comfort and peace inside of their temporary home circles. The disposition to congregate in groups or families is manifested even among the lower order of creatures, although by the absence of all moral feeling and civil regulations, there is no exclusiveness of affection recognized among them. Whoever or whatever seeks to break down or weaken the force of the family relation, strikes a death-blow at the existence of personal virtue, and opens the flood-gates of evil on the world.

Every one must have remarked that almost the strongest motives to well-doing, to honesty, sobriety, diligence, and good conduct in general, arise, with the bulk of people, from considerations connected with their families. They exert themselves, they deny themselves, they are impelled to form habits which are of the greatest value and importance, both to themselves and to society, by the strong desire that their children may not want anything that is needful for their bodies or their minds, for their present comfort and their future welfare. Nations expire, human governments are constantly re-cast; political systems are built up by one generation to be pulled down and re-cast by another; false religions, accompanied by the licentious vehemence of human passions, effect the greatest social changes; peace and war, infidelity and revolution, shape and re-shape human destiny; but amid the decay and the wreck, the confusion and the crimes, which constantly disfigure the face of the earth, the family circle, like the ark of Noah, survives amid the wasting waters of ruin.

The family begins properly with The Baby. Men and women may love, court, marry and live together, but there is no family until the husband and wife can say to each other, "Two times one are two, and one *to carry*, makes three, etc." As some one has beautifully and truthfully said: "Woe to him who smiles not over a cradle. He who has never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. The gleeful laugh

of happy children is the best music, and the graceful figures of childhood are the best statuary. We are all kings and queens in the cradle, and each babe is a new marvel, a new miracle. The size of the nestler is comic, and its tiny, beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the one happy, patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high-reposing Providence to it. Welcome to parents is the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistable than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high; or, more beautiful, the sobbing child—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation—soften all hearts to pity, and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than any knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spurs, puts on faces of wonderful importance, and when he fasts, like a little Pharisee, he fails not to sound his trumpet before him."

Another fine writer remarks: "How much tenderness, how much generosity, springs into the father's heart from the cradle of his child. What is there so affecting to the noble and virtuous man, as that being which perpetually needs his help and yet cannot call for it. Inarticulate sounds, or sounds which he receives half-formed, he bows himself down to modulate, he lays them with infinite care and patience not only on the tender, attentive ear, but on the half-open lips, on the cheeks, as if they all were listeners."

J. G. Holland, in his inimitable "Cradle Song," says:

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt:
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks,
And curious riddles as any sphinx!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind and wailing and alone
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls:
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds,
Words she has learned to murmur well?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! He's hushed in sweet repose!

Now, young mother, what do you hold in your arms? A machine of exquisite symmetry; the blue veins revealing the mysterious life-tide through an almost transparent surface; the waking thought speaking through the sparkling eye or dissolving there in tears; such a form as the art of man has never equaled; and such a union of mind and matter as his highest reason fails to comprehend. You embrace a being

whose developments may yet astonish you; who may perhaps sway the destiny of others; whose gatherings of knowledge you can neither foresee nor limit; and whose checkered lot of sorrow or joy are known only to the Being who fashioned him.

Much has been written and spoken about the influence of parents upon children, but who shall write of the educating influences which children exert upon parents? The mother's first ministration for her infant is to enter, as it were, the valley of the shadow of death, and win its life at the peril of her own. How different must an affection thus founded, be from all others! As if to deepen its power, a season of languor ensues, when she is comparatively alone with her infant and with Him who gave it, cultivating an acquaintance with a new being, and through a new channel, with the greatest of all beings. Is she not also herself an image of His goodness while she cherishes in her bosom the young life that he laid there? A love whose root is in death, whose fruit must be in eternity, has taken possession of her. No wonder that its effects are obvious and great. Has she been selfish? or rather, has the disposition to become so been nourished by the indulgence of affluence, or the adulation offered to beauty? How soon she sacrifices her own ease and convenience to that of her babe. She wakens at its slightest cry, and in its sickness forgets to take sleep.

> "Night after night
> She keepeth vigil, and when tardy morn
> Breaks on her watching eye-lids, and she fain
> Would lay her down to rest, its weak complaining
> O'ercomes her weariness."

Has she been indolent or vain? The physical care of her child helps to correct these faults. She patiently plies the needle to adorn its person. She is pleased to hear the praises that were once lavished on herself, transferred to her new darling. Has she been too much devoted to fashionable amusements? She learns to prize home-felt pleasures. She prefers her nursery to the lighted saloons and the brilliant

throng. Has she been passionate? How can she require the government of temper from her child, and yet set him no example? When her temper has been discomposed she dreads the gaze of that little, pure, wondering eye, perhaps even more than the reproof of conscience. In a word, she has entered the temple of a purer happiness and become a disciple in a higher school.

Says Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, "I have seen a young and beautiful mother, herself like a brilliant and graceful flower, from whom nothing could divide her infant. It was to her as a twin-soul. She had loved society, for there she had been as an idol. But what was the fleeting delight of adulation to the deep love that took possession of her whole being? She had loved her father's house. There she was ever like a song-bird, the first to welcome the day and the last to bless it. Now, she wreathed the same blossoms of the heart around another home, and lulled her little nursling with the same inborn melodies.

"It was sick. She hung over it. She watched it. She comforted it. She sat whole nights with it in her arms. It was to her like the beloved of the King of Israel, 'feeding among the lilies.' Under the pressure of this care, there was in her eye a deep and holy beauty which never gleamed there when she was radiant in the dance, or in the halls of fashion the cynosure. She had been taught to love God and his worship from her youth up; but when health again glowed in the face of her babe, there came from her lip such a prayer of flowing praise as it had never before breathed.

"And when in her beautiful infant there were the first developments of character, and of those preferences and aversions which leave room to doubt whether they are from simplicity or perverseness, and whether they should be repressed or pitied, there burst from her soul a supplication more earnest, more self-abandoning, more prevailing, than she had ever before poured into the ear of the majesty of heaven. So the feeble hand of the babe that she nourished, led her through more profound depths of humility, to higher aspirations of faith."

We have already given a delightfully-tender and pretty picture of baby going to sleep; now let us look at the companion picture of baby awake by Wm. C. Bennett.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches,
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn.

Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers, straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under.

Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness, that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table.

Silences—small meditations,
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches.
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing.

Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care, delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness,

Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be:
That's Baby May—that's my baby.

Although it comes not within our province to dwell at any length upon the *care* of infants, yet we cannot forbear offering a few suggestions taken from the experience and life of one of the most intelligent and truest mothers this country has ever produced. She says: "The duty of a mother to her babe begins indeed before its birth. Every irritable feeling should then be restrained and overflowing joy and hope be the daily aliment of life. Exercise among the beautiful works of nature, the infusion of fresh social feeling and the contemplation of the most cheerful subjects should be cherished and practiced by those who have the glorious hope of introducing into this world a being never to die; who, already a part of themselves, adds warmth and frequency to their prayers, and whom, 'having not seen, they love!'

"The first months of infancy should be a season of quietness. The unfolding organs require the nursing of silence and of love. The delicate system, like the mimosa, shrinks from every rude touch. Violent motions are uncongenial to the new-born. Loud, sharp sounds, and even glaring colors, should be excluded from the nursery. The visual and auditory nerves, those princely ambassadors to the mind, are still in embryo.

"The first months of infancy are a spot of brightness to a faithful and affectionate mother; a dream of bliss, from which she wakes to more complicated duties; a payment for past suffering, a preparation for future toil. I heard a lady who had brought up a large family, say it was the 'only period of a mother's perfect enjoyment.' At its expiration comes dentition, with a host of physical ills. The character begins to develop; and sometimes to take on the tinge which occasional pain of body or fretfulness of temper impart. The little being takes hold upon this life of trial. Soon, its ignorance must be dispelled, its perceptions guided, its waywardness quelled, and its passions held in check. Yet, were I to define

the climax of happiness which a mother enjoys with her infant, I should by no means limit it to the first three months. The whole season while it is deriving nutriment from her, is one of peculiar, inexpressible felicity. She has it in her power so immediately to hush its moanings, to sooth its sorrows, to alleviate its sickness, that she is to it as a tutelary spirit.

"Mothers, be not anxious to abridge this halcyon period. Do not willingly deprive yourselves of any portion of the highest pleasure of which woman's nature is capable. Devote yourselves to the work. Have nothing to do with the fashionable evening party, the crowded hall, the changes of dress that put health in jeopardy. Be temperate in all things. Receive no substance into the stomach that disorders it; no stimulant that affects the head; indulge no agitating passions. They change the aliment of your child. They introduce poison into the veins, or kindle fever in its blood.

"During the first sacred year, trust not your treasure too much to the charge of hirelings. Have it under your superintendence, both night and day. When necessarily engaged in other employments, let it hear your cheering, protecting tone. Keep it ever within the sensible atmosphere of maternal tenderness. Its little heart will soon reach out the slender radicles of love and trust. Nourish them with smiles and caresses, the 'small dew upon the tender grass.' When it learns to distinguish you by stretching its arms for your embrace; when on its little tottering feet it essays to run towards you; above all, when the first effort of its untaught tongue is to form your name, mother, there is neither speech nor language by which to express your joy! No, no, the poverty of words will never be so unwise as to attempt it."

Passing on now one step farther in our contemplation of family life, we find that our babies soon grow up into

Children.

To love children is the dictate of a nature pure and healthful. When not prompted by kindred blood it is a spontaneous tribute to their helpnessness, their innocence, or their

beauty. The total absence of this love induces a suspicion that the heart is not right. "Beware," said Lavater, "of him who hates the laugh of a child." "I love God and every little child," was the simple, yet sublime sentiment of Richter. The man of the world pauses in his absorbing career and claps his hands to gain an infant's smile. The victim of vice gazes wishfully on the pure, open forehead of childhood and retraces those blissful years that were free from guile. The man of piety loves that docility and singleness of heart which drew from his Saviour's lips the blessed words, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Elliot, the apostle of the Indians, amid his laborious ministry and rude companionship, shewed in all places the most marked attention to young children. In extreme age, when his head was white as the Alpine snows, he felt his heart warm at their approach. Many a pastor whom he had assisted to consecrate, bore witness to the pathos of his appeal, the solemnity of his intonation, when he charged them to *feed the lambs.*

The love of children in man is a virtue; in woman an element of nature. "Love children," said Madame de Maintenon in her advice to the young dauphiness of France, "whether for a prince or a peasant it is the most amiable accomplishment." Young ladies who are usually so anxious to please, are rarely aware what an attraction this love, when pure and unstudied, imparts to their manners. For no man can see a young girl bestowing true and genuine affection upon a child, without secretly wishing he could honorably transfer it to himself. It was this very trait in the character of Madame that won the heart of Louis the Great. When she was governess of his children and past the bloom of life, he surprised her one morning in the royal nursery sustaining with one arm the oldest son, then feeble from the effects of a fever, and rocking with the other hand a cradle in which lay the infant princess, while on her lap reposed a sleeping infant. His tenderness as a father and his susceptibility as a man, accorded to her that deep admiration which would have been denied to the splendor of dress, the parade of rank, or the blaze of beauty.

When Rome flourished, a Campanian lady, very rich and fond of pomp and show, being on a visit to Cornelia, the illustrious mother of the eloquent Gracchi, displayed her diamonds and jewels somewhat ostentatiously and inquired after those which belonged to Cornelia. The noble mother turned the conversation to another subject until the return of her sons from school, when she pointed to them with pride and said to the lady, "These are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire." It is told of John Trebonius, the German schoolmaster who instructed Martin Luther, that he always appeared before his boys with uncovered head. "Who can tell," said he, "what kind of a man may yet rise up out of this band of youths?" Even then, although he knew it not, there was among them the "solitary monk who shook the world." "My cousin Mary of Scotland hath a fair son born unto her, and I am but a dead tree," said Queen Elizabeth, while the scowl of discontent darkened her brow.

The simple fact is that neither men nor women can be developed perfectly who have not had the discipline of bringing up children to maturity of life. You might as well say that a tree is a perfect tree without leaf or blossom, as to say that of a man or a woman who has gone through life without experiencing the influences that come to the heart from bending down and giving one's self up to those who are helpless and little. For those "melting sentiments of kindly care" which seize on parents possess a wonderfully molding potency. A home without children is like a lantern without light, a garden without flowers, a vine without grapes, a brook without water running in its channel. Says the tender and true-hearted Longfellow,

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.
Ye open the eastern windows
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run!

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.
Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks?
Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead!

We are aware that many parents may regard this view of children as a little too poetical to be true to life. We know that the number is not few who look upon children as perfect torments, if not actual nuisances, and feel like echoing the sentiments of Beaumont and Fletcher who say in regard to children that "crying they creep among us like young cats, cares and continual crosses keeping with them;" and again, that "they are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noise and giddiness." But while every experienced parent will readily admit that there is a practical, an unpoetical, and even a disagreeable side to children, yet at the most this is only the rough husk of their natures, hiding the golden kernels of value and goodness beneath. Let sickness or infirmity quench the boisterous vigor of their animal vitality for a time, or let death lay his dissolving hand upon their frames, and under the restraining discipline of the sick room or before the spirit takes its flight, you will be able to discover the "angels" in their natures which the Saviour said, "do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven." And so Mrs. Hale truly declared:

The history of Paradise
To woman's faith is clear,
For happy childhood ever brings
The Eden vision near.

There are many heartless parents who say and feel that it's always a relief to them to get their children out of the way. So a mother once thought who took her little girl from the nursery and bade her elder brother lead her away with him to school. There she sat upon the hard bench, her tiny feet swinging above the floor until the feebly-strung muscles were weary and in pain. She looked upon the ways of naughty children and imbibed from them more of evil than of good. As she was proceeding homeward one day her brother left her for a moment to slide down an ice-covered hill. He charged her to wait for him in the spot where he placed her. But soon she attempted to run to him. A pair of gay horses threw her down, and a loaded sleigh passing over her literally divided her breast. She was taken up lifeless, a crushed and broken flower. *She was out of the way.*

Another mother in one of our country towns had a large family of daughters. She thought it would be a relief to her if but one of them were out of the way. So she selected the wildest to be sent to a boarding-school. She had been accustomed to rural sports and employments, and free exercise about her father's grounds. The impure atmosphere of a crowded city in summer, and close stoves in winter, the comparative and enervating stillness of the whole year, induced a change of habits and a general declension of health. Long sitting at the piano and the rigid compression of false dressing, disturbed and weakened the powers of life. When she returned home on vacations, the parents exultingly observed how lady-like she had grown, and how much fairer she was than her ruddy sisters. But it was not long before spinal disease set in, and all muscular energy was lost. Debility and confinement cut her off from society and from the joys of life. *She was out of the way.*

We have already alluded to the baleful practice of some parents in putting their children entirely in the care of hirelings and confining them within the bounds of the nursery. A young mother once complained that her children were so numerous and so near of an age, that she had neither repose

nor comfort. She found it impossible to nurse them, and her husband also thought it might hurt her form. Accordingly the nursery was placed in the highest story of her lofty house, that she need not be disturbed by its noise. She said she went there "as often as possible, though it was excessively fatiguing to climb those endless stairs." But she always procured an ample number of nurses, without reference to expense, and was satisfied that they had the most excellent care. One day she was informed that her youngest was sick. She went to it, but thought the nurse was unnecessarily alarmed. She staid with it as long as was in her power, considering she was engaged to a ball that evening. After she was entirely dressed she took pains to come up again and inquire after it. The nurse told her it was no better. She was sure the nurse was unreasonably timid. It had but a slight cough. Still she did not remain at the ball as late as usual or dance with her usual spirit. She said to her husband that such was her anxiety for the little one, that she should not have gone at all, had she not felt under the strongest obligations to attend the first entertainment of her most particular friend. At her return she hastened to the nursery. The hopeless stage of croup had seized the agonizing victim. Another also betrayed the same fatal indications. The skill of the physician and the frantic grief of the mother, were alike vain. With the fearful suddenness which often marks the termination of the diseases of infancy, two beautiful beings soon lay like sculptured marble. *They were out of the way.*

Instead, therefore, of treating the little ones in any such manner, it will be better to follow the spirit and advice of the following poem taken from the Scottish American Journal:

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run:

There may come a time in the by and by,
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll long for a repetition sweet
That sounded through each room,
Of "Mother," "Mother," the dear love-calls
That will echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,
Where youth and age come nevermore,
You will miss them from your side.

Where and how to bring up children, has been the subject of many a parent's anxious thought. To all who may be still in doubt with regard to the matter we heartily commend the following suggestions from Dr. J. G. Holland:

A very instructive story is told of the little Duke of Reichstadt, the ill-starred son of the first Napoleon. He was standing at a window of the palace where he was reared, at Vienna, looking out upon a scene which quite absorbed his attention. There had been a shower, which left in a favorable hollow of the street that marvelous fountain of juvenile enjoyment, a "mud-puddle." At the side of this squatted a little boy, barefoot and bare-headed, paddling in the water, sailing his little boats, and amusing himself after the manner of small boys. At this moment packages of choice gifts were brought into the room—gifts from friends of the little duke's imperial father—and the child's attention was called to them. He regarded them listlessly; and when his attendants asked him if he did not feel very grateful to those who had so kindly remembered him, he replied that he would rather go out of doors and play in the mud-puddle with the little boy, than to

have all the gifts they could send him. That little touch of nature is the best thing that history records concerning Napoleon II.; and if it is not strictly true, it ought to have been and might have been. The reply betrayed an unsatisfied hunger of a spirit, and a most unnatural nurture; and there is not a boy in the world who would fail to understand his feeling and to sympathize with it.

All children believe in the olden chemistry, and divide matter into four elements—earth, air, water, and fire. For all these they have an affection which time never obliterates, and which only the absorbing pursuits of adult life temporarily suppress. With pure air to breathe, and dirt, water, and fire to play with, their cup of enjoyment is as full as it can be. Every child, as it turns its head from its mother's breast, turns to these elements with an unerring instinct; and while the dangerous charm of fire is prudently removed till judgment gives the power to handle, it is no man's right to deny to the little neophyte, air dirt and water.

One of the ordinary events of spring in the country is the sending off to pasturage for the season of droves of young cattle; kept in stalls or cooped up in oozy yards, fed upon husks and hay through the long winter and spring, they are released at last; and on some sweet May morning are driven away in frolicsome herds to the mountain pastures, where, feeding upon the tender grasses and drinking the hill-side water, and roaming and reveling at will, they remain until the autumn frosts drive them home for food and shelter. They go out thin, shaggy, and dirty; they return sleek and plump, and ready either for the knife of the butcher or for domestic service. It is in the pasture that the cattle and colts grow. They get muscle and health by roaming and feeding and sleeping in the open air.

Now, in one respect, children need to be regarded and treated as young animals. Their particular business is to grow, and to grow healthy and soundly. Among the many obligations which a parent owes to the child he has called into existence, not the smallest is that of giving him, to the extent

of his ability to do so, a sound and well-developed body. Without this, wealth is of little worth, or splendid intellectual gifts, or fine accomplishments, or excellent education. Without this, he can be of comparatively little use to the world, and of little comfort to himself. With it, he can be both useful and happy. If, therefore, country air and country exercise and food are essential to the sound development of the child, he should have them, even at the expense of some of those possessions which parents are so apt to overrate, and so covetous to secure for their offspring. Let the children be taken to pasture, then, as regularly as the calves and the colts, while we tell with some detail what the process will do for them.

The boy left free to play in the fields and woods, will, in a single day, run more miles and exercise healthfully more muscles than could be matched by the "light gymnastics" for a week. This he does in pure sport. Running, climbing, riding, swimming, rowing, tossing, batting, jumping, wrestling, fishing, see-sawing, rolling and tumbling, day after day; there is not a muscle in his little body that he does not bring into play, without a motive that urges from behind, and solely for the gratification of his greed for amusement. Nowhere can he get this free and full exercise except in the country. It is impossible in the city. A child that undertakes any thing more than a walk in the street gets kicked by a passenger, or run over by a horse; and back-yards are largely devoted to rubbish and clothes-lines.

That there is virtue in water, all are ready to admit; but all are not so sure that there is virtue in dirt. Nevertheless, if there were more dabbling in dirt, the children would be healthier. A dirty child is not a pleasant object to contemplate, or a pretty thing to kiss and caress, but he quite frequently has that about him which is a good deal more valuable than tidy clothes and a clean person. When we talk of dirty children, we make no distinction between those who are made foul by the excretions of their skins, and those who are made thus by accretions from the chemical mixture which we call dirt. Nothing is cleaner than dirt. Dirt is not filth. It soils linen

PLAYING "SOCIAL CIRCLE."

(From a painting by Danfant De Mety.] Page 432.

and discolors the face and hand, but it is essentially as clean as flour, and would not injure the tenderest child if it were rubbed all over with it, which is more than can be said of any of the cosmetics so freely used by the child's mother and his grown-up sisters. The popular theories are all wrong in this matter; and they are all opposed to the unperverted instincts of the child. If we can only remember that dirt is not filth, but is a perfectly clean and healthy compound, we shall save ourselves much trouble, and do our children great good.

What untold joy does the young girl have in her first housekeeping in the sand! What delicious pies are those which she makes of mud, and bakes in the sun! Brains must be busy; and how much better is this outworking of the mind in healthful play, than the drinking in of countless stories about impossible children who never did anything wrong, and always kept their clothes clean.

The health-giving influence of the sunlight is not to be forgotten. It is impossible to know how much of the sickness of children reared in damp cellars and crowded rookeries of houses is attributable to impure air, and how much to the absence of sunlight. It is just as impossible to know the proportionate agency of light and pure air in restoring these children to health in the summer pasturing.

Life in the city is an unnatural life to the child, and is almost certain to generate morbid appetites, especially in the matter of food. A life that is purely artificial in all its surroundings, and unnatural in its restraints and repressions, can hardly fail, in constitutions at all delicate, to induce unhealthy and capricious appetites. Many a city child fails to find the simpler viands of the table at all satisfactory. Bread and butter, bread and milk, and the plain vegetables, have no attractions for him. He craves flesh and sweetmeats and strong condiments and delicate morsels; and that he may not go without food he is tempted with these and indulged in them, until he becomes as delicate as the food he eats.

There is nothing that will work a reform in this matter but

life and free play in the country air. A child that plays all day long, under pleasant and healthful excitement, has an appetite for the simplest and best food, and is entirely satisfied with it. There is probably not a country-bred man or woman living, who has ever found in the luxuries of later life any thing so sweet and satisfactory as the simple meals with which he satisfied the play-begotten appetite of childhood. How frequently the morbid appetites generated in city living are the basis of a destructive love of stimulants, may be left to each reader's estimate of probabilities. There are no data at hand for an intelligent decision; but that they have an important influence in this respect, can hardly admit of rational doubt.

The memory of early happiness is a treasure-house of sweet comforts and consolations. Its pure, simple, earnest joys become wells to draw from whenever we sit down in thirst and weariness by the dusty highway of life. Of this one good the world can never cheat us. The sunshine of those days reaches across our little stretch of life, and mingles its rays with those which beam from the heaven of our hope. The actual present of the adult life, and the materials which enter into it, are made up, more than we generally suppose, of reminiscence. We ruminate like the kine. We lay up in the receptacles of memory abundance of undigested material, which we recall and appropriate to our refreshment and nourishment; and this process of reminiscence—of living life over again—grows upon us as we grow in years, till at last it becomes our all. Exhausted power has no resource but to dwell upon its old play and its old achievements. How sad is he who can never go back to his childood without a shudder; who can never recall a period when his life was filled with sweet and simple satisfactions!"

CHAPTER XIII.

The Mother.

The mother in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage
But for her gentle cares, a true, strong man.

Old Play.

There is
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love save that within
A mother's heart.

Mrs. Hemans.

My mother!—manhood's anxious brow
And sterner cares have long been mine,
Yet turn I to thee fondly now
As when upon thy bosom's shrine
My infant griefs were gently hushed to rest,
And thy low whispered prayers my slumber blessed.

Geo. W. Bethune.

And while my soul retains the power
To think upon each faded year,
In every bright or shadowed hour
My heart shall hold my mother dear.
The hills may tower—the waves may rise,
And roll between my home and me,
Yet shall my quenchless memories
Turn with undying love to thee.

Willis Gaylord Clark.

PROBABLY good Bishop Thomson expressed the feeling of universal human nature when he wrote that "there was no velvet so soft as a mother's lap, no rose so lovely as her smile, no path so flowery as that imprinted with her footsteps." Men and women frequently forget each other,

but everybody remembers mother. The very name is so entwined round our hearts that they must cease to throb ere we forget it! 'tis our first love; 'tis part of religion. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood; we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty—nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster.

Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose, just bursting into beauty, has an irresistable bewitchingness; the blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar, awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight;—but the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these. Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies — the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking, watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

The mother can take man's whole nature under her control. She becomes what she has been called, "The Divinity of Infancy." Her smile is its sunshine, her words its mildest law, until sin and the world have steeled the heart. She can shower around her the most genial of all influences, and from the time when she first laps her little one in Elysium by clasping him to her bosom —"its first paradise"— to the moment when that child is independent of her aid, or perhaps, like Washington, directs the destinies of millions, her smile, her word, her wish, is an inspiring force. A sentence of encouragement or praise is a joy for a day. It spreads light upon all faces, and renders a mother's power more and more charm-like. So intense is that power that the mere rememberance of a praying mother's hand laid on the head in infancy, has held back a son from guilt when passion had waxed strong.

The mother is the angel spirit of home. Her tender yearnings over the cradle of her infant babe, her guardian care of

the child and youth, and her bosom companionship with the man of her love and choice, makes her the personal center of the interests, the hopes and happiness of the family. Her love glows in her sympathies and reigns in all her thoughts and deeds. It never cools, never tires, never dreads, never sleeps, but ever glows and burns with increasing ardor, like sweet and holy incense upon the altar of home devotion. And even when she is gone to her last rest, the sainted mother in heaven sways a mightier influence over her wayward husband or child, than when she was present. Her departed spirit still hovers over his affections, overshadows his path, and draws him by unseen cords to herself in heaven.

Every woman in becoming a mother takes a higher place in the scale of being. A most important work is allotted her in the economy of the great human family. No longer does she live for self, no longer will she be noteless and unrecorded, passing away without name or memorial among the people. No longer can it be said of her reproachfully, that "she lent her graces to the grave, and left the world no copy."

Writes Mrs. Sigourney to a friend on becoming a mother: "You have gained an increase of power. The influence which is most truly valuable, is that of mind over mind. How entire and perfect is this dominion over the unformed character of your infant! Write what you will upon that printless tablet, with your wand of love. Hitherto, your influence over your dearest friend, your most submissive servant, has known bounds and obstructions. Now, you have over a new-born immortal almost that degree of power which the mind exercises over the body, and which Aristotle compares to the 'sway of a prince over a bond-man.' The period of this influence must indeed pass away; but while it lasts, make good use of it."

Mothers constitute the only universal agent of civilization, for nature has placed in her hands both infancy and youth. Secluded as she wisely is, from any share in the administration of government, how shall her patriotism find legitimate exercise? The admixture of the female mind in the ferment of political ambition, would be neither safe if it were permit-

ted, nor to be desired, if it were safe. Nations who have encouraged it, have usually found their cabinet councils perplexed by intrigue, or turbulent with contention. History has recorded instances where the gentler sex have usurped the scepter of the monarch, or invaded the province of the warrior. But we regard them either with amazement, as a planet rushing from its orbit, or with pity, as the lost Pleiad forsaking its happy and brilliant sisterhood.

The vital interests of this country hang largely upon the influence of mothers. We are exposed to the influx of vast hosts of foreigners who are either unfit to enjoy our free institutions, or adverse to them in spirit. To neutralize this mass, to rule its fermentations, to prevent it from becoming a lava-stream in the garden of liberty, is a work of power and peril. The force of public opinion and the terrors of the law must hold in check these elements of danger until the effects of education can restore them to order and beauty.

Insubordination is becoming a prominent feature in many of our principal cities. Obedience in families, respect to magistrates, and love of country, should therefore be inculcated with increased energy by those who have earliest access to the mind. A barrier to the torrent of corruption and a guard over the strong-holds of knowledge and of virtue, may be placed by the mother as she watches over her cradled son. Let her come forth with vigor and vigilance at the call of her country, not like Boadicea in her chariot, but like the mother of Washington feeling that the first lesson to every incipient ruler should be, *how to obey*. The degree of diligence in preparing her children to be good subjects of a just government will be the true measure of patriotism. While she labors to pour a pure and heavenly spirit into the hearts that open around her, she knows not but she may be appointed to rear some future statesman for her nation's helm, or priest for the temple of God.

A mother's love! who can fathom its depths? The wild storm of adversity and the bright sunshine of prosperity are alike to her; however unworthy we may be of that affection, a mother

never ceases to love her erring child. Life affords many affecting illustrations of this truth. Of mothers it can often be said "they love not wisely, but too well." Here is an example. A widow expended on her only son all the fullness of her affection and the little gains of her industry. She denied herself every superfluity that he might receive the benefits of education, and the indulgences that boyhood covets. She sat silently by her small fire and lighted her single candle, and regarded him with intense delight, as he amused himself with his books or sought out the lessons for the following day. The expenses of his school were discharged by the labor of her hands, and glad and proud was she to bestow on him privileges in which her own youth had never been permitted to share. She believed him to be diligently acquiring the knowledge which she respected, but was unable to comprehend. His teachers and his idle companions knew otherwise. He, indeed, learned to astonish his simple and admiring parent with high-sounding epithets and technical terms, and despise her for not understanding them. When she saw him discontented at comparing his situation with that of others who were above him in rank, she almost denied herself bread that she might add a luxury to his table or a garment to his wardrobe.

She erred in judgment and he in conduct, but still her changeless love surmounted all. When every year his heart grew more cold and selfish, and he returned no caress and even assumed an air of defiance, she strove not to perceive the alteration or sadly solaced herself with the reflection that "this was the nature of *boys*."

He grew boisterous and disobedient, and began to stay away from the humble cottage. She sat up late for him and when he came, welcomed him kindly, but often during those long and lonely evenings she wept as she remembered his early years. At length it was evident that darker vices were making him their victim. The habit of intemperance could no longer be concealed, even from blinded love. The widowed mother remonstrated with unwonted energy, and was answered with words of insolence and brutality.

He disappeared from her cottage. What she dreaded had come upon her. In his anger he had gone to sea. And now, every night when the tempest howled and the wind was high she lay sleepless, thinking of him. She saw him in her imagination climbing the slippery shrouds, or doing the bidding of rough, unfeeling men. Again she fancied that he was sick and suffering with none to watch over him or have patience with his waywardness, and her head, with silver hairs besprinkled, bowed in grief.

But hope of his return began to cheer her. When the new moon with its slender crescent looked in at her window, she said, "I think my boy will be here ere that moon is old." And when it waned and went away, she sighed and said, "my boy will remember me."

Years fled, and there was no letter, no recognition. Sometimes she gathered tidings from a comrade that he was on some far sea, or in some foreign land. But no message for his mother. When he touched at some port in his native country it was not to seek her cottage, but to spend his wages in revelry and re-embark on a new voyage. Weary years, and no letter. Yet she had abridged her comforts that he might be taught to write, and she used to exhibit his penmanship with such pride. But she dismissed all reproachful thoughts with the reflection, "it was the nature of sailors."

Amid all these years of neglect and cruelty, Love lived on. When Hope refused nourishment she asked food of Memory. She was satisfied with crumbs from a table which must never be spread again. Memory brought the broken bread which she had gathered into her basket, when the feast of innocence was over, and love received it as a mendicant and fed upon it and gave thanks. She fed upon the cradle-smile; upon the first caress of infancy; upon the loving years of childhood, when, putting his cheek to hers, he slumbered the live-long night, or when teaching him to walk, he tottered with outstretched arms to her bosom as a new-fledged bird to its nest.

It was a cold night in winter, and the snow lay deep upon the earth. The widow sat alone by her little fireside. The

marks of early age had settled upon her. A heavy knock shook her door, and ere she could open it a man entered. He moved with pain like one crippled, and his red and downcast visage was partially concealed by a torn hat. Among those who had been familiar with his youthful countenance, only one could have recognized him through his disguise and misery. The mother, looking deep into his eye, saw a faint tinge of that fair blue which had charmed her when it unclosed from a cradle-dream, and exclaimed in tones of deepest joy, "My son! my son!"

But had the prodigal returned as a penitent? Alas! the revels that then shook the roof of his widowed parent and the profanity that disturbed her repose, told a different story. The remainder of his history is brief. The effects of vice had debilitated his constitution, and once, as he was apparently recovering from a long paroxysm of intemperance, apoplexy struck his heated brain and he lay a bloated and hideous carcass. The poor mother soon faded away and followed him. She had watched over him with a meek, nursing patience to the last. Her love had never turned away from him through years of neglect, brutality and revolting wickedness. "Bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things," was its divine but misguided motto.

Look into the records of history and biography and you will find but few exceptions to the rule that all great men have great mothers. The father's influence upon offspring is comparatively feeble and insignificant to that of the mother. Sons usually inherit the mother's prominent traits. Sir Walter Scott's mother was not only a superior woman but a great lover of poetry and painting. Byron's mother was talented but proud and ill-tempered. The mother of Napoleon was noted for her beauty and energy. The mother of John Wesley was so remarkable for intelligence, piety and executive ability that she has been called the "Mother of Methodism." The mother of Nero, on the other hand, was a murderess. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, was one of a large family of children all of whom were fed from the bosom of their mother. She en-

tertained the idea that the infant imbibed with its milk some portion of the quality and temperament of its nurse; hence, while her children were young they had no attendant but herself. And they all became remarkable men and women, though the fame of St. Bernard has eclipsed that of all the rest. The same is true of the first wife of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and hundreds of others.

Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, was an extraordinary woman. Notwithstanding the rudeness of her own native realm of Britain and the low state of learning among her sex, she wrote several works, among which was a book of Greek verses; and the principles she early infused into the mind of that Christian Emperor, undoubtedly had great influence in determining his future course.

The mother of the illustrious Lord Bacon breathed into his mind in the forming period of childhood, her own love of learning; and while she instructed him in the rudiments of science, awakened that spirit of liberal curiosity and research which afterwards induced him to take "all knowledge to be his province." Her influence also on the mind of King Edward VI, to whom in his early years she was governess, was eminently happy. He derived from her much of that spirit of zealous and consistent piety which moved her, while occupied with other studies, to translate from the Italian twenty-five sermons on abstruse and important tenets of faith.

Baron Cuvier, from the extreme feebleness of his childhood, came almost constantly under the care of his mother. The sweetness of this intercourse dwelt on his memory throughout the whole of his life. She taught him to read fluently at the age of four years, learned him to draw, heard him recite in Latin, read with him the best authors, and instilled into his mind a reverence for both knowledge and religion.

The agency exercised by the mother of Washington in forming that character which the world delighted to honor, is a subject of elevating contemplation. His undeviating integrity and unshaken self-command were developments of her

own elements of character, fruits from those germs which she planted in the soil of his infancy. She combined Spartan firmness and simplicity with the deep affections of a Christian matron, and all this concentrated influence was brought to bear upon her son, who, by the early death of his father, passed more entirely under her discipline. He who has been likened to Fabius, to Cincinnatus, and other heroes of antiquity, only to show how he transcended each; he who caused the shades of Mount Vernon to be as sacred to the patriot as the shrine at Mecca to the pilgrim, shares his glory with her who wrought among the rudiments of his being with no idle and uncertain hand. The monument which now designates her last repose speaks eloquently to her sex, bidding them to impress the character of true greatness upon the next generation. It warns them to prepare by unslumbering efforts for their own solemn responsibility. Let her who is disposed to indulge in lassitude, or to forget that she may stamp an indelible character either for good or evil on the immortal mind submitted to her regency, go and renounce her errors, deepen her faith and quicken her energies at the tomb of "Mary, the mother of Washington."

Another American woman of noble name and memory, whose life furnishes a pattern of heroic industry and patient power, is Mrs. Martha Laurens Ramsay, of South Carolina. Her father, Col. Henry Laurens, was conspicuous as a man of talent and a statesman. At the age of eleven her most excellent mother died and she was placed under the care of an aunt. Her father went to Europe to superintend the education of his sons, and for eleven years she had no intercourse with him except by the pen. At the age of sixteen she accompanied her aunt to England. The war between England and her native country soon commencing, her father was called home and appointed to an important station in that arduous struggle.

While her father filled the office of President of the Continental Congress, he wrote to his daughter to prepare for reverses, and if necessary to obtain her subsistence by her own labor. Her father, sent to England on business for this country,

was thrown a prisoner into the Tower on a charge of high treason and was in danger of his life. Charleston was in the hands of the enemy; Carolina overrun by their armies; and, as the climax of her sorrows, news came that her beloved brother, John Laurens, had fallen in battle.

Ere long, however, hope began to dawn upon the destinies of her native land. Her father was released from prison and entrusted with public negotiations to the court of France. She was summoned to join him in Paris, and who can tell the rapture with which for the first time for almost twelve years, she received his paternal embrace. The change was great from the privations of poverty, the toil of the nurse's chamber, and the solitude of a remote country village, to the head of the table of a minister-plenipotentiary, in the gayest metropolis of the gayest clime of Europe, but her eminent good sense proved equal to the demand.

Her gratitude on her return to her native country was unbounded to find it, after her ten years exile, in peace and freedom, and maintaining a rank among the nations of the earth. Not long after, she became the wife of Dr. David Ramsay, a man highly respected for his eminence in science and literature, and capable of appreciating the worth of the companion whom he had chosen. Her conduct in the station of a wife, the mistress of a household, and the mother of children, shone forth as an example to all. She lightened the burden of her husband's cares, and assisted him, as far as possible, in his literary and professional labors. In times of general sickness she sought out in various books cases of peculiar importance, and related them to him, or presented in one view, the opinions of standard medical authors.

In the first sixteen years after marriage, she became the mother of eleven children. In their care and education she was indefatigable. In every season of sickness and pain, she was their most watchful, tender nurse. She sought to procure for each a good constitution and a well-regulated mind. She taught them industry, and as they gained vigor, inured them to fatigue and occasional hardship. She required them to re-

strain their tempers; to subject their desires to the control of reason and religion; to practice self-denial and to bear disappointment.

She constantly assisted their progress in useful knowledge, and took the whole superintendence of their education. For the use of her first children she compiled a grammar of the English language, not finding those of Lowth and Ash, which were then the only ones she could obtain, adapted to the comprehension of unfolding intellects. She prepared questions for them in ancient and modern history, which they were expected to answer from their general knowledge, and in their own language. From her accurate acquaintance with French she excelled in it as a teacher; and for their sakes she studied the Greek and Latin classics, so as to become a profitable instructor in those languages.

With the same ardor to advance the education of her children, she studied botany and refreshed her knowledge of natural and civil history, biography, astronomy, philosophy, and an extensive course of voyages and travels. She gave her instructions with regularity, and thus conducted her daughters at home through the studies and accomplishments taught at boarding-schools, and her sons through a course of training which fitted them to enter college. A portion of each day was devoted to reading, and another to the practice of needlework in which useful art she rendered her daughters expert, insisting, even amidst the heat of a Carolina summer, on their systematic industry.

For her astonishing amount of industrious performance, and her uniform excellence in every relative duty, she derived strength from her spirit of piety. She lived a life of prayer. In every important transaction, in the midst of her daily cares, she poured her anxieties into the ear of her heavenly Father, solicited his direction, and brought the tribute of her grateful praise. It is to the influence of such mothers as these that America owes its existence and its independence. As some one has sung:—

"The mothers of our Pilgrim-Land,
Their bosoms pillowed *men*!
And proud were they by such to stand
In hammock, fort or glen.
They shrank not from the foeman,
They quailed not in the fight;
But cheered their husbands through the day
Or nursed them through the night.
No braver dames had Sparta,
No nobler matrons Rome!"

In striking contrast with the example of Mrs. Ramsay is the conduct of many women of our own time. The number of wives and young women in our day is not small who look upon the duties, cares, pleasures and responsibilities of motherhood as irksome, disagreeable, confining, not to say a little degrading in some particulars. Accordingly, these duties and pleasures are shunned and even prevented to an extent that bodes no good to the perpetuity and welfare of our nation. There is an evil here of alarming magnitude. One or two children now constitute the average family, and the birth of even this number is prevented whenever it can be without greater injury to health. The crown and glory of womankind, that diadem of motherly honor and dignity which has rested upon the sex since the first woman exclaimed in joyful triumph, "I have gotten a child from the Lord," is now being torn in pieces by the hand of woman herself, and trampled in disdain under her feet. Shame on her!

That woman who deliberately and willfully refuses to wear this glorious and holy crown of motherhood; who had rather idle away her time and strength in following the devious and senseless ways of fashion, in parading the streets and lounging in shops and stores, in dressing beyond the bounds of economy or prudence, in gratifying vain, frivolous, sensuous wishes and desires, than in bringing up children to do good and thus throw back credit upon their parents, is unworthy of the name of woman, is untrue to the highest and holiest impulses of her own nature, is false to the design and intent of God in her creation. We are aware of the fact that women must not be made to bear all the blame in this matter, yet as far as they

can it is their duty and privilege alike to shrink not from the mingled pain and rapture by which noble sons and daughters are reared to fill the places made empty by death. A childless woman is always an object of pity, but when she makes herself childless through downright laziness and hatred of care, she becomes an object of scorn.

One of the most touching and beautiful poems that ever came from the heart and pen of Cowper was evoked by the gift to him of his mother's picture. Let my female readers peruse it carefully, and then ask if any woman could wish for a nobler apotheosis. The poet is supposed to be holding the picture before him and to be talking to it thus:

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"

My Mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretched e'en then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,

I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed,
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes,
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)
Could these few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,

YOUNG MOTHERHOOD. Page 448.

Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
Then sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,
While thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.

But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day, some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course,
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he,
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents past into the skies.

And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

Equally tender and loving is the tribute which N. P. Willis pays his mother in the following verses:

My birth-day!—Oh beloved mother!
My heart is with thee o'er the seas.
I did not think to count another
Before I went upon thy knees—
Before this scroll of absent years
Was blotted with thy streaming tears.

My own I do not care to check.
I weep—albeit here alone—
As if I hung upon thy neck,

As if thy lips were on my own,
As if this full, sad heart of mine,
Were beating closely upon thine.

Four weary years! How looks she now?
What light is in those tender eyes!
What trace of time has touch'd the brow
Whose look is borrow'd of the skies
That listen to her nightly prayer?

Oh! when the hour to meet again
Creeps on—and, speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthen'd chain,
And, link by link, draws nearer thee—
When land is hail'd, and, from the shore,
Comes off the blessed breath of home,
With fragrance from my mother's door
Of flowers forgotten when I come—
When port is gain'd, and slowly now,
The old familiar paths are pass'd,
And, entering—unconscious how—
I gaze upon thy face at last,
And run to thee, all faint and weak,

And feel thy tears upon my cheek—
Oh! if my heart break not with joy,
The light of heaven will fairer seem,
And I shall grow once more a boy;
And, mother! 'twill be like a dream
That we were parted thus for years:
And once that we have dried our tears
How will the days seem long and bright
To meet thee always with the morn,
And hear thy blessing every night—
Thy "dearest," thy "first-born?"—
And be no more, as now, in a strange land, forlorn!

CHAPTER XIV.

Household Virtues.

Say, what have you brought to our own fireside?
'Twas the mother's voice that spoke;
A common stock is our happiness here,
Each heart must contribute its mite
The bliss to swell or the pain to cheer:
Son and daughter and husband dear,
What have you brought to-night?

Mrs. Sigourney.

To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To rear the graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-ordered home man's best delight to make,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeteen all the toils of human life—
This be the female dignity and praise.

Thomson.

WE will begin our list of these virtues by mentioning that very useful household article formerly known and recognized as family government. While reading a letter recently written by an American lady resident in China, our attention was forcibly arrested by the following passage: "By the Chinese code, children, at no age, nor in any circumstances, are absolved from the duty of implicit obedience to parents; and one who strikes or uses abusive language to his parents may be strangled." Verily, then, Chinamen are our antipodes socially and civilly, as well as geographically; for if this law or custom prevailed among us, the country would soon be depopulated, and the cemeteries choked with strangled victims.

Strict, healthy, parental discipline among American families is very nearly, if not quite, a thing of the past; a virtue held in grateful (or painful) remembrance, but not practically exercised; and at the present rate of decrease will soon have to be classified with "the lost arts." The switch of the olden time has given way to the sugar-plum, and coaxing has stolen the power of command. Children, big and little, triumphantly rule the household, riding sometimes roughshod over all law, order and propriety, intent only upon having their own way and gratifying their own selfish desires, while the dazed or wonder-struck or negligent parents stand aside, and either laugh or cry at the general disarrangement of matters caused by the usurpation. The idea of *compelling* obedience at any sacrifice of immediate tenderness or good will, is hardly thought of, much less carried out.

And yet, "it were not always thus." What New England man or woman does not remember the days of early childhood in the old family homestead, where Puritanic sternness and white-robed submission reigned supreme; where family rebellions and unruly children constituted the vicious exception, rather than the orderly rule; where domestic law was seldom broken; where honor and reverence for established authority were common, and where punishment for disobedience followed swift and sure. Ah, those were the days of fancied deprivation and irksome restraint on the part of the children, but days of solidity and purity on the part of household and civil affairs. If our fathers ever went to one extreme in this direction, most surely we are suffering from a disastrous rebound to the other.

But this matter of family government and healthy, household submission to constituted law, is not a matter of mere pleasure, convenience, or caprice, but rather a sacred, solemn, binding duty; a matter which concerns not the individual household alone, but the welfare and good order of society as a whole. Perhaps the most prominent offensive characteristic of Americans is lawlessness; a want of respect for the sanction of constituted authority; a heedless and willful violation of

the eternal rules of right and righteousness, as embodied in, and enforced by enacted law. As a nation, we are sharp, keen, witty enough, perhaps; and the most of us know enough for the work and duties of an ordinary life; neither are we deficient in tenderness, sympathy and benevolence towards the unfortunate, but we are, as a nation, supremely selfish (and growing more so), proud, headstrong, and impatient of restraint; all of which national sins and follies *have their root in the character of family life.* The manners and customs of the household are projected into society, the State, and the church.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the connection between home-life and civil and church life is immediate, direct and controlling. A child that grows up lawless and defiant, will become a lawless citizen and a lawless sinner. Never knowing what it is to bow down in humble submission to the majesty of constituted authority at home, accustomed to consult only his own will and preferences, and to carry out his own notions, whether right or wrong, when he emerges from the life of the household to the higher life of a citizen, he will be sure to manifest the same spirit and disposition in his dealings with the State that he exercised toward his parents; and if he ever becomes a Christian, he will show out the same traits in his attitude towards the Bible and towards God. In a most important sense, therefore, the whole subsequent career of every man and woman is determined while they are inmates of the parental household and subject to its discipline. If that discipline is weak or wanting, the whole after subjection of the person to lawful restraint will be fretting and irksome; if it is wise and wholesome, the foundation is laid for good citizenship and practical Christianity.

All politeness and good breeding in social circles displays itself in the easy, unconscious submission to the recognized laws of social intercourse. All good citizenship and political virtue may be defined as a love of liberty regulated by law. All religion is a surrender of heart and life to the control and commandments of heaven. Consequently, *submission to au-*

thority in some form is the keystone to life's arch; and, where this is wanting, the whole structure is unsafe and liable to fall in at any moment. On the other hand, all vice and wrong-doing is a *rebellion* against law in some form. The universe itself is strung, like a bead, upon the thread of law; and any one to be in harmony with the world's movement must take his place in the line, and quietly, patiently, cheerfully wait the movements which absolute law has ordained.

We can see from all this why the home and the family have so wisely been made the germ, the nucleus, and the central unit of life, and why everything conspires to enhance its value and importance. We can also see why the loss of family government and pure, judicious, parental control is such a serious national calamity. It is because a blow is struck by this neglect at the very foundation of social order, civil prosperity, and religious happiness. It is because a bad, lawless home makes a bad, lawless citizen, and a bad, lawless Christian. No nation's welfare can be safe when men stand watching the chances of evasion of law as they do now. On the contrary, there must be inward, native reverence and respect for law before there can be a cheerful obedience to its requirements, and before such obedience will bring contentment into the heart, honor and uprightness into business dealings, and glory and perpetuity to the national life.

Says Dr. A. P. Peabody: "Our Puritan ancestors and the colonists from the Old World in general brought to our shores the ancient notions of rigid family discipline. Unquestioning obedience was the law and habit of their households. 'Wayward children fared worse with the early magistrates of New England than the majority of thieves and murderers fare now; for filial contumacy or irreverence was then regarded as an 'iniquity to be punished by the judges.' Thence sprang that pervading spirit of order, which in the last century survived the breaking up of old institutions, which for the most part quietly awaited the formation of our State and national governments, and then peacefully transferred its former allegiance to the newly constituted authorities.

"It was home-born habits alone that kept the nation out of the whirlpool of anarchy during the Revolutionary conflict, when the State governments really had very little power, nay, an existence so precarious that any extensive outbreaking of the mob-spirit would have crushed them. And had not the soldiers of the Revolution been for the most part trained in well-ordered families, they never would have laid down their arms, unpaid except in what they deemed worthless paper, but would have levied their hard-earned wages on the goods of the unarmed, and, not suffering themselves to be foiled by the impregnable virtue of their commander-in-chief, would have elevated some unscrupulous soldier of fortune to the headship of a military despotism.

"The condition of things has sadly changed within the lifetime of the present generation. Laws have been perpetually nullified. Our legislative halls have often witnessed outrages that would disgrace an arena of prize-fighters. Mobs have not infrequently taken the law into their own hands, and have been abetted in their violence by men of conspicuous standing. But as it was homes organized and governed after the divinely-prescribed pattern that made a republic possible on this Western Continent, so if the old domestic order is to be permanently reversed, if the elder are to serve the younger, if the whims of childhood and the caprices of youth, instead of the wisdom of mature experience, are to govern our families, the days of our republic are numbered. Undisciplined homes will throw the State into anarchy, and the world will have to wait for a successful republican government until that nation arises which will obey the fifth commandment of the decalogue."

To make a well-ordered household, the parents must establish their will as the law and do it early, for docility is impaired by delay. It is the truest love to save the little stranger in this labyrinth of life all those conflicts of feeling, which must continue as long as it remains doubtful who is to be its guide. As the root and germ of piety, as a preparation for submission to the Eternal Father, as the subduing process

which is to lead it in calmness through the storms and surges of time, teach obedience.

It is a simple precept in philosophy that obedience should be the most entire and unconditional, where reason is the weakest. Its requisitions should be enforced in proportion to the want of intelligence in the subject. The parent is emphatically a light to those who sit in darkness. The transition from the dreamy existence of infancy to the earliest activity of childhood, is a period when parental authority is eminently needful to repress evil and preserve happiness. But it must have been established *before* in order to be in readiness *then*. Without this rudder, the little voyager is liable to be thrown among the eddies of its own passions, and wrecked like the bark canoe.

In saying this, however, we would not be considered as the advocate of austerity. Family government can be overdone as well as neglected. Children can be spoiled just as easily by a constant application of the rod of correction, as by omitting the use of it altogether. But as the substitution of your wisdom in the place of the wayward impulses of your child is the truest kindness, so it is a feature of that kindness to commence it when it may be done with the greatest ease. Gentleness combined with firmness will teach it easily to an infant, but wait too long and it may not be so. Obedience to a mind in its formative state is like the silken thread by which the plant is drawn toward its prop; but enforced too late it is like the lasso with which the wild horse is caught and subdued, requiring dexterity to throw and severity to manage.

Children should early be taught the law of kindness to all creatures about them. Draw back the little hand lifted to strike the unoffending dog or cat. Perhaps they will not understand that they are inflicting pain, but it will be best to cultivate in them an opposite habit. It was Benedict Arnold, the traitor, who in his boyhood loved to destroy insects, mutilate toads, steal the eggs of the mourning bird, and torture quiet, domestic animals, that eventually laid waste the shrinking, domestic charities and would have drained the life-blood

of his endangered country, had he not been thwarted. "Do you love me well?" the musician Mozart asked in his infancy of all the servants of his father, as one after the other they passed him in their various employments. And if any among them to tease him answered "no," he covered his baby-face and wept.

Kind words and affectionate epithets between children of the same family, are important. Though the love of brothers and sisters is planted deep in the heart and seldom fails to reveal itself on every trying emergency, yet its developments and daily interchange ask the regulation of paternal care. Competitions should be soothed, differences composed, and forbearance required, on the broad principal of fraternal duty. A pleasant story is told of the love of the Emperor Titus for his brother Domitian. It was the more praiseworthy because there was between them no congeniality of taste. Domitian often spoke unkindly to his brother, and after his elevation to the throne even attempted to instigate the army to rebellion. But Titus made no change in his treatment. He would not suffer others to mention him with disrespect. He ever spoke of him as his beloved brother, his successor to the empire. Sometimes when they were alone, he earnestly entreated him with tears, to reciprocate that love which he had always borne him, and would continue to bear him to the end of life.

The deportment of the older children of a family is of great importance to the younger members. Their spirit affects more or less the whole circle. Especially is the position of the eldest daughter one of responsibility. She drank the first draught of the mother's love. She usually enjoys most of her counsel and companionship. In her absence, she is the natural viceroy. Let the mother take double pains to form her on a correct model, to make her amiable, wise and good.

Filial love should be cherished. It has especially a softening and ennobling effect on the masculine heart. It has been remarked that almost all illustrious men have been distinguished by love for their mother. It is mentioned by Miss Pardoe that a " beautiful feature in the character of the Turks

is reverence for the mother. Their wives may advise or reprimand, unheeded, but their mother is an oracle, consulted, confided in, listened to with respect and deference, honored to the latest hour, and remembered with affection and regret even beyond the grave." "Wives may die," say they, "and we can replace them, children perish, and others may be born to us, but who shall restore the mother when she passes away and is seen no more?"

A mother who was in the habit of asking her children before they retired at night what they had done through the day to make others happy, found her young twin daughters silent. The older ones spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule, "do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Still those little, bright faces were bowed down in serious silence. The question was repeated. "I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother, only one of my school-mates was happy because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her, and she said I was good. This is all, dear mother."

The other spoke still more timidly. "A little girl who sat by me on the bench at school had lost a baby brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson she hid her face in her book and wept. I felt sorry and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted and put her arms around my neck. But I do not know why she said that I had done her good." The mother knew how to prize the first blossoms of sympathy. She said, "Come to my arms, beloved ones: to rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer."

ORDER.

Women were made to give our eyes delight
A female sloven is an odious sight.
YOUNG.

The importance of this essential household virtue can best be illustrated by a little home-picture. "Mother, will you please tell me if you have seen my thimble?" "Martha, I

thought you had a place for your thimble." "So I have, dear mother, but it does not happen to be *in* the place."

To have a place for things and not keep them in it, is like having wise laws and paying no regard to them. A nation will not be the better for its laws unless it enforces them nor a child for being told its duty unless it tries to obey.

Martha's fault was a want of order. Her working materials were scattered about the house. She was obliged to spend much time in searching for them. When the school-bell rang some of her books could not be found. Perhaps her bonnet, or shawl, or gloves, were mislaid. She felt ashamed to be so often inquiring for what she ought to have kept in their own place. So she sometimes went without necessary articles, and was unprepared at school or looked slovenly in the street.

She was a girl of good disposition. But this fault occasioned her to be much blamed. And instead of being cheerful with a consciousness of right conduct, she was often disgraced and unhappy. When she grew up she carried these careless habits into her housekeeping. Though she had a kind heart, disorder and discomfort were in her family. Nothing was in its right place. She was always in a hurry. This is an evil which comes upon those who have not the spirit of order. Her countenance which used to be pleasant soon wore a troubled and bewildered expression. Wrinkles came over her forehead before it was time to be old. Her children imitated her and kept none of their things in the right place. One would complain of a lost hat or cloak, and another of a broken doll or lost playthings. The mother of course fretted loudly at them for faults which grew out of her own careless habits.

Martha had a cousin, who lived near her by the name of Mary. They were of the same age and often played together and sat in the same seat at school. But Mary always took good care of her things. When she had finished sewing, her needle was returned to the case and her thimble and scissors to the work-basket. Her clothes were folded and laid away in the drawers, or hung up in the closets where they belonged.

The same was true of her school-books, pens, ink, and paper. If it had been dark she could have laid her hand upon all her things,—for she remembered their places and knew that they were there. She had fewer things than her cousin Martha, because her parents were not so rich. But she had more that were ready for use. Her clothes lasted longer, and looked more neatly.

When she had a house of her own, every article in it had a place, and all who used it were required to put it back there. One of her first rules to her children when very young was, "a place for everything, and everything in its place." And she obliged them to obey this rule. So her family were in order, and its daily labor went on like clock-work. Her countenance was pleasant and peaceful, like one who does right. And though she was not as handsome as Martha, it was more agreeable to look at her because she was never in a hurry. Her quietness of mind seemed to proceed from a sense of justice, or of doing her duty, for we owe a duty to every article in our possession, and to every utensil with which we work; the duty of keeping them in order, and in good condition.

In fact, there can be no comfort in a household without order. Study closely the following sketch of a "happy family" and you will discover that order and industry constituted the two principal ingredients in their cup of blessing. The sketch takes us back to farm-life in the olden time. Says the writer who drew the picture from life: The whole family rose before the sun. After an early breakfast, every one proceeded to the business of the day. The farmer and his sons went with their workmen to the field. The swift strokes of the churn were then heard, changing the rich cream to the golden-colored butter. Others were watching the progress of the cheese from its first consolidation, to its reception in the press and its daily attention in the dairy.

Above stairs, the sound of the loom and the flight of the shuttle allured me. There, various fabrics for the comfort of the family were wrought out, from the carpet on which they trod to the snowy linen that covered their beds, and the firm

garments from the fleece of their sheep in which they fearlessly braved the cold of winter. But my delight was especially in the spinning room. There the wheels turned swiftly with merry music. She step of the spinner was light and the face cheerful as she drew even threads from the fair white roll, or the blue one that was to furnish stockings for the father and brothers. Masses of yarn assorted according to its various texture and destination, hung upon the wall. The flying reel told audibly the amount of every spindle, and pronounced when the useful task of the day was done.

The daughters of the family had blooming and happy countenances. They used their strength freely in domestic toils, and when they went out to any distance rode well and fearlessly on horseback. They seemed never to have any nervous complaints, or to need a physician. Exercise, the healthful food on which they fed, together with their own happy spirits, constituted their medicines.

The mother superintended all and taught them every necessary employment by first taking part in it herself. She sent to market in the best order the surplus of her dairy, poultry yard and loom. It was her ambition that the finer parts of the wardrobe of herself and family should be procured without making any demands upon the purse of her husband. When her eldest daughters desired to have some money of their own to buy books and other things with, she gave them a room in which to rear the silk-worm, and there they tended the curious insect which changes from a little mustard-seed egg to a cell of silken tapestry when it gathers up its feet to die.

Their small skeins of silk tastefully arranged for sale imitated the colors of the rainbow, and they were delighted to find how soon the wand of industry could convert the mulberry leaf to silk, and the silk to gold. They also aided their younger brothers in a pursuit which interested them—the care of bees. Rows of hives were ranged in a sunny and genial spot. Beds of flowers and fragrant herbs were planted to accommodate the winged chemists. The purest honey gave variety to their table, and the surplus with the wax that was

made from the comb, were among the most salable articles of their domestic manufacture.

The long winter evenings in the farmer's house were delightful. More healthy and happy faces I have never seen. Yet there was perfect order. For the parents who commanded respect were always seated among the children. And in the corner, in the warmest place, was the silver-haired grandmother with her clean cap who was counted as an oracle.

The father or his sons read aloud such works as mingle entertainment with instruction. The females listened with interest or made remarks with animation, though their busy hands directed the flight of the needle or made the stocking grow. The quiet hum of the flax-wheel was held no interruption to the scene, or to the voice of the reader. The neighbor coming in was greeted with a cordial welcome and a simple hospitality. Rows of ruddy apples roasted before the fire and various nuts from their own forest-trees were an appropriate treat for the social winter-evening where heart opened to heart. Sometimes the smaller children clustered around the grandmother's chair when she told them of the days when she was young, and of the changes that her life had known.

During my visit to this well-regulated family I was often led to reflect on the peculiar advantages of a farmer's lot. He is the possessor of true independence. Sheltered from those risks and reverses which in crowded cities await those who make haste to be rich, he feels that patient industry will ensure a competent support for himself and family. His children are a part of his wealth. They are a capital whose value increases every year that they remain with him. If he incurs misfortune they join and help him out, instead of hanging round his neck like millstones to sink him into deeper waters. The habits which prevail in such a family, the domestic industry, the love of home, the order and simplicity cherished, promote all true excellences of character.

RESPECT FOR THE AGED.

It is the dictate of nature to respect antiquity in anything. We venerate a column which has withstood the ravages of

time. We contemplate with reverence the ivy-crowned castle through which the winds of centuries make melancholy music. We gather with care the fragments of the early history of nations which, however moldering or disjointed, have escaped the shipwreck of time. There are some who spare no expense in collecting coins and relics which rust has penetrated, or change of customs rendered valueless, save as they have within them the voice of other years. Why, then, should we regard with indifference the living remnants of a former age, through whose experience we might both be enriched and made better?

The sympathy of a kind heart prompts respect to the aged. Their early and dear friends have departed. They stand alone with heads whitened and vigor diminished. They have escaped the deluge that overwhelmed their cotemporaries. But they have not passed unscathed through the water-floods of time. Tender and marked attentions are due to these weary voyagers. They ought not to be left as the denizens of some solitary isle which love never visits and which the gay vessels newly launched on the sea of life, pass by with flaunting streamers and regard not. The tribute of reverence which is their due adds as much to the honor of him who pays, as to the happiness of those who receive it.

Respect for age is best impressed on children by the example of their parents. From a principle of imitation, the child frames his manners on the model which his parents sanction. Their mode of treatment to their own parents is perpetuated in him. The neglect or reverence which their daily conduct exhibits, becomes incorporated with his own habits and character; baleful dispositions reproduce themselves: so that what is counted as a judgment, may be but the spontaneous action of a bitter root bearing its own fruit.

Says a fine writer: "I was acquainted with the father and mother of a large family who, on the entrance of their own aged parents, rose and received them with every mark of respect. Their children, beholding continually this deference shown to the aged, made it a part of their own conduct. Before they were capable of comprehending the reason on which

it was founded, they copied it from the ever-open page of parental example. The beautiful habit grew with their life, and was rewarded by the approbation of all who witnessed it. Especially was it cheering to the hearts of those who received it, and who found the chill and solitude of the vale of years alleviated by the tender love that walked by their side.

"I saw the same children when their own parents became old. This hallowed principle, early incorporated with their character, bore a rich harvest for those who had sown the seed. The honor which from infancy they had shown to the hoary head, mingling with the fervor of filial affection, produced a delightful compensation in the influence it had exerted upon their own characters, as well as in the respect shown to them by others."

The universal opinion of those who scrutinize the state of society in this country is, that in the treatment of the aged, there is a diminution of respect. Even the authority of parents and teachers seems to be borne with uneasiness, and to be early shaken off. Some have supposed this change naturally arises from the spirit and institutions of a republic. Equality of rank destroys many of the barriers of adventitious distinction. But the hoary head when crowned with goodness and piety, is an order of nobility and marks a stage of ripened excellence; and should always be treated accordingly.

The Spartans, proudly adverse to every form of delicacy and refinement, paid marked deference to age, especially when combined with wisdom. A fine tribute to their observance of this virtue was rendered them by the old man who, having been refused a seat in a crowded assembly at Athens, saw the rougher Lacedemonians rise in an equally dense throng and reverently make room for him, and said, "the Athenians *know* what is right, but the Spartans *practice* it." The wandering sons of the American forests in their better days showed the deepest respect to years. Beneath each lowly roof, at every council-fire, the young listened reverently to the voice of the aged. In their most important exigencies the boldest war-

riors, the haughtiest chieftains, consulted the hoary-headed men and waited for their words.

Begin, then, with the little ones. Require them to rise and offer a seat when an old person enters the room; never to interrupt them when speaking, but to solicit their advice and reverence their opinions. You will say that these are simple rules, but the lofty tree ever springs from the diminutive germ. The following picture of age thus tenderly ministered unto by children was drawn by the pen of Ralph Hopt:

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Often I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing:
Poor, unknown!

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding;
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding,
There he sat!

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care.

It was Summer and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens;
When the stranger seemed to mark our play
Some of us were joyous and some sad-hearted;
But one sweet spirit broke the silent spell,
And besought him all his griefs to tell;
(I was then thirteen and she eleven),
Isabel!

Angel, said he sadly, I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet why I sit here thou shalt be told.
I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scenes where I disported
In the careless happy days of yore
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!

In the cottage yonder I was born;
Long my happy home, that humble dwelling;
There were fields of clover, wheat and corn;
There the spring with limpid water flowing;
Now, forlorn!

There's the orchard where we used to climb
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather.
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing,
Mary Jane!

There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook and bridge and barn and old red stable;
But alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table—
All have taken wing!

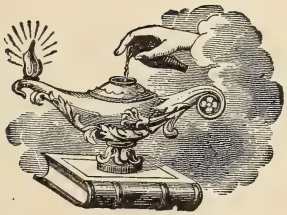
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high!

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother,
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;
Sire and sisters and my little brother
Gone to God!

There my Mary blest me with her hand
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hastened to the sprit-land
With yon green turf her prostrate form now pressing,
Leaving a broken band!

Isabel, said he sadly, I am old,
And why I sit here thou hast now been told.
I have come to see her grave once more,
And the happy spot where we both delighted,
And where we worshiped in the days of yore
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!

Reader, it will indeed be a sad day for you and me if, when we totter thus along life's path, we have no children to love and cherish us, none to gather around and listen to our story so full of reminiscence, pathos and tenderness! It were well then for us, as parents, to now lay the foundation for such a treatment as will cheer and soothe us in the days when life turns to the "sere and yellow leaf," and we shall be, as Shakespere says, "in second childhood and mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."



CHAPTER XV.

Education of Girls.

Give me the fair one in country or city
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some pastoral ditty
While plying the needle with exquisite art.

Samuel Woodworth.

Labor is life! 'Tis still water that faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth.

Mrs. Osgood.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired.

Henry VI., Part III.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight.

Lord Lyttleton.

Happier far than thou
With a laurel on thy brow,
She who makes the humblest hearth
Lovely to but one on earth.

Mrs. Hemans.

THERE is no one respect in which the present differs from the past more than in the domestic education of girls. We have already given the reader in a previous chapter, a picture of a happy family in the olden time, in which the mother and her daughters vied with each other in skill and efficiency in all industrial, home-like occupations. But in these days the aim seems to be to make girls as useless for domestic and housekeeping purposes as possible, and the

more dawdling, lazy, idle, superficial and fashionable they are, the more completely the ambition of both mothers and daughters in too many cases seems to be gratified. The result is that the support of lazy, good-for-nothing girls and women constitutes the heaviest burden of modern life. Young men do not marry and make themselves homes, because they say and feel that they cannot afford to—women are so averse to doing anything, and at the same time so extravagant in all their necessities and tastes. In great cities, thousands of girls deliberately prefer a life of shame to a life of honorable toil.

Therefore it is a grievous moral and social wrong when girls are brought up to be comparatively helpless in the household life. It is still worse when they come to think it not respectable to be industrious, for then principles, as well as habits, have become perverted. All girls should begin when young to take an interest in the concerns of the family and daily to do something for its comfort. They should be taught to come promptly and cheerfully to the aid of the mother in her cares. They should know something about the yearly expenses of the household as well as keep an accurate account of their own.

Says a sweet and gifted mother, "Be assiduous early to implant domestic tastes in the minds of your daughters. Let your little girl sit by your side with her needle. Do not put her from you when you discharge those employments which are for the comfort of the family. Let her take part in them as far as her feeble hand may be capable. Teach her that this will be her province when she becomes a woman. Inspire her with a desire to make all around her comfortable and happy. Instruct her in the rudiments of that science whose results are so beautiful. Teach her that not selfish gratification, but the good of a household, the improvement of even the humblest dependent, is the business of her life. When she questions you, repay her curiosity with clear and loving explanations. When you walk out to call on your friends, sometimes take her with you. Especially if you visit the aged or go on errands of mercy to the sick and poor, let her be your companion. Allow her to sit by the side of the sufferer and learn those

nursing services which afford relief to pain. Associate her with you. Make her your friend. Purify and perfect your own example for her sake."

No girl should consider herself properly educated until she has mastered some employment or accomplishment by which she can gain a living, should she be reduced to the necessity of supporting herself. And who can tell how soon this necessity may present itself before her? How many families by unexpected reverses have been lately reduced from affluence to poverty. And how pitiful and contemptible under such circumstances to see strong women helpless, desponding, and embarrassing those whom it is their duty to cheer and aid.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home. "We can no longer ride in our carriage; we must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. What we are to do for a living, I know not. Yesterday, I was a rich man. To-day, there is nothing left that I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the good wife, "we are still rich in each other, and in our children. Money may pass away but God has given us a better treasure in these active hands and loving hearts." "Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you get a living." "What can you do, poor things?" said he. "You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight healthy children be poor? We will work and make you rich again." "I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new frock bought, and I shall sell my great wax doll." The heart of the husband and father which had sunk in his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

He left his stately house, and the servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate and rich carpets and stylish furniture were all sold, and she who had been the mistress of the mansion shed no tear. "Pay every debt," said she, "and let no one suffer

through us, and we may yet be happy." The father took a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from a city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the city market. The wife who had been nurtured in wealth, became economical in her management of the household, and the daughters soon acquired efficiency under her training. The eldest ones assisted her in the work of the home, and at the same time instructed the younger children. Besides, they executed various works which readily brought a price in the market. They embroidered with taste, they cultivated flowers and sent them to market with the vegetables, they platted straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one had a post and was at it, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father. "And I was never as happy before," said the mother. "We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees, and I think we make such honey as the heart feeds on."

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed. Nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. After a while, the eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress in the family. The little dwelling which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and vines and flowering-trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under its woodbine-covered porch in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we return to the city?" "Ah! no, no!" was the unanimous reply. "Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment." "Father," said the youngest, "all the children hope you are not going to be rich again. "For then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery and did not see much of you or mother. Now, we all live to-

gether; and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us as happy when we were rich and did not work. So, father, please not be a rich man any more."

Ah! how many glad peans of thanksgiving would have gone up to Heaven from crushed and broken hearts during the past five years of unexampled financial depression if all who had lost property and been compelled to go into bankruptcy, had been blessed with families like this one to help put them on their feet again! Every woman should have a practical knowledge of housework whether rich or poor, for if not overtaken by reverses of fortune, disorder in the kitchen department reacts directly upon the parlor, and discomfort in the family deprives the head of it of all power of pleasant or profitable mental application. It is especially necessary to be sufficiently acquainted with the duties which we demand of others to know whether they are properly discharged, and when the wearied laborer requires repose. Novices in housekeeping often err in these matters. They are deceived by specious appearances without knowing how their domestics spend their time; or they impose toil at the proper seasons of rest.

"I have an excellent cook," says a young housekeeper, " but I think I shall have to dismiss her, she is so cross. I only wanted her to make me some blanc-mange and custards yesterday, and just because her dinner dishes were out of the way and her kitchen put up nice for the afternoon, she did nothing but murmur that I had not given her these orders before." When domestics are employed the dictate of reason and of common humanity requires that they be treated as one would wish to be treated, if in their place. When they give satisfaction they should receive their meed of praise and this will encourage them to continue in a right course.

It was not the least among the virtues of the excellent Lady Elizabeth Hastings that she considered her servants as her friends and strove to elevate their characters. " She presided over her domestics," said her biographer, " with the disposition of a parent. She not only employed the skill of such

artificers as were engaged about her house to consult the comfort and convenience of her servants that they might suffer no unnecessary hardship, but also provided for the improvement of their minds, the decency of their behavior, and the propriety of their manners." If a lady so accomplished as to have been designated in the writings of Sir Richard Steele as the "divine Aspasia," the possessor of immense wealth and a member of the nobility of a royal realm, thus devoted time and tenderness to her servants, why should those who under a republican government profess equality, fear to demean themselves by similar condescension, if indeed it ought to be called such?

Every woman in advancing the happiness of her family, should look beyond the gratification of the present moment and consult their ultimate improvement. She should require all the members of her household to bear their part towards this end. The little child, too young to contribute aught beside, may bring the gift of a smile, the charm of sweet manners. The kiss of the rose-lipped babe enters into the account. The elder children should select from their studies or from the books they are perusing, some portion to relate which will administer general information or rational amusement. All, according to their means, should be taught to swell the stock of the common happiness.

At the same time parents should consider in what true happiness consists. Mistakes are sometimes made with regard to its nature. There was once a mother replete with benevolence and the soul of affection who found her husband and children made happy by the pleasures of the palate. Her life was devoted to that end. Elegance and unending variety characterized her table. Her invention was taxed, her personal labor often put in requisition, for the efforts to which the genius of her servants was unequal. She loved the glowing smile that repaid her toils. The motive was affectionate: what were its results? In some, conviviality; in others, gluttony; in all, a preference of sense to spirit.

Another mother wished to make a family of beautiful

daughters happy. She encourged the gay amusements in which youth delights. Expensive dresses and rich jewelry were found necessary. She could not bear to see her daughters outshone and mortified. She taxed the purse of her husband beyond its capacity, and contrary to his judgment. Her principal argument was, "I know you love to see our young people happy." Her theory of happiness ended in a spirit of display, a necessity of excitement, a habit of competition, a ruinous extravagance.

Another mother has said that from the time her little girl first was able to hem a handkerchief neatly, she allowed her a regular price for whatever she had done for the family. She commenced a little book in which she taught her to record her receipts and expenditures with mercantile punctuality; and perhaps this laid the foundation of an accuracy in accounts and capacity for business which distinguished her when she became a woman. But how are daughters now brought up? Admitting that matrimony will be their probable destination, is there any adaptation in their habits, tempers and tastes to the duties of that destination? After the gilding and garniture that adorn its entrance have become familiar, and the flowers that sprang up at its threshold begin to feel the frost, are they prepared to become rational companions, discreet counselors, prudent guides, skillful housekeepers, judicious and affectionate mothers? If they have entered hastily or without counting the cost, this most responsible station, if their acquisitions whether of music, drawing, dancing, fashionable manners, personal decoration, light literature, or the surface of languages, have been made for the sake of display, the very principle on which their education has proceeded must be reversed if not eradicated. Will they make the change gracefully, meekly, with happiness to themselves, and those around them? *That is the experiment.* It would be kind in mothers not to expose daughters to hazard on subjects of such high import.

A man of the world, and a close observer, once said: "When a lady is married she seems in haste to dismiss whatever once

rendered her attractive. If she has spent much time in learning music, she shuts up her piano. If she has excelled in painting, she lays aside her pencil. If she had fine manners, she forgets them. She puts an end to her early friendships. She has no time to write a letter. Ten to one she grows careless in her dress and does not reserve even neatness to comfort her husband. I am myself too sincere an admirer of the sex, to lend a hand in the demolition of all that makes them beautiful, and so I will not marry." Accordingly, the attractions which first won the love of a husband should be preserved, were it only for that tender remembrance. Friends ought not to be neglected. Correspondences need not be renounced. There are surely some accomplishments which might be retained. Why should women by carelessness or lassitude complain of a state for which Heaven formed them?

The wife of Cromwell was a most excellent and prudent woman and he was repeatedly sustained in arduous and trying situations, by her energy and dignified character. It has been remarked that good housewives usually acquire influence over their husbands, as it is natural to confide in the opinions of those who are distinguished in their respective spheres. And so men of cultivated mind, though not slow in appreciating the value of good housekeeping usually desire in women some degree of intellectual congeniality or taste. In proportion as they possess knowledge they will find it difficult to respect an ignorant companion. So convinced was Rosseau of the importance of education to domestic intercourse, that he deeply regretted he had not exerted himself to supply its deficiencies in his wife. "I might have adorned her mind with knowledge," said he, "and this would have closely united us in retirement. It is especially in solitude that one feels the advantages of living with another who can think."

When the superfluities of life are retrenched, the time thus saved should not be yielded to indolence or any other modification of selfishness. Home should be the centre, but not the boundary of one's duties; the focus of sympathy, but not the point where it terminates. The action of the social feel-

ings is essential to a well-balanced character. Morbid diseases are generated by an isolated life, and what is praised as love of home sometimes deserves the censure of a different name. Simple hospitality is the hand maid of friendship and of benevolence. In the social visit, heart opens to heart and all become sharers of secret joys and sorrows, which ceremonious intercourse could never have unlocked.

In the proper education of girls why compel them to adopt the conventional forms of society when they subvert simplicity? Why commence a warfare against Nature almost as soon as she develops herself? Why help to root out that singleness of heart which is the most winning and remarkable flower in the garden of life? We tell our young children that they must be polite. Again, we tell them in graver teachings that they must speak the truth. We throw their minds into a ferment of doubt to discover what is truth and what is politeness, and to draw that line which no casuist has ever drawn. And ere we are aware the fresh integrity of the soul escapes. We rebuke and punish them for insincerity. Are not the usages of refined society too much based upon it? Why then force girls into them before their time? Their social feelings develop but slowly, why hasten to conform them to those complex customs and hollow courtesies which are but too often modifications of falsehood.

Particularly should girls acquire robustness of health and a good physical constitution. Are women as capable of enduring hardship now as their mothers and grandmothers were? Are they as well versed in the details of housekeeping, or as able to bear them without fatigue? These questions affect the welfare of the community. For the ability or inability of women to discharge what the Almighty has committed to her, touches the equilibrium of society and the hidden springs of existence. Men prize more than women are aware, the health-beaming countenance, the elastic step, and all those demonstrations of domestic order in which unbroken activity delights. They love to see a woman equal to her own duties and performing them with pleasure. They do not like to have

the principal theme of domestic conversation a detail of physical ills, or be expected to question like a physician into the variety of symptoms which have supervened since their departure. Or if this is occasionally borne with a good grace, where ill-health is supposed to be temporary, yet the saddening effects of an enfeebled constitution cannot always be resisted by him who expected in his wife a "yoke-fellow," able to endure the rough roads and sharp ascents of life.

The following sketch of a good sister and daughter will show by example what we have already endeavored to inculcate by precept. "What will poor Mr. Allen do now he has lost his wife?" said one of the neighbors. "He is not able to hire a nurse and to hear the poor baby crying all the time the minister was at prayer, was quite heart-rending." "Do you not know," said her friend, "that Lucy, the eldest girl, has undertaken the care of it? It is truly wonderful to see one so young preparing its food so well, and waking patiently in the night to feed it, and so anxious to learn how to nurse it when sick. We must go in and encourage her."

It was a beautiful sight to see that fair young girl week after week nourishing the feeble infant. Sometimes when her gay companions urged her to go with them and spend the evening, she would say, "the baby is not quite well, and I am afraid to leave it so long." "I dare say it can do well enough awhile, without you." But Lucy would excuse herself by saying that her father looked lonely and since her mother's death she took more pleasure in being at home with him, than in going out as formerly.

Lucy had not been accustomed to be disturbed in her rest. When she was kept awake a great part of the night, as she sometimes was while the babe was getting teeth, she could not help feeling tired and weak in the morning. But she never complained. She remembered how patiently her mother had nursed the others in their sicknesses, and tried to imitate her. And when the little one began to walk, and when the first word it lisped was her name, and when it stretched forth

its arms to her as to a mother, she felt more than repaid for all her toil.

But it was not the care of the infant alone that exercised Lucy's affection and patience. She had two other sisters and brothers to whom she tried to fill a mother's place. The sister next to herself in age was about thirteen, and assisted much in the work of the family. She was not, however, always amiable and was sometimes jealous that Lucy attempted to rule her. But by mildness and kindness Lucy succeeded in convincing her that she had only her good in view, and induced her to try to regulate her temper and improve her character. The two brothers were eleven and nine years old. Lucy took great care that they should have their lessons ready for school, and that they should be there in season, and neatly dressed, with clean hands and faces. She charged them not to keep company with bad boys, and gave them the same advice about truth and honesty, and respect for age, and reverence for the sabbath, which her pious mother had given her.

The youngest girl was scarcely six. Between herself and the babe there had been another who died, and she, in consequence, had been much indulged. Lucy felt the great importance of having her moral training receive vigilant attention. She used towards her great gentleness and firmness and was always truthful and consistent. Soon the child became obedient and every day became more attached to her sister. The principal fault of the little girl was thoughtlessness. She was very liable to tear her clothes or lose her playthings. Lucy never upbraided her, but steadily exerted herself to make her think what she was doing, and to put her things in the right place.

The father was greatly comforted by Lucy's goodness. When he told her so, she felt that it was an over-payment for all her toil. Her brothers and sisters as they grew up blessed their good sister. Whenever she was in doubt respecting her duty to them, she asked herself what would my dear mother have done? If the duty was difficult, she retired to her chamber and prayed. All who knew Lucy Allen admired her con-

duct. The mothers wished for such a daughter and the young men for such a wife. She was considered more beautiful than those who flaunted in fine dress or sought for fashionable amusement; for the warmest, purest affections beamed in her face, and they are the true beauty of the heart. But happy as she was in the love of all the good, she felt the highest thrill of pleasure when the babe that she had raised to a healthful and fair child, came to her with all its little joys and sorrows, saying that better than all the world beside, it loved its *dear sister-mother.*"

Accordingly, we are inclined to adopt the sentiments of another who says: "If there is one thing more than another to regret in the present day, it is the blunder that many kind-hearted but mistaken mothers are making in the bringing up of their daughters. They fit them for anything but the positions they are likely to occupy. How often may the mother be seen busily engaged in domestic duties, working like a slave in seeing that the dinner is being cooked, or the house cleaned, in order that the children may have every luxury and do nothing? Indeed, they hardly let the daughters soil their hands. The result is, that when the young woman has a house of her own to manage, she finds that she knows positively nothing of the 'ways of her house' at all."

To every mother we would say, *let young women get their hands in.* Domestic habits will be very useful under all circumstances, and will enable a wife to know how a house ought to be managed, and to see at a glance, in case she may not herself be required to work, whether the servants are discharging their duties in a proper manner. Rough work is not necessarily the companion of rude manners, or a vulgar mind. A woman is not suitable for the wife of a working man or a tradesman who cannot "look well to the ways of her household," or who is not expert in cutting out a shirt, making a pudding, or cooking a meal; and no woman is properly trained for a wife whose education begins and ends without fitting her for such duties.

"Good looks are no substitute for the lack of good quali-

ties. Unless a woman is acquainted to a certain extent with the sciences of *bake*-ology, *boil*-ology, *make*-ology, *stitch*-ology, and *mend*-ology, it will soon be evident that she is out of her element. What could be expected but misery from the following, selected as a sample from numerous cases: Some few days after a girl had been married, the husband expressed a wish to have a boiled rabbit for dinner; so he called at the shop on his road from breakfast to the factory, and ordered one to be sent. When he arrived home at the usual time for dinner, he was surprised to find no signs of its being ready. Judge of his astonishment upon going into the kitchen, to hear his wife say, 'Why John, I've never had such a job in all my life; if I haven't been all the morning plucking the hair off this rabbit, and haven't done it yet. I feel ready to drop."

Never was there a greater blunder than to substitute accomplishments for domestic habits. True education should prepare a young woman for her peculiar duties as the companion of man and the nursing mother of the rising generation; she would then be a real treasure, instead of being, as is too often the case, a burden and a snare. We wish there was a greater disposition on the part of young women to find employment in a well-regulated family rather than in the factory or the shop. Domestic service has many advantages over such situations. It is all the while fitting a girl for her ultimate sphere in life; and young men would do well to remember that a neat, well-behaved domestic servant is more likely to make a happy wife and a happy home, than she who "likes her liberty" and talks about the drudgery of household duties.

Mrs. Stowe, speaking on this subject, gives a capital illustration of how she was answered when trying to induce a young woman, a fisherman's daughter, to take some lessons in washing and ironing: "My child," she said, "you will need to understand all kinds of housework if you are going to be married." She tossed her little head and said: "Indeed she wasn't going to trouble herself about that." "But who will do up your husband's shirts?" "Oh, he must put them out. I'm not going to be married to make a slave of myself."

In contrast with this silly impudence from many flippant, brainless, pert young misses, look at the following picture of a good daughter drawn by the hand of one who knew whereof she spake:

Ellen's mother died when she was scarcely thirteen years old. Her only brother had died the winter before. Her two sisters were married and had removed to so great a distance that she seldom heard from them. She was quite alone with her father. When her mother first died she felt as if she never could be happy again. But when she saw her father looking so sad, she thought it was her duty to try and comfort him; and when he came in tired from his work, she would set a chair for him and get him whatever he wanted, and speak pleasantly to him, as her mother used to do.

She remembered how her mother made bread, and was ambitious to make it in the same way. She took great pains to have it light, and to bake it well, and when she placed on the table the first loaf that she ever made, she could not help weeping for joy to hear her father say, "Child, this tastes like your mother's bread."

When the winter evenings came she swept the hearth neatly and placed the light on the little stand, and sat down by his side with her needle. Her mother had thoroughly instructed her in plain sewing, and while she mended or made garments her father read aloud to her. He began to be comforted by the goodness of his daughter, and she perceived that the tones of his voice grew more cheerful in the evening prayer and when he bade her good-night.

Her father worked hard every day. She had often heard her mother say that they were poor and must economize. So as she grew older, she studied how to save expense. Her mother had been accustomed to sell what butter they could spare to a lady in the neighborhood. Ellen continued to do so, and the lady expressed herself much surprised that so young a girl should make such fine butter and send it in such neat order. If she ever felt fatigued with her labors, she would recollect her mother's example and always be pleasant and cheerful when her father came home.

When Ellen grew to be a young woman, she was a favorite with all. The old and thoughtful respected her for her obedience and affection to her old parent who no longer felt lonely, so comfortable and cheerful had she made his home. She was also quite admired, for she had a good form, a healthful complexion, and the open smile of one who is in the habit of doing right and feels happy at heart, which is the truest beauty.

She was addressed by a deserving young man who had known her merits from childhood. To this proposal she replied, "My father is growing infirm and is able to work but little. I feel it my duty to take care of him as long as he lives. It might be a burden to others. It is a pleasure to me."

"Ellen, it will be no burden to me. Let me help you in supporting him. Most gladly will I work for all." She saw that he was sincere, and they were married. Her husband had a small house and a piece of ground on which he labored. She kept every thing neat and in order, and was always pleasant and cheerful. "I have now *two* motives," she said, "to be as good as I can,—a husband and father."

Ellen's little children loved their grandfather. She taught them by her own example how to treat him with respect. The warmest corner was always for him. When they saw her listening to all he said with reverence, they never thought of interrupting him or disregarding his remarks. As they grew older they read the Bible to him daily, for his eyesight failed. His explanations were a treasure to them. Especially was he pleased when any of them learned to repeat by heart some of the Psalms of David. "For these," he said, "have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." Teachers and others who saw the children of Ellen, observed that they had better manners than others of the same age. They acquired them in a great measure from their constant propriety of deportment to their venerable grandfather.

In the father's last sickness, when he was no longer able to raise his head from the pillow, Ellen raised him up and sat behind him, wrapped her arms tenderly around him, and as he leaned his head upon her shoulder for the last time he grate-

fully murmured, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and give thee peace."

As it is the inevitable fortune of most girls to get married, sooner or later, we will close this chapter, especially devoted to them, by a few hints upon the choice of a proper husband. Before you link your fortune with any young man, know something about his position, connections, pursuits, habits and associates. About the most fatal blunder you can commit is to contract a bad marriage, and yet how commonly is it done! Before any young man has a chance of making known his intentions, find out whether he is worth having. You can never live happily with a man whose habits you despise. Seek therefore one in whom dwelleth good qualities.

Beware of transient young men. Recollect that one good farmer's boy or industrious mechanic is worth all the floating fops in the world. The allurements of a dandy Jack with a gold chain round his neck, a walking-stick in his paw, and a threepenny cigar in his mouth, some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a brainless though fancy skull, never can make up the loss of a good father's home and a good mother's counsel and the society of brothers and sisters: their affections last, while that of a young man is lost in the wane of the honeymoon.

Don't marry a spendthrift or a lazy, shiftless young man. And as a good preservative from mistake, it might be well to select one who has a trade and one who is also a good workman at his trade. Remember he will have to keep you as well as himself in food, clothes, home, etc., and to do this properly he must be able to earn enough to secure the means of living comfortably. Whatever poets may say or sing of the sweets of poverty, it is a painful thing to be poor; and no man is justified in expecting you to consent to be married until he gives you fair evidence that he has counted the cost of keeping you, and also of bringing up a family.

Listen to no word of love from a man who swears, gambles, tipples, or associates with bad companions. Don't run the risk of trying to reform a man after marriage; in all proba-

bility you will be disappointed if you do. Have nothing to do with a shuffler, or a man who does not say what he means. All kinds of deceit are wrong, and a man who manifests a truckling, dodging spirit is not the man to feel at home with a pure-minded woman. If an honest man is the noblest work of God, then avoid any man who can't look you fairly in the face, and speak out boldly the thoughts of his heart and mind.

If he be of an excitable nature you will do well to bear in mind the old saying, that "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." "Like" does not "cure like" in tempers, but on the contrary, contrasts frequently work better together. Let him be a man of sense, and he will soon learn to accommodate himself to your peculiarities, just as you will find it needful to drop into some of his ways. A man without some spirit in him is not good for much; but a man who lets his spirit control him, instead of controlling his spirit, will be likely to give you some trouble.

Lastly, in the choice of a husband seek one whom you can most heartily and devotedly *love*. Remember that a true union in life is, and ever must be, a union of hearts. Marriage, rightly understood, is the perfected life of love between two kindred or suitably adapted natures. It never should be a mere mercenary bargain between property owners, or simply a society affair between two exquisite fools. Always marry the man whom you feel and believe will make you the most happy.

"For forced wedlock is but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife;
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth joy,
And is a pattern of celestial peace."

Again, it is well to know that

"Wedded love is founded on esteem
Which the real merits of the mind engage;
For these are charms which never can decay."

"Think not, a husband gained, that all is done,
The prize of happiness must yet be won;
For oft the careless find it to their cost,
That lover in a husband may be lost."

CHAPTER XVI.

Words to Young Men.

The age of youth is the strong reign of
Passion, when vice does ride in triumph
Upon the wheels of vehement desire.
NEVILLE.

Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
That in the valley of decline are lost;
And virtue with peculiar charms appears,
Crowned with the garland of life's blooming years.
COWPER.

Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm.
GRAY.

IN the first part of this volume we addressed many words to young men concerning success in business life, and it now remains to point out to them the elements of happiness. But on a topic like this which has been treated so ably by many of the best minds of the world, we shall do the class whom we seek to benefit better service, as well as do the subject itself better justice, by a wise and judicious selection, than by attempting anything original in the way of advice. Accordingly we proceed to adopt the words of one of the greatest and most experienced minds of the present age. The three chief and peculiar temptations presenting themselves before young men, and which, if yielded to, will surely destroy every vestige of happiness, are a love of ease and idleness, the various forms and kinds of dishonesty, and licentiousness. We shall take these up in the order named.

There are many kinds of idle young men. One can be seen almost any day haunting sunny benches or breezy piazzas. The real business of this fellow is *to see;* his desire, to *be* seen; and no one fails to see him—so gaudily dressed, his hat sitting aslant upon a wilderness of hair like a bird half startled from its nest, and every thread arranged to provoke attention. He is a man of honor; not that he keeps his word or shrinks from meanness. He defrauds his laundress, his tailor, and his landlord. He drinks and smokes at other men's expense. He gambles and swears, and fights—when he is too drunk to be afraid; but still he is a man of honor, for he has whiskers, looks fierce and wears mustachios.

Another young fellow is rich, has a fine form and manly beauty, and the chief end of his life is to display them. With notable diligence he ransacks the shops for rare and curious fabrics, for costly seals, and chains and rings. A coat poorly fitted is the unpardonable sin of his creed. He meditates upon cravats, employs a profound discrimination in selecting a hat or a vest, and adopts his conclusions upon the tastefulness of a button or a collar, with the deliberation of a statesman. Thus caparisoned, he saunters in fashionable galleries or flaunts in stylish equipage, parades the streets with simpering belles and delights their itching ears with compliments of flattery, or with choicely-culled scandal. He is a reader of fiction if it be not too substantial; a writer of cards and billet-doux, and is especially conspicuous in albums. He is as corrupt in imagination as he is refined in manners; he is as selfish in private as he is generous in public; and even what he gives to another, is given for his own sake. He worships where fashion worships, to-day at the theatre, to-morrow at the church, as either exhibits the whitest hand or the most polished actor. A gaudy, active and indolent butterfly, he flutters without industry from flower to flower until summer closes and frosts sting him, and then sinks down and dies unthought of, unremembered, and unspeakably wretched.

Another young man has no ambition, and is constantly idle from an abiding sense of despondency. He moves on from

day to day as if under a spell from which nothing can arouse him. He sits down quietly and broods over his ill-luck, and so drags out a miserable existence. Still another lives only to be on hand when others engage in sport. He joins every fishing party, and goes out with all the shooting clubs for practice. He attends all the ball-plays and races, when he can get money enough to get inside the enclosure, and when he is unable to do this, he will try to look over the fence or climb some adjoining eminence where he sits perched in content like the stupid owl on some dead limb of a tree.

Now, as against all these different forms of idleness it should ever be remembered by young men that while buoyant spirits are an element of happiness, only activity produces them; for they fly away from sluggishness as fixed air from open wine. Men's spirits are like water which sparkles when it runs, but stagnates in still pools and is mantled with green, breeding corruption and filth. The applause of conscience, the self-respect of pride, the consciousness of independence, a manly joy of usefulness, the consent of every faculty of the mind to one's occupation and their gratification in it—these constitute a happiness superior to the fever-flashes of vice in its brightest moments. After an experience of ages which has taught nothing different, men should have learned that satisfaction is not the product of excess or of indolence or of riches; but of industry, temperance, and usefulness. Every town or village has instances which ought to teach young men that he who goes aside from the simplicity of nature and the purity of virtue, to wallow in excesses, carousals, and surfeits, at length misses the errand of his life; and sinking with shattered body prematurely to a dishonored grave, mourns that he mistook exhilaration for satisfaction and abandoned the very home of happiness, when he forsook the labors of useful industry.

Every industrious poor man is happier than an idle rich one, for labor makes the one more manly, and riches unmans the other. The slave is often happier than the master who is nearer undone by license, than his vassal by toil. Luxurious couches—plushy carpets from oriental looms—pillows

of eider-down—carriages contrived with cushions and springs to make motion imperceptible—is the indolent master of these as happy as the slave that wove the carpet, the Indian who hunted the northern flock, or the servant who drives the pampered steeds? Let those who envy the gay revels of city idlers and pine for their masquerades, their routs and their operas, experience for a week the lassitude of their satiety, the unarousable torpor of their life when not under a fiery stimulus, their desperate *ennui* and restlesss somnolency, they would gladly flee from their haunts as from a land of cursed enchantment.

The imagination is closely related to the passions and fires them with its heat. The day-dreams of indolent youth glow each hour with warmer colors and bolder adventures. The imagination fashions scenes of enchantment in which the passions revel; and it leads them out, in shadows at first, to deeds which soon they will seek in earnest. The brilliant colors of far-away clouds are but the colors of the storm; the salacious day-dreams of indolent men, rosy at first and distant, deepen every day, darker and darker to the color of actual evil. Then follows the blight of every habit. Indolence promises without redeeming the pledge; a mist of forgetfulness rises up and obscures the memory of vows and oaths. The negligence of laziness breeds more falsehoods than the cunning of the sharper. As poverty waits upon the steps of indolence, so upon such poverty, brood equivocations, subterfuges, lying denials. Falsehood becomes the instrument of every plan. Negligence of truth, next occasional falsehood, then wanton mendacity,—these three strides traverse the whole road of lies.

Mere pleasure—sought outside of usefulness, and existing by itself—is fraught with poison. When its exhilaration has thoroughly kindled the mind, the passions henceforth refuse a simple food; they crave and require an excitement higher than any ordinary occupation can give. After reveling all night in wine-dreams or amid the fascinations of the dance, or the deceptions of the drama, what has the dull store or the dirty

shop which can continue the pulse at this fever-heat of delight? The face of Pleasure to the youthful imagination is the face of an angel, a paradise of smiles, a home of love; while the rugged face of Industry, embrowned by toil, is dull and repulsive: but at the end it is not so. Those are harlot charms which Pleasure wears. At last when Industry shall put on her beautiful garments and rest in the palace which her own hands have built, Pleasure, blotched and diseased with indulgence, shall lie down and die upon the dung-hill.

Surely, despondency is a grevious thing and a heavy load to bear. To see disaster and wreck in the present and no light in the future, but only storms, lurid by the contrast of past prosperity, and growing darker as they advance;—to wear a constant expectation of woe like a girdle; to see want at the door imperiously knocking, while there is no strength to repel, or courage to bear its tyranny;—indeed, this is dreadful enough. But there is a thing more dreadful. It is more dreadful if the *man* is wrecked with his fortune. Can anything be more poignant in anticipation than one's ownself unnerved, cowed down and slackened to utter pliancy, and helplessly drifting and driven down the troubled sea of life? Of all things on earth next to his God, a broken man should cling to a courageous industry. If it brings nothing back and saves nothing, it will save *him*.

To be pressed down by adversity has nothing in it of disgrace; but it is disgraceful to lie down under it like a supple dog. Indeed, to stand composedly in the storm amidst its rage and wildest devastations; to let it beat over you and roar around you and pass by you and leave you undismayed,—this is to be a MAN. The ant will repair his dwelling as often as the mischievous foot crushes it; the spider will exhaust life itself before he will live without a web; the bee can be decoyed from his labor neither by plenty nor scarcity. Every idle young man should be ashamed to be rebuked in this respect by the spider, the ant, and the bee.

So much for the connection of industry and happiness. But the influence of strict honesty upon a happy life, is more im-

portant still. Every one knows that periodic seasons of commercial and financial prosperity and adversity pass over the world, as sunshine and shadow chase each other over the waving field of grass or grain. As a nation, we have just been reaping the harvest-field of dishonesty and disaster. (1878.) During and after the war, there rested upon the country a seeming summer of inflated prosperity which made many men forget that a winter of financial depression and "hard times" could ever come. For many years, each day grew brighter. No reins were put upon the imagination. Its dreams passed for realities. Even sober men touched with wildness seemed to expect a realization of oriental tales. But upon this bright day came sudden frosts, storms, and blight. Men awoke from gorgeous dreams in the midst of desolation. The harvests of years were swept away in a day. The strongest firms were rent as easily as the oak by lightning. Speculating companies were dispersed as seared leaves from a tree in autumn. Merchants were ruined by thousands; clerks turned adrift by ten thousands. Mechanics were left in idleness. The wide sea of commerce was stagnant.

Out of this reverse swarmed an unnumbered host of dishonest men like vermin from a carcass. Banks were exploded —robbed—or fleeced by astounding forgeries. Mighty companies without cohesion went to pieces, and hordes of wretches snatched up every bale that came ashore. Cities and towns were filled up by troops of villains. The unparalleled frauds which sprung like mines on every hand, set every man to trembling lest the next explosion should be under his own feet. Fidelity seemed to have forsaken men. Many that had earned a reputation for sterling honesty were cast so suddenly headlong into wickedness, that man shrank from man. Suspicion overgrew confidence and the heart bristled with the nettles and thorns of fear and jealousy.

There are at all times many ways by which young men are tempted to be dishonest, and thus ruin their enjoyment for life. Some find in their bosom from the first a vehement inclination to dishonest ways. Knavish propensities are inher-

ent: born with the child and transmissible from parent to son. Others are taught the same by being early encouraged to be sharp in bargains, and vigilant for every advantage. Little is said about honesty and much about shrewd traffic. A dexterous trick becomes a family anecdote; visitors are regaled with the boy's precocious keenness. Hearing the praise of his exploits he studies craft and seeks parental admiration by adroit knaveries. He is taught for his safety that he must not range beyond the law: that would be unprofitable. He calculates his morality thus: *Legal honesty is the best policy*—dishonesty, then, is a bad bargain and everything is wrong which is unthrifty. Whatever profit breaks no legal statute —though it is gained by falsehood, by unfairness, by gloss, or through dishonor, unkindness, and an unscrupulous conscience, he considers fair, and says: *The law allows it.* Men may spend a long life without an indictable action and without an honest one. No law can reach the insidious ways of subtle craft.

Again, many a young man cheats his business by transferring his means to theatres, race-courses, expensive parties, and to the nameless and numberless projects of pleasure. The enterprise of others is baffled by the extravagance of their family; for few men can make as much in a year as an extravagant woman can carry on her back in one winter. Some are ambitious of fashionable society and will gratify their vanity at any expense. This disproportion between means and expense soon brings on a crisis. The victim is straitened for money; without it he must abandon his rank; for fashionable society remorselessly rejects all butterflies which have lost their brilliant colors. Which shall he choose, honesty and mortifying exclusion, or gaiety purchased by dishonesty? The severity of this choice sometimes sobers the intoxicated brain; and a young man shrinks from the gulf, appalled at the darkness of dishonesty. But to excessive vanity, high-life with or without fraud, is paradise, and any other life purgatory. And then a resort to dishonesty is had without a scruple. It is at this point that public sentiment half sustains dishonesty by scourging the thief of necessity, and pitying the thief of fashion.

Running in debt is another prolific source of dishonesty and misery. A debtor is tempted to elude responsibility; to delay settlements; to prevaricate upon the terms; to resist equity and devise specious fraud. He disputes true accounts; he studies subterfuges; extorts provocatious delays; and harbors in every nook and corner and passage of the law's labyrinth. At length the measure is filled up and the malignant power of debt is known. It has opened in the heart every fountain of iniquity; it has besoiled the conscience; it has tarnished the honor; it has made the man a deliberate student of knavery; a systematic practitioner of fraud; it has dragged him through all the sewers of petty passions—anger, hate, revenge, malicious folly, or malignant shame. When a debtor is beaten at every point and the law will put her screws upon him, there is no depth in the gulf of dishonesty into which he will not boldly plunge. Some men put their property to the flames, assassinate the detested creditor, and end the frantic tragedy by suicide or the gallows. Others in view of the catastrophe convert all property to cash, and conceal it.

A corrupt public sentiment in which dishonesty is not disgraceful; in which bad men are respectable, are trusted, are exalted—is a curse to the young and an enemy of peace. The reigning fever of speculation, the universal derangement of business, and the growing laxness of morals, is, to an alarming extent, introducing such a state of things. Also the direct handling of money has a terrible influence on the heart. In many cases, here first begins to work the leaven of death. The mind wanders in dreams of gain; it broods over projects of unlawful riches; stealthily at first, and then with less reserve; at last it boldly meditates the possibility of being dishonest and *safe*. When a man can seriously reflect upon dishonesty as a possible and profitable thing, he is already deeply dishonest. To a mind so tainted, will flock stories of consummate craft, of effective knavery, of fraud covered by its brilliant success.

At times, the mind shrinks from its own thoughts and trembles to look down the giddy cliff on whose edge they

poise, or over which they fling themselves like sporting sea-birds. But these imaginations will not be driven from the heart where they have once nested. They haunt a man's business, visit him in dreams, and vampire-like, fan the slumbers of the victim whom they will destroy. In some feverish hour, vibrating between conscience and avarice, the man staggers to a compromise. To satisfy his conscience he refuses to *steal;* and to gratify his avarice, he *borrows* the funds;—not openly—not of owners—not of men; but of the till—the safe —the vault! He resolves to restore the money before discovery can ensue, and pocket the profits. Meanwhile, false entries are made, perjured oaths are sworn, forged papers are filed. His expenses grow profuse, and men wonder from what fountain so copious a stream can flow.

Let us stop here to survey his condition. He apparently flourishes, is called prosperous, thinks himself safe. Is he *happy*? He has stolen, and embarked the amount upon a sea over which wander perpetual storms; where wreck is the common fate, and escape the accident; and now all his chance for the semblance of honesty is staked upon the return of his embezzlements from among the sands, the rocks and currents, the winds and waves and darkness of tumultuous speculation. At length dawns the day of discovery. His guilty dreams have long foretokened it. As he confronts the disgrace almost face to face, how changed is the hideous aspect of his deed from that fair face of promise with which it tempted him! Overawed by the prospect of open shame and his family's disgrace, he shrinks out of life as a suicide, or decamps between two days, or turns about with cool impudence and defies officers and employers to do their worst.

Scheming speculation demoralizes honesty and almost necessitates dishonesty. He who puts his own interests to rash ventures will scarcely do better for others. The speculator regards the weightiest affair as only a splendid game. Indeed, a speculator on the exchange and a gambler at his table follow one vocation, only with different instruments. One employs cards or dice, the other property. The one can no more fore-

see the result of his schemes than the other what spots will come up on his dice; the calculations of both are only the chances of luck. Both burn with unhealthy excitement; both are avaricious of gains, but careless of what they win; both depend more upon fortune than skill; they have a common distaste for labor; with each, right and wrong are only the accidents of a game; neither would scruple in any hour to set his whole being on the edge of ruin, and going over, pull down if possible a hundred others with him.

Now, while the power of money is confessedly great, and while it can procure many things for its possessor which make life pleasant, yet money, dishonestly obtained, *can never give happiness.* If wealth is gotten by fraud or avarice, it blights the heart as autumnal fires ravage the prairies! The eye glows with greedy cunning, conscience shrivels, the light of love goes out, and the wretch moves amidst his coin no better, no happier than a loathsome reptile in a mine of gold. A dreary fire of self-love burns in the bosom of the avaricious rich, as a hermit's flame in a ruined temple of the desert. The fire is kindled for no deity, and is odorous with no incense, but only warms the shivering anchorite.

As has been said before, happiness resides primarily within a man; it is an out-growth of a pure heart. There is no more happiness in a foul heart, than there is health in a pestilent morass. Satisfaction is not made out of such stuff as fighting carousals, obscene revelry, and midnight orgies. An alligator, gorging or swollen with surfeit and basking in the sun, has the same happiness which riches bring to the man who eats to gluttony, drinks to drunkenness, and sleeps to stupidity. When God sends wealth to *bless* men he sends it gradually like a gentle rain. When God sends riches to *punish* men, they come tumultuously, like a roaring torrent, tearing up landmarks and sweeping all before them in promiscuous ruin. Almost every evil which environs the path to wealth, springs from that criminal haste which substitutes adroitness for industry, and trick for toil.

Greed of money is like fire; the more fuel it has, the hotter

it burns. Everything conspires to intensify the heat. Loss excites by desperation, and gain by exhilaration. The sight of houses better than our own, of dress beyond our means, of jewels costlier than we may wear, of stately equipage, and rare curiosities beyond our reach, these hatch the viper brood of covetous thoughts; vexing the poor who would be rich; tormenting the rich who would be richer. The covetous man pines to see pleasure; is sad in the presence of cheerfulness; and the joy of the world is his sorrow, because all the happiness of others is not his. To the covetous man life is a nightmare, and God lets him wrestle with it as best he may. Mammon might build its palace on such a heart, and pleasure bring all its revelry there, and honor all its garlands—it would be like pleasures in a sepulchre, and garlands on a tomb.

Thorough selfishness destroys or paralyzes enjoyment. A heart made selfish by the contest for wealth is like a citadel stormed in war. The banner of victory waves over dilapidated walls, desolate chambers, and magazines riddled with artillery. The infernal canker of selfishness will eat out of the heart with the fire of hell, or bake it harder than a stone. The heart of avaricious old age stands like a bare rock in a black wilderness, and there is no rod of authority, nor incantation of pleasure, which can draw from it one crystal drop to quench the raging thirst of satisfaction.

But if industry and honesty are so essential to happiness, what shall be said of the power of virtue? The influence of pretty, artful, seductive women over young men, is something fearful to contemplate. As moths and tiny insects flutter around the bright blaze which was kindled for no harm, so the foolish young fall down burned and destroyed by the blaze of beauty. As the flame which burns to destroy the insect is consuming itself and soon sinks into the socket, so beauty, too often, draws on itself that ruin which it inflicts upon others. The tongue of the strange woman is like a bended bow which sends the silvery shaft of flattering words. Her eyes shall cheat thee, her dress shall beguile thee, her beauty is a trap, her sighs are baits, her words are lures, her love is poisonous, her flattery is the spider's web spread for thee.

A young man might trust the sea with a tiny boat, trust the fickle wind, trust the changing skies of April, trust the miser's generosity, the tyrant's mercy; but he must not trust himself near the artful woman armed in her beauty, her cunning raiment, her dimpled smiles, her sighs of sorrow, her look of love, her voice of flattery. There is no vice like licentiousness to delude with the most fascinating proffers of delight, and fulfil the promise with the most loathsome experience. All vices at the beginning are silver-tongued, but none so impassioned as this. All vices in the end cheat their dupes, but none with such overwhelming disaster as this.

The heart of youth is a wide prairie. Over it hang the clouds of heaven to water it, the sun throws its broad sheets of light upon it to wake its life; out of its bosom spring, the long season through, flowers of a hundred names and hues, twining together their lovely forms, wafting to each other a grateful odor, and nodding each to each in the summer-breeze. Such would man be, did he hold that purity of heart which God gave him! But a depraved heart is a vast continent; on it are mountain-ranges of powers, and dark, deep streams, and pools, and morasses. If once the full and terrible clouds of temptation do settle down thick and fixedly upon, then the heart shall feel tides and streams of irresistible power mocking its control, and hurrying fiercely down from steep to steep, with groaning desolation. One's only resource is to avoid the uprising of giant-passions.

There is hardly any being in the world more vile and loathsome than the libertine. His errand into this world is to explore every depth of sensuality and collect upon himself the foulness of every one. He is proud to be vile; his ambition is to be viler than other men. His coarse feelings stimulated by gross excitements are insensible to delicacy. The exquisite bloom, the dew and freshness of the flowers of the heart which delight good men, he gazes upon as a Behemoth would gaze enraptured upon a prairie of flowers. It is so much pasture. The forms, the odors, the hues are only a mouthful for his terrible appetite. Therefore, his breath blights every inno-

cent thing. He sneers at the mention of purity, and leers in the very face of virtue, as though she were herself corrupt, if the truth were known. He assures the credulous disciple that there *is* no purity; that its appearances are only the veils which cover indulgence. Nay, he solicits praise for the very openness of his evil; and tells the listener that *all* act as he acts, but only few are courageous enough to own it.

A young man knows little of life; less of himself. He feels in his bosom the various impulses, wild desires, restless cravings he can hardly tell of what, a sombre melancholy when all is gay, a violent exhilaration when others are sober. These wild gushes of feeling peculiar to youth, the sagacious tempter has felt, has studied, has practiced upon, until he can sit before that most capacious organ, the human mind, knowing every stop and all the combinations, and competent to touch any note through the diapason. He begins afar off. He decries the virtue of all men; studies to produce a doubt that any are under self-restraint. He unpacks his filthy stories, plays off the fire-works of his corrupt imagination—its blue-lights, its red-lights, and green-lights, and sparkle-spitting lights; and edging in upon the yielding youth who begins to wonder at his experience, he boasts his first exploits and hisses at the purity of women; he grows yet bolder, tells more wicked deeds, and invents worse even than he ever performed, though he has performed worse than good men ever thought of.

Again, there is a polished libertine, in manners studiously refined, in taste faultless; his face is mild and engaging; his words drop as pure as newly-made honey. In general society he would rather attract regard as a model of purity, and suspicion herself could hardly look askance upon him. Under this brilliant exterior, his heart is like a sepulchre, full of all uncleanness. Contrasted with the gross libertine, it would not be supposed that he had a thought in common with him. Professing unbounded admiration of virtue in general, he leaves not in private a point untransgressed. His reading has culled every glowing picture of amorous poets, every tempting scene of loose dramatists, and looser novelists. Enriched by

these, his imagination, like a rank soil, is overgrown with a prodigious luxuriance of poisonous herbs and deadly flowers. Of these two libertines, the most refined is the most dangerous. The one is a rattlesnake which carries its warning with it, the other, hiding his burnished scales in the grass, skulks to perform unsuspected deeds in darkness. The one is the visible fog and miasm of the morass, the other is the serene air of a tropical city which, though brilliant, is loaded with invisible pestilence.

There are many evils which hold their victims by the force of *habit;* there are others which fasten them by breaking their return to society. Many a person never reforms, because reform would bring no relief. There are other evils which hold men to them, because they are like the beginning of a fire; they tend to burn with fiercer and wider flames, until all fuel is consumed, and go out only when there is nothing to burn. Of this last kind is the sin of licentiousness: and when the conflagration once breaks out, experience has shown that the chances of reformation are few indeed.

But while we say these things against the indulgence of illicit love, we yet recognize the fact that God has said, "Marriage is honorable in all." It is not to be expected that young men are to grow up, mingle in society, and remain entirely insensible to female charms. This would be wholly unnatural as well as impossible, and so the best thing every young man can do, after arriving at mature age, is to select a suitable woman and marry her. But remember again that on the proper performance of this duty rests a great deal of happiness or wretchedness. It is no easy thing to pick out a good wife, consequently, we feel disposed to offer you a few suggestions upon this point.

Some young men act very foolishly in choosing a companion for life; they marry dimples; some ears, some noses; the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and the hair. The mouth, too, is occasionally married; the chin not so often. Poor partners, these, you will own. But young men do marry all of these, and many other bits of scraps of a wife, instead

of the true thing. Such as the marriage is, such is the after-life. He that would have a wife must marry *a true woman.* If he can meet with one of equal social position, like education, similar disposition, kindred sympathies, and habits congenial to his own, let him marry. But let him beware of marrying a curl, or a neck, however swan-like, or a voice, however melodious. The idea of a man in his senses, saying "I take this straight nose, regular teeth, ringlets, pretty foot, musical skill, money, to be my lawful wedded wife." Good qualities are far beyond all these put together. A woman may be very plain in her personal appearance, but if she have good domestic qualities she will prove a better treasure than the brainless, heartless beauty.

It will be well in most cases for a young man to pay some attention to the family into which he marries. The saying that a man only marries his wife and not her relations, is only true to a very limited extent. He becomes one of the family the moment he joins hands with a daughter of it at the altar, and he takes a share in its fortunes and its character. And while there are many worthy girls in lowly and poor families, yet if the family be noted for some characteristics and qualities which will be like a perpetual thorn in your side, you had better not ally yourself with it. For by a wise search you can find other girls equally good without any bad family incumbrance upon them.

Don't marry a girl whose whole aim in life is simply to dress. The world is full of such. They think of nothing else; they dream of it, live for it, flutter round a dry-goods store like butterflies round a gaudy flower, ever on the look-out for the latest style. It is a great stain upon any woman's character when she is disposed to dress extravagantly. Many young women spend all they can get in finery, who the moment they open their mouths to speak, display a poverty of mind that is positively appalling. Cowper describes this class as

> Insolent and self-caressed,
> By vanity's unwearied finger dressed,
> Forget the blush that virgin fears impart

To modest cheeks, and borrow one from art;
Curled, scented, furbelowed, and flounced around,
With feet too delicate to touch the ground,
They stretch the neck, and roll the wanton eye,
And sigh for every fool that passes by.

See that you get a good housekeeper, with all the rest. If there is an unlovely sight in the world, it is a listless, dirty, slatternly woman. She would spoil the best furniture and the best house in a short time. If we enter a well-ordered house, the spirit of it prevails over everything, and we feel at once its genial influence. While on the contrary, a disorderly house spreads its evil spirit over all around; and this as a rule is all owing to the want of a little method. As one drop of dirty water will pollute a glassfull, so one untidy habit will upset the happiness of a whole house. Where there is turmoil there is always discomfort; and such untidy people are always in a kind of low fever. Industrious habits have a very close connection with peace of mind, cheerfulness of spirit, good temper, and bodily health.

On the other hand, there is such a thing as being too nice and particular. Such a wife is well described in the following lines:

It is just as you say, neighbor Green:
A treasure indeed is my wife;
Such another for bustle and work
I never have found in my life.
But then she keeps every one else
As busy as birds on the wing;
There is never a moment for rest,
She is such a fidgety thing!

She makes the best bread in the town,
Her pies are a perfect delight,
Her coffee a rich golden brown,
Her custards and puddings just right.
But then, while I eat them she tells
Of the care and the worry they bring,
Of the martyr-like toil she endures—
Oh, she's such a fidgety thing!

My house is as neat as a pin;
You should see how the door-handles shine,

And all of the soft-cushioned chairs,
  And nicely swept carpets are mine.
But then she so frets at the dust,
  At a fly, at a straw, at a string,
That I stay out of doors all I can,
  She is such a fidgety thing!

She knits all my stockings herself,
  My shirts are bleached white as the snow;
My old clothes look better than new,
  Yet daily more threadbare they grow;
But then if a morsel of lint
  Or dust on my trousers should cling,
I'm sure of one sermon at least,
  She is such a fidgety thing!

You have heard of a spirit so meek,
  So meek that it never opposes,
Its own it dares never to speak—
  Alas! I am meeker than Moses.
But then I am not reconciled
  The subordinate always to sing;
I submit, to get rid of a row;
  She is such a fidgety thing!

Strive to get a cheerful, affectionate wife. A good word maketh the heart light. Kind words have a magical power in allaying irritations, lightening burdens, sweetening toil, conciliating affection, and diffusing around a serene and bracing air. They are the oil to the machinery of life. Eliza Cook hath truly written:

A look of kind truth and a word of good-will,
  Are the magical helps on life's road:
With a mountain to travel they shorten the hill,
  With a burden they lighten the load.

Wind and thunder have rolled, yet the wheat-ears of gold,
  And the red grapes shine glowing together;
So should spirits unite in the heart's harvest light,
And forget all the past of rough weather.

They should balance the glad with the sombre and sad;
  Let the voice of good fellowship call;
For while love sings aloud, like a lark in the cloud,
  There is beauty and joy for us all.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Sunny Disposition.

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast.

MASSINGER.

What then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good humor will prevail
When airs and flights and screams and scolding fail.

POPE.

A sweet, heart-lifting cheerfulness
Is like spring-time of the year. * * *
The charm that in the spirit lives
No changes can destroy.

MRS. HALE.

"There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes—to few from heaven sent—
Is much in little, all in all—CONTENT."

AS true happiness has its seat and source within, the internal make-up of one's character has much to do with its production. At the very bottom of this structure, lies the foundation-stone of a cheerful, sunny disposition. It is next to impossible to reason ourselves into contentment or happiness, unless we possess, to begin with, those traits and qualities of mind and heart the exercise of which makes happiness possible. You cannot make vinegar sweet by talking to it, no more can you make a sour, sullen disposition happy through argument, persuasion, or any external

appliances. Some people would be unhappy in paradise, others would create joy in the midst of a desert.

Every one knows what it is to get on the south side of a building when the Autumn wind is blowing cold and raw from the North. The blessed sunshine seems to soak all through one, penetrating every crevice of nature and lighting up every dark spot of the inner and outward being. Such is the influence of a sunny disposition in a household, or in the common social walks of life. Everybody likes to get under the influence of such a person, and likes to dwell in that influence as in an atmosphere of warmth and blessedness.

We therefore join with another in saying, God bless the cheerful person—man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. The peer of every social trait is cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature, what the stars are to night, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside. Man recognizes the magic of a cheerful influence in woman more quickly and more willingly than the potency of dazzling genius, of commanding worth, or even of enslaving beauty.

If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky more clear, the ground has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars all appear more beautiful.

There are a few noble natures whose very presence carries sunshine with them wherever they go; a sunshine which means pity for the poor, sympathy for the suffering, help for the unfortunate, and benignity towards all. How such a face enlivens every other face it meets, and carries into every company vivacity and joy and gladness! But the scowl and frown, begotten in a selfish heart, and manifesting itself in daily, almost hourly fretfulness, complaining, fault-finding, angry criticisms, spiteful comments on the motives and actions of others, how they thin the cheek, shrivel the face, sour and sadden the countenance! No joy in the heart, no nobility in

the soul, no generosity in the nature, the whole character as cold as an iceberg, as hard as an Alpine rock, and as arid as the wastes of Sahara!

Be cheerful, for it is the only happy life. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. There is always that before or around us which should fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles it may be, but so have others. None are free from them, and perhaps it is well that none should be. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can without and within him, and, above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run, the great balance rights itself. Men are not made to hang down either head or lips; and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of cloud and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.

The cheerful are generally the busy, for frogs do not croak in running water. So active, healthy minds are seldom troubled with gloomy forebodings. These come up only from the stagnant depths of a spirit unstirred by generous impulses or the blessed necessities of honest toil. The industrious bee stops not to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes right on, selecting the honey where he can find it and passing quietly by the places where it is not. So should all workers do in the world's great hive.

Although cheerfulness and a sunny disposition are valuable in all, yet these become most angelic and powerful in women. We somehow expect the fairer sex to be better-natured and

more cheerful and lovely than men. Such a woman diffuses the oil of gladness through a whole household. It is easy enough for a housewife to make arrangements for an occasional feast; but amid the weariness and cares of life; the troubles, real and imaginary, of a family; the many thoughts and toils which are requisite to make the family a home of thrift, order and comfort; the varieties of temper and cross-lines of taste and inclination which are to be found in a large household—to maintain a heart full of good nature and a face always bright with cheerfulness, this is a perpetual festivity.

We do not mean a mere superficial simper, which has no more character in it than the flow of a brook, but that exhaustless patience, and self-control, and kindness, and tact which spring from good sense and brave purposes. Neither is it the mere reflection of prosperity, for cheerfulness, then, is no virtue. Its best exhibition is in the dark back-ground of real adversity. Affairs assume a gloomy aspect, poverty is hovering about the door, sickness has already entered, days of hardship and nights of watching go slowly by, and then you see the triumph of which we speak. When the strong man has bowed himself and his brow is knit and creased, you will see how the whole life of the household seems to hang on the frailer form, which, with solicitudes of her own, passing it may be under "the sacred primal sorrow of her sex," has an eye and an ear for every one but herself, suggestive of expedients, hopeful in extremities, helpful in kind words and affectionate smiles, morning, noon and night, the medicine, the light, the heart of a whole household. God bless that bright, sunny face! says many a reader as he recalls one of mother, wife, sister, daughter which has been to him all that these words have described.

A quaint old writer hath said: "Every man either is rich, or may be so; though not all in one and the same wealth. Some have abundance, and rejoice in it; some a competency, and are content; some having nothing, have a mind desiring nothing. He that hath most, wants something; he that hath least, is in something supplied; wherein the mind which

maketh rich, may well possess him with the thought of store. Who whistles out more content than the low-fortuned plowman, or sings more merrily than the abject cobbler that sits under the stall? Content dwells with those that are out of the eye of the world, whom she hath never trained with her gauds, her toils, her lures. Wealth is like learning, wherein our greater knowledge is only a larger sight of our wants. Desires fulfilled, teach us to desire more; so we that at first were pleased, by removing from that, are now grown insatiable."

Let any person go along the street and see how few people there are whose faces look as though any joy had come down and sung in their souls. We can see lines of thought, and of care, and of fear—money lines, shrewd, grasping lines—but how few happy lines! The rarest feeling that ever lights the human face is the contentment of a loving soul. There are a hundred successful men where there is one contented man. We can find a score of handsome faces where we can find one happy face. An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any contented man." He soon had an applicant. "Well, sir; are you a contented man?" "Yes, sir; very." "Then what do you want of my field?" The applicant did not stop to reply.

Happiness often consists not so much in adding more fuel, as in taking away some fire; not in multiplying wealth, as in subtracting men's desires. Wishes are as prolific as rabbits. One imaginary want, like a stool pigeon, brings flocks of others, and the mind becomes so overwhelmed, that it loses sight of all the real comforts in possession.

When Alexander saw Diogenes sitting in the warm sun, and asked what he should do for him? he desired no more than that Alexander would stand out of his sunshine, and not take from him what he could not give. A quiet and contented mind is the supreme good; it is the utmost felicity a man is capable of in this world; and the maintaining of such an uninterrupted tranquillity of spirit is the very crown and glory

of wisdom and joy. Many people who are surrounded by all the substantial comforts of life, become discontented because some wealthier neighbor sports a carriage, and his lady a Brussels carpet and mahogany chairs, entertains parties, and makes more show in the world than they. Like the monkey, they attempt to imitate all they see that is deemed fashionable; make a dash at greater contentment; dash out their comfortable store of wealth; and sometimes, determined on quiet at last, close the farce with a tragedy.

A cheerful and sunny disposition is equally inspiring, rich, and beneficent. It encourages all things good, great, noble. It whispers liberty to the slave, freedom to the captive, health to the sick, home to the wandering, friends to the forsaken, peace to the troubled, supplies to the needy, bread to the hungry, strength to the weak, rest to the weary, life to the dying. It has sunshine in its eye, encouragement on its tongue, and inspiration in its hand. Rich and glorious is it and faithfully should it be cultivated. Let its inspiring influence be in the heart of every youth. It will give strength and courage. Let its cheerful words fall ever from his tongue, and its bright smile play ever on his countenance. Entertain well this nymph of goodness. Cultivate well this ever-shining flower of the spirit. It is the evergreen of life, that grows at the eastern gate of the soul's garden.

A kind word and a pleasant voice, growing out of a cheerful and sunny heart, are gifts easy to give, but they are worth more than money. Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes; it finds its way into hidden chambers of the heart and brings golden treasures; harshness, on the contrary, seals them up forever. Kindness makes the mother's lullaby sweeter than the song of the lark, the care-laden brow of the father and man of business less severe in their expression. Kindness is the real law of life, the link that connects earth with heaven, the true philosopher's stone, for all it touches it turns to virgin gold; the true gold wherewith we purchase contentment, peace and love. Write your name with kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

How sweet are the affections of kindness. How balmy the influence of that regard which dwells around the fireside, where virtue lives for its own sake, and fidelity regulates and restrains the thirst for admiration, often a more potent foe to virtue than the fiercest lust; where distrust and doubt dim not the lustre of purity, and where solicitude, except for the preservation of an unshaken confidence, has no place, and the gleam of suspicion or jealousy never disturb the harmony and tranquillity of the scene; where paternal kindness and devoted filial affection blossom in all the freshness of eternal spring!

In all social life it is by the little acts of watchful regard, by words and tones and gestures and looks, that true affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that, whenever a great sacrifice is called for, he will be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The likelihood is he will not make it; and if he does, it will be much rather for his own sake than for his neighbors. Give no pain. Breathe not a sentiment, say not a word, give not the expression of the countenance that will offend another, or send a thrill of pain to his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts which a word or look even, might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinions of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by word or sign, cast a shadow on a happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that linger on a pleasant countenance.

Many lose the opportunity of saying a kind thing by waiting to weigh the matter too long. Our best impulses are too delicate to endure much handling. If you fail to give them expression the moment they rise, they effervesce, evaporate, and are gone. If they do not turn sour, they become flat, losing life and sparkle by keeping. Speak promptly when you feel kindly.

Deal gently with a stranger. Remember the severed cord of affection, still bleeding, and beware not to wound by a thoughtless act, or a careless word. The stranger, perchance, has lived in an atmosphere of love as warm as that we breathe.

Alone and friendless now, he treasures the image of loved ones far away, and when gentle words and warm kisses are exchanged, we know not how his heart thrills and the tear drops start. Speak gently. The impatient word our *friends* may utter does not wound, so mailed are we in the impenetrable armor of love; but keenly is an unkind remark felt by the lone and friendless one.

Like a clinging vine torn from its support, the stranger's heart begins to twine its tendrils around the first object which is presented to it. Is love so cheap a thing in this world, or have we already so much that we can lightly cast off the instinctive affections thus proffered? To some souls an atmosphere of love is as necessary as the vital air to the physical system. A person of such a nature may clothe one in imagination with all the attributes of goodness and make his heart's sacrifices at the shrine. Let us not cruelly destroy the illusion by unkindness.

Let the name of stranger be ever sacred, whether it is that of an honored guest at our fireside, or the poor servant girl in our kitchen; the gray-haired or the young; and when we find ourselves far from friends and the dear associates of home, and so lonely, may some kind, some angel-hearted being, by sympathizing words and acts, cause our hearts to thrill with unspoken gratitude, and thus we will find again the "bread" long "cast upon the waters."

Now in contrast with this sunny, kind, cheerful, contented disposition, place the life of the fault-finding, fretting, grumbling man or woman, and behold the difference! There are many very excellent persons, whose lives are honorable and whose characters are noble but who pass numberless and needless hours of sadness. The fault is not with their circumstances, nor yet with their general characters, but with themselves, that they are miserable. They have failed to adopt the true philosophy of life. They wait for happiness to come instead of going to work and making it; and while they wait they torment themselves with borrowed troubles, with fears, forebodings, morbid fancies and moody spirits, till they are all unfit for happiness under any circumstances.

Sometimes they cherish unchaste ambition, covet some fancied or real good which they do not deserve and could not enjoy if it were theirs, wealth they have not earned, honors they have not won, attentions they have not merited, love which their selfishness only craves. Sometimes they undervalue the good they do possess; throw away the pearls in hand for some beyond their reach, and often less valuable; trample the flowers about them under their feet; long for some never-seen, but only heard or read of; and forget present duties and joys in future and far-off visions.

Sometimes they shade the present with every cloud of the past, and although surrounded by a thousand inviting duties and pleasures, revel in sad memories with a kind of morbid relish for the stimulus of their miseries. Sometimes, forgetting the past and present, they live in the future, not in its probable realities, but in its most improbable visions and unreal creations, now of good and then of evil, wholly unfitting their minds for real life and enjoyments.

These morbid and improper states of minds are too prevalent among many persons. They excite that nervous irritability which is so productive of pining regrets and fretful complaints. They make that large class of fretters who enjoy no peace themselves, nor permit others to enjoy it. In the domestic circle they fret their life away. Everything goes wrong with them because they make it so. The smallest annoyances chafe them as though they were unbearable aggravations. Their business and duties trouble them as though such things were not good. Pleasure they never seem to know be cause they never get ready to enjoy it.

Even the common movements of Providence are all wrong with them. The weather is never as it should be. The seasons roll on badly. The sun is never properly tempered. The climate is always charged with a multitude of vices. The winds are everlastingly perverse, either too high or too low, blowing dust in everybody's face, or not fanning them as they should. The earth is ever out of humor, too dry or too wet, too muddy or dusty. And people are just about like it. Something is

wrong all the time, and the wrong is always just about them. Their home is the worst of anybody's; their street and their neighborhood is the most unpleasant to be found; nobody else has so bad servants and so many annoyances as they. Their lot is harder than falls to common mortals; they have to work harder and always did; have less and always expect to. They have seen more trouble than other folks know anything about. They are never so well as their neighbors, and charge all the blame on those nearest connected to them.

Such people are to be pitied. They may be good in some respects, but they are very annoying to themselves and all others. They see all things through the shadow of their own gloomy and fretful spirits. This defect in character is generally the result of a complaining, fault-finding disposition. The man who frets is never the one who mends, heals, or repairs evils; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, whose nearness of relation to us makes his fretting seem almost a personal reproach to us, then the misery of it becomes indeed insupportable. Most men call fretting a minor fault, a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice except drunkenness which can so utterly destroy the peace, the happiness of a home.

It is not work that usually kills people, but worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids, but love and trust are sweet juices. The man or woman who goes through the world grumbling and fretting, is not only violating the laws of God, but is a sinner against the peace and harmony of society, and is, and of right ought to be, shunned accordingly. They are always in hot water, and forever in trouble. They throw the blame of their own misdeeds and want of judgment upon others, and if one might believe them, society would be found in a shocking state. They rail at everything, lofty or lowly, and when they have

no grumbling to do, they begin to cast suspicion upon the motives of every noble and praiseworthy enterprise.

It would be well if these grumblers were left to form a select circle among themselves. Let them herd together and give each other the cold shoulder as much as they please, and make themselves and all others around them as uncomfortable as they like. Thus perhaps they might discover the error of their ways and reform.

Out from a soured and gloomy disposition come many of the worst traits of human nature. It kindles within the consuming fires of envy, it emits the poisonous breath of slander. Envy is a madness of the spirit begotten by the sight of another's prosperity; it seeks to elevate self by needless and cruel degradation of others. It hates the sound of another's praise and deems no renown acceptable that cannot be shared by itself. Conscious of its own insignificance and impotence, when not active it folds its arms in despair and sits cursing in a corner. Slander, on the other hand, is like the blighting sirocco of the Arabian desert which not only produces death, but causes the most rapid decomposition of its victim. So the base, cloven-footed calumniator delights in destroying the worth and immolating the innocence of high and low, prince and peasant, matron and maid.

An unjust and unfavorable innuendo is started against a person of unblemished character; it gathers force as it is rolled through babble town—it soon assumes the dignity of a problem—is solved by the rule of double position, and the result increased by geometrical progression and permutation of quantities; and before truth can get her shoes on, a stain, deep and damning, has been stamped on the fair fame of an innocent victim by an unknown hand. To trace calumny back to the small fountain of petty scandal, is often impossible; and always more difficult than to find the source of the Nile. Insects and reptiles there are which fulfill the ends of their existence by tormenting us; so some minds and dispositions accomplish their destiny by increasing our misery, and making us more discontented and unhappy.

Shun evil-speaking. Deal tenderly with the absent; say nothing to inflict a wound on their reputation. They may be wrong and wicked, yet your knowledge of it does not oblige you to disclose their character, except to save others from injury. Then do it in a way that bespeaks a spirit of kindness for the absent offender. Be not hasty to credit evil reports. They are often the result of misunderstanding, or of evil design, or they proceed from an exaggerated or partial disclosure of facts. Wait and learn the whole story before you decide; then believe just what evidence compels you and no more.

Having thus seen the difference between a sunny and a cloudy disposition, who could hesitate for a moment which one to choose as a companion? Ah! this power of looking on the bright side of things is indeed a precious inward treasure and should be sought after and cultivated most diligently by all who would be happy. Says Jean Paul Richter: "Be but for one day, instead of a fire-worshiper of evil passion, the sun-worshiper of clear-souled joy, and then compare the day in which you rooted out this weed of dissatisfaction, with that in which you allowed it to grow, and you will find that by the restraining process your heart has been opened to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your soul armed with a panoply against every trick of fate."

Not that one should deliberately blind his eyes to the evils existing in the world, for that would be like imitating the folly of the ostrich when pursued. One should never try to deceive himself respecting the true character of all things and persons around him; but it is one thing to know of evil and quite another to fret and grumble about it when such feelings do no possible good. There is a world of true philosophy in the familiar lines,

> "For every evil under the sun,
> There is a remedy, or there is none;
> If there be one, try and find it,
> If there be none, never mind it."

No one person is responsible for the general government of this world, or for the general ordering of things within it; and

as the world got on well enough before we were born, and will doubtless do the same after we die, so we can safely leave its management to stronger and better hands while we live. Our greatest concern should be to act well *our* part, do good, be cheerful, kind and contented, and leave the rest to the control of the Supreme Ruler of all things.

Kindness conquers in many a battle when every other resource fails. A rough-looking man once brought his little boy into a school and gave him over into the care of the teacher with these comments: "I have brought my boy here to see if you can do anything with him. Of all stubborn boys I ever knew, he is the worst." As the teacher was going to his desk one day, he put out his hand to lay it kindly on the boy's shoulder, whereupon the little fellow shuddered and shrank away from his touch. What is the matter, asked the teacher? I thought you were going to strike me, said the boy. Why should I strike you? Because I am so bad, the boy answered. Who says you are bad? Father, mother and everybody says so. The teacher spoke kindly to the lad and told him he could be as good as any boy, if he tried. A new idea flashed into that young mind, and a new hope sprang up in that little heart. Can I be a good boy? then I *will* be a good boy, the little fellow said to himself. From that time a marked change came over his whole life. He made rapid progress in his studies, secured the affection of his playmates, grew up to be a good man and became Governor of one of our largest states.

Southey the poet tells the following story of himself: When I was small, there was a black boy in the neighborhood whom we loved to torment by calling him negro, blackamoor, and such like offensive epithets. The little fellow appeared excessively grieved, but said nothing. Soon after I went to borrow his skates. He let me have them with a pleasant word of welcome. When I returned them, I told him I was under great obligations to him for his kindness. He looked up at me as he took his skates, and said mournfully, "Robert, don't ever call me blackamoor again," and then immediately left the room. The words pierced my heart like an arrow; I

burst into tears and resolved never to abuse a poor black again.

Instances like these could be multiplied by the hundred, and they all go to show that it only needs—

"Little words of kindness,
Little deeds of love,
To make our world an Eden
Like to that above."

Therefore always cherish like an apple of gold, a bright, sunny, cheerful temper and disposition. It will prove under all conditions of life a perennial fountain of happiness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Beauty and Happiness.

Beauty, the burning lamp of heaven's light,
Darting her beams into each open mind.
SPENSER.

Beauty was lent to nature as the type
Of heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss.
MRS. S. J. HALE.

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free!
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art
Which strike the eye, but not the heart.
BEN JONSON.

What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No;
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweetness, then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.
A. HUNT.

Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty,
But by that love they are redeemable.
For in love of beauty they acknowledge good,
And good is God. * * * *
The beautiful are never desolate.
PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

IN the complex nature of man there is a set of faculties which recognize the presence of beauty and respond joyfully to its exhilarating and eloquent appeals. This is sometimes called by way of distinction, the æsthetic nature. It is a tangible and actual possession, though somewhat diffi-

cult to define. "Why we receive pleasure from some forms and colors," says Ruskin, "is no more to be asked or answered, than why we like sugar and dislike wormwood. The utmost reach of investigation would only conduct us back to an ultimate instinct and principle of human nature." We were so created, and that is the end of all questioning.

The connection between beauty and happiness is a very close one. Indeed, the chief function of these æsthetic faculties of our being seems to be to give us different degrees of pleasure according to the culture and purity of the mind possessing them. Brutes and brutish people have little or no appreciation of beauty. The dull eye of the ox, grazing upon a mountain side, lifts its gaze to the sky, looks out upon a lovely landscape, or beholds the gorgeous beauty of a sunset without a single answering perception or feeling, so far as we know. And nearly the same is true of the besotted sensualist or bloated debauchee. To derive pure and unalloyed happiness from the contemplation of the beautiful in nature, art, or the "human form divine," one must be a person of taste. And perfect taste is the faculty of receiving pleasure from all objects which are attractive to our nature *in its purity and perfection.* To derive little or no joy from such objects, is to be devoid of taste. To receive pleasure from objects not intrinsically beautiful, is to have false or bad taste.

False taste may be known by its fastidiousness, by its demands of pomp, splendor, and unusual combination; by its enjoyment only of particular styles and modes of things, and by its pride also, for its eye is always upon itself, and it tests all things around it by the way they fit it. But true taste is for ever growing, learning, reading, worshiping, laying its hand upon its mouth because it is astonished, casting its shoes from off its feet because it finds all ground holy, and testing itself by the way that it fits things. And it finds whereof to feed, and whereby to grow, in all things. There is that to be seen in every street and lane of every city—that to be felt and found in every human heart and countenance, that to be loved in every road-side weed and moss-grown wall, which may con-

vey emotions of glory and sublimity, continual and exalted.

Says a high authority: "This sense of beauty in the soul is not sensual on the one hand, nor exclusively intellectual on the other, but is dependent both for its rightness and intensity on a pure, right, and open state of the heart; for we see men constantly, having naturally acute perceptions of the beautiful yet not receiving these with a pure heart, never derive good therefrom, but make them an accompaniment and seasoning of lower sensual pleasures until all their emotions take the same earthly stamp, and the glorious sense of beauty sinks into the debased servant of lust." And on account of this possible perversion of an originally noble taste, Quarles hath written by way of admonition and warning: "Gaze not on (human) beauty too much, lest it blast thee; nor too long, lest it blind thee; nor too near, lest it burn thee. If thou like it, it deceives thee; if thou hunt after it, it destroys thee. If virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate it, it is the soul's purgatory."

On the other hand, true and pure ideas of beauty are among the noblest which can be presented to the human mind, invariably exalting, and purifying it according to their kind and degree; and it appears that humanity was intended to be kept constantly under the influence of these, since there is hardly an object in the world which is not capable of conveying them to the rightly perceiving mind. We shall confine our observations, however, to two principal departments of this beauty-world, namely: *natural* and *human* beauty.

In looking at the beautiful in nature and its possibility of creating joy within, we can accept no more intelligent guide than John Ruskin. This richly and rarely-endowed man might well be called nature's high-priest and prophet; for no pair of human eyes ever before saw so much of beauty in sky and cloud and tree and water as he has seen, no heart ever felt the power of beauty more intensely than he has felt it, and no pen ever described beauty-visions and emotions so vividly and grandly as his has done. So without further quotation we will yield ourselves up to the enchantment of his eloquence

while we look out upon a few of the beautiful objects with which this majestic world is filled. Says Wordsworth:

> Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy; for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings.

Now look up at the sky and clouds. It is strange how little people in general know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just that part in which we least attend to her. Every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. But instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all intended for our perpetual pleasure.

And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor good, for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart from its dross and dust. Sometimes

gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing.

Yet, for the most part, whenever we make the sky a subject of thought we speak of it only as it effects our animal sensations; as wet or windy, as warm or cold. Who among the crowd can tell of the forms and precipices in those chains of tall white mountains which so often gird the horizon? Who watches the narrow sunbeam that comes from the south and smites upon their summits until they melt and molder away in a dust of blue rain? Who knoweth also the mutual service of veiling cloud and burning ball of fire which, without the firmament, would be seen only as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity? By the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of the dayspring.

If you watch a brilliant sunset you will see, especially at the zenith, that the sky does not remain of the same color for two inches together; one cloud has a dark side of cold blue, and a fringe of milky white; another, above it, has a dark side of purple and an edge of red; another, nearer the sun, has an under-side of orange and an edge of gold; these you will find mingled with, and passing into the blue of the sky, which in places you will not be able to distinguish from the cool grey of the darker clouds, and which will be itself full of gradation, now pure and deep, now faint and feeble; and all this is done not in large pieces, nor on a large scale, but over and over again in every square yard.

Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at day-break when the night-mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight. Watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away; and down under their depths the glittering city and green pasture lie like Atlantis between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain.

Wait a little longer and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines and floating up towards you along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back into that robe of material light until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above in the serene heaven like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below.

Wait yet a little longer and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piling with every instant higher and higher into the sky and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapors which will cover the sky inch by inch with their grey network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves together; and then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills.

And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind and you will see those watch-towers of vapor swept away from their foundations and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black, bending fringes or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go. And then as the sun sinks you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapor, now gone, now gathered again; while the smoldering sun seeming not far away but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood. And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter and brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds step by step, line by line; quenching star after star with her kindling light and setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven which move together hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them.

And then wait yet for one hour until the east again becomes purple and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in the darkness like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning. Watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning and sending each its tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven around and above, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by,

until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault above vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels;—and by this time you can look no more for gladness and are bowed down with gratitude, wonder and love!

Next contemplate the crystalline beauty of water, which is also the source of all the beauty we have seen above. This is the instrument by which the earth has been modeled into symmetry, and its crags chiseled into grace. Few people have ever seen the effect on the sea of a continued gale, and those who have not, the most unimaginable feature of the scene is the complete annihilation of the line between sea and air. The water from its prolonged agitation is beaten, not into mere creaming foam but into masses of accumulated yeast which hang in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave, and where one curls over to break, forms a festoon-like drapery on its edge. Ordinarily, sea-foam lasts only a moment after it is formed and then disappears in a mere white film. But the foam of a prolonged tempest is thick, permanent, whipped foam, and gathers into discolored and clotted concretions before the driving wind.

These are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust but in writhing, hanging, coiling masses which make the air white and thick as with snow, only the flakes are each a foot long; the surges themselves are full of foam in their bodies making them white all through as the water is under a great cataract; and their masses being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke which chokes and strangles like actual water. Imagine also the low rain-clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave; and finally, conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power lifting themselves in columns and peaks, furrowed with their whirl of ascent, and then you can readily understand that there is no distinction left between sea and air; that there is neither horizon nor landmark visible; that the heaven is all spray and the ocean is all cloud,

and you can see no farther in any direction than through a cataract.

Come again down on the beach of the great sea and watch all sorts of waves coming in when no storm is abroad. Count them at their irregular play—one—two; here comes a well-formed wave at last, trembling a little at the top, but on the whole, orderly. So! Crash among the shingle, and up as far as this grey pebble! Now stand by and watch. Another:—Ah, careless wave! why couldn't you have kept your crest on? It is all gone away into spray, striking up against the cliffs there—I thought as much—missed the mark by a couple of feet! Another:—How now, impatient one? couldn't you have waited till your friend's reflux was done with, instead of rolling yourself up with it in that unseemly manner? You go for nothing. A fourth, and a goodly one at last! What think we of yonder slow rise and crystalline hollow without a flaw? Steady, good wave! not so fast! not so fast! Where are you coming to? This is too bad; two yards over the mark and ever so much of you in our face besides; and a wave which we had some hope of behind there, broken all to pieces out at sea and laying a great white tablecloth of foam all the way to the shore, as if the marine gods were to dine off it! Alas, for these unhappy "arrow shots" of Nature! She will never hit her mark with those unruly waves of hers, nor get one of them into the ideal shape, if we wait for a thousand years.

Going back from ocean to river, we see that all rivers, small or large, agree in one character; they like to lean a little on one side; they cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon, and another to get cool under; one shingly shore to play over where they may be shallow and foolish and childlike; and another steep shore under which they can pause and purify themselves, and get their strength of waves fully together for due occasions. Rivers in this way are just like wise men who keep one side of their life for play and another for work; and can be brilliant and chattering and transparent

when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side when they set themselves to the main purpose. And rivers are in this divided, also, into wicked and good; the good rivers have serviceable deep places all along their banks that ships can sail in, but the wicked rivers go scoopingly, irregularly under their banks until they get full of strangling eddies which no boat can row over without being twisted against the rocks; and pools, like wells, which no one can get out of but the water-kelpie that lives at the bottom; but, wicked or good, the rivers all agree in having two sides.

Again, how beautiful are the mountains. Let the reader imagine the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it to the utmost horizon with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks and slow wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hand from one end of the horizon to the other, like a woven garment; then shaken into deep falling folds as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges; and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens; and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of greensward dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air; and he will have as yet in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps.

It would be as absurd to think it an evil that all the world is not fit for us to inhabit, as to think it an evil that the globe

is no larger than it is. As much as we shall ever need is evidently assigned to us for our dwelling place; the rest covered with rolling waves or drifting sands, fretted with ice or crested with fire, is set before us for contemplation in an uninhabitable magnificence; and that part which we are enabled to inhabit owes its fitness for human life chiefly to its mountain ranges which, throwing the superfluous rain off as it falls, collect it in streams or lakes and guide it into given places.

In some sense, a person who has never seen the rose-color of the rays of dawn crossing a mountain twelve or fifteen miles away, can hardly be said to know what *tenderness* in color means at all; *bright* tenderness he may, indeed, see in the sky or in a flower, but this grave tenderness of the far-away hill-purples he cannot conceive.

Together with this great source of pre-eminence in mass of color, we have to estimate the influence of the finished inlaying and enamel-work of the color-jewelry on every stone; and that of the continual variety in species of flower; most of the mountain flowers being, besides, separately lovelier than the lowland ones. The wood hyacinth and wild rose are, indeed, the only supreme flowers that the lowlands can generally show; and the wild rose is also a mountaineer and more fragrant in the hills, while the wood hyacinth or grape hyacinth at its best cannot match even the dark bell-gentian, leaving the light-blue star-gentian in its uncontested queenliness, and the Alpine rose and Highland heather wholly without similitude. The violet, lily of the valley, crocus, and wood anemone are claimable partly by the plains as well as the hills; but the large orange lily and narcissus are never seen but on hill pastures, and the exquisite oxalis is pre-eminently a mountaineer.

If the most exquisite orchestral music could be continued without a pause for a series of years, and children were brought up and educated in the room in which it were perpetually resounding, I believe their enjoyment of music or understanding of it would be very small. And an accurately parallel effect seems to be produced upon the powers of contemplation by the redundant and ceaseless loveliness of the high mountain

districts. The faculties are paralyzed by the abundance and cease to be capable of excitement, except by other subjects of interest than those which present themselves to the eye.

So that it is, in reality, better for mankind that the forms of their common landscape should offer no violent stimulus to the emotions,—that the gentle upland, browned by the bending furrows of the plough and the fresh sweep of the chalk down, and the narrow winding of the copse-clad dingle, should be more frequent scenes of human life than the Arcadias of cloud-capped mountain or luxuriant vale; and that, while humbler (though always infinite) sources of interest are given to each of us around the homes to which we are restrained for the greater part of our lives, these mightier and stranger glories should become the objects of adventure—at once the cynosures of the fancies of childhood and the themes of happy memory and winter's tale of age.

Look also at the beauty of trees and forests! One of the most remarkable characters of natural leafage is the constancy with which, while the leaves are arranged on the spray with exquisite regularity, that regularity is modified in their actual effect. For as in every group of leaves, some are seen sideways, forming merely long lines, some are foreshortened, some crossing each other, every one differently turned and placed from all the others, the forms of the leaves, though in themselves similar, give rise to a thousand strange and differing forms in the group; and the shadows of some passing over the others, still father disguise and confuse the mass until the eye can distinguish nothing but a graceful and flexible disorder of innumerable forms, with here and there a perfect leaf on the extremity, or a symmetrical association of one or two, just enough to mark the specific character and to give unity and grace, but never enough to repeat in one group what was done in another—never enough to prevent the eye from feeling that, however regular and mathematical may be the structure of parts, what is composed out of them is as various and infinite as any other part of nature.

Nor does this take place in general effect only. Break off

an elm bough three feet long in full leaf, and lay it on the table before you and try to draw it, leaf for leaf. It is ten to one if in the whole bough, (provided you do not twist it about as you work,) you find one form of a leaf exactly like another; perhaps you will not even have *one* complete. Every leaf will be oblique or foreshortened or curled or crossed by another or shaded by another, and though the whole bough will look graceful and symmetrical, you will scarcely be able to tell how or why it does so, since there is not one line of it like another.

The resources of trees are not developed until they have difficulty to contend with; neither their tenderness of brotherly love and harmony till they are forced to choose their ways of various life where there is contracted room for them, talking to each other with their restrained branches. The various action of trees rooting themselves in inhospitable rocks, stooping to look into ravines, hiding from the search of glacier winds, reaching forth to the rays of rare sunshine, crowding down together to drink at sweetest streams, climbing hand in hand among the difficult slopes, opening in sudden dances round the mossy knolls, gathering into companies at rest among the fragrant fields, gliding in grave procession over the heavenward ridges,—nothing of this can be conceived among the unvexed and unvaried feelicities of the lowland forest: while to all these direct sources of greater beauty are added, first the power of redundance,—the mere quality of foliage visible in the folds and on the promontories of a single Alp being greater than that of an entire lowland landscape (unless a view from some cathedral tower); and to this charm of redundance, that of clearer *visibility*,—tree after tree being constantly shown in successive height, one behind another, instead of the mere tops and flanks of masses, as in the plains; and the forms of multitudes of them continually defined against the clear sky, near and above, or against white clouds entangled among their branches instead of being confused in dimness of distance.

Lastly, in this rapid view of natural beauty consider the tender blade of grass. The Greek delighted in the grass for

its usefulness; the mediæval, as also we moderns, for its color and beauty. But both dwell on it as the first element of the lovely landscape; Dante thinks the righteous spirits of the heathen enough comforted in Hades by having even the *image* of green grass put beneath their feet; the happy resting-place in Purgatory has no other delight than its grass and flowers; and finely in the terrestrial paradise do the feet of Matilda pause where the Lethe stream first bends the blades of grass. Consider a little what a depth there is in this great instinct of the human race. Gather a single blade of grass and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow, sword-shaped strip of fluted green. It seems to have been made only to be trodden on to-day and to-morrow to be cast into the oven. And yet among all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, none are so deeply loved or highly graced as these companies of soft, countless and peaceful spears.

The fields! What should we recognize in these words? All spring and summer is in them,—the walks by silent, scented paths,—the rests in noonday heat,—the joy of herds and flocks,—the power of all shepherd life and meditation,—the life of sunlight upon the world falling in emerald streaks and failing in soft blue shadows where else it would have struck upon the dark mould or scorching dust,—pastures beside the pacing brooks and soft banks and knolls of lowly hills,—thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea,—crisp lawns all dim with early dew or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices: all these are summed in those simple words; and these are not all.

Go out in the spring-time among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom,—paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with

new-mown heaps filling all the air with fainter sweetness,—look up towards the higher hills where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains."

And thus it is seen that

> "All natural objects have
> An echo in the heart. The flesh doth thrill
> And has connection by some unseen chain
> With its original source and kindred substance.
> The mighty forest, the proud tides of ocean,
> Sky-clearing hills, and in the vast of air
> The starry constellations, and the sun,
> Parent of life exhaustless—these maintain
> With the mysterious mind and breathing mould
> A co-existence and community."

In passing from natural to *human* beauty, we should expect to find a comeliness and completeness in human beings that we do not find in the world of nature; for men and women, alone of all God's creatures, are made in the divine image, and therefore ought to be more perfect in form and feature. But what are the facts in the case? Behold, a sudden change! No longer among the individuals of the race is there equality or likeness, a distributed fairness and fixed type visible in each, but evil diversity, and terrible stamp of various degradation; features seamed with sickness, dimmed by sensuality, convulsed by passion, pinched by poverty, shadowed by sorrow, branded with remorse; bones full of the sin of our youth; bodies consumed with sloth, broken down by labor, tortured by disease, dishonest in foul uses; intellects without power, hearts without hope, minds earthly and devilish.

This is indeed a somewhat fearful catalogue of human blemishes, but a true and unexaggerated one, nevertheless. Hence, a part of the right work of life should be an attempt to restore to the body the grace and the power which these various causes tend to destroy, to the spirit its pristine purity, and to the intellect its native grasp and vigor.

Beauty in man or woman, but especially in the latter, is a power and a possession not to be despised. It contributes an important quota to the sum of human happiness. It is a positive blessing, when not abused. If women could but look into the hearts of men they would discover that much of the dissatisfaction with wives, much of the absence from them of husbands, much of the disagreeable in the home, results from indifference to their personal appearance. Many ladies, after the heyday of youth is passed, seem to make no effort to set off their charms to the best advantage, save as they occasionally spur to some extraordinary display. Often domestic duties, maternity and its cares—always a trial to the nerves, strength and ambition—exclude them more or less from society until they lose all interest and become indifferent to its demands. This is followed by inattention to the person. Even dress is neglected, and the deportment looses the queenly grace and gentleness so essential to lady-like bearing.

Others seem to have aimed only to secure a husband. At their wedding receptions and earlier at homes they exhibit rare taste and culture, are exquisite in make-up and brilliant in conversation, but with the wane of the honeymoon they relapse into indifference, indolence and *ennui*, as if their lives had been strained to such tension in the effort to catch a husband, that the cord was all but ready to snap when they won the prize, and now the inevitable reaction seems to follow. They are nearly always *en neglige* in the presence of their husbands; lose all zest for society, or on the other hand exhaust their energies to appear fascinating in company, reserving nothing better for husband and home than languid indifference.

Others, still appear to believe personal attractiveness, elaboration in dress, and gracious manners are for those particularly whose future is dependent upon their charms—the young and gay; that polish and feminine graces, like perfumes and gems, must be reserved for the circles of the *beau monde;* that the brush and chisel of time should be allowed to color and hack at pleasure; that the *arts de toilette* are a vulgar deception, and all attempts to make themselves beautiful at home are but waste of time.

Beauty in woman must ever be cultivated; by it she endears herself to her husband and is admired by the world; without it, though she may have been the idol of a husband's love for years and the mother of his children, she may drive him to seek it elsewhere. It is impossible to make home happy while abandoning all the little amenities that come of culture, ignoring courtesy, dignity and elegance in the family circle, and putting on those refinements with the dress for social occasions; in other words, having two sets of manners, one for home, and one for society.

To a certain degree, it is a laudable ambition in woman to wish to be attractive. As God made her fair and comely in person, so she should seek to preserve her charms as long as is consistent with due attention to higher duties and aims. All the noted beauties of any age have striven hard to preserve their loveliness. Diana of Poitiers devoted herself assiduously all her life to the arts of the toilet and the methods which assisted nature, looking especially to health, and was as charming at sixty as any at thirty. Ninon de l'Enclos was also celebrated for almost fadeless beauty, so preserving her beauty of contour and freshness of complexion to extreme old age that many believed she had discovered the secret of perpetual youth. Mary, Queen of Scots, whose beauty was conspicuous in its effects upon history, never, amid the shifting and tumultuous scenes about her, neglected the details that lent the most brilliant effects to her beauty. Nor was Margaret of Anjou less devoted to the preservation of her personal charms.

Beauty, however, will ever vary according to age, place, taste and prejudice. We could not expect all to admire the black, sparkling eye, black hair, and dark, rich complexion of Cleopatra; many would like the pale, melancholy blonde. No formula can satisfy all opinions. To do this it would have to meet all the sentiments, passions and instincts that inspire to the worship of beauty. In youth it is the plump damsel, pulsating with budding womanhood, fresh and lovely in her innocence, with waxen complexion, carnation lips shaped like

Cupid's bow, laughing eyes, white teeth and shapely arms, that we admire. In after years it is the matured, self-poised woman, quiet in repose, with charms defined and pronounced, majestic in air and carriage, serene and dignified in deportment—a beauty like that which Montalembert ascribes to Elizabeth of Hungary, the most beautiful woman of her time. He says, "Her beauty was regular and perfect, her entire figure left no improvement to be desired in it. Her complexion was dark and clear, her hair black, her figure of unrivaled elegance and grace, her walk full of nobleness and majesty."

But what constitutes true beauty in man or woman, and how can it best be preserved and increased? The most common method employed is to make a liberal use of brush, powder, pencil, etc. But beauty which is only surface deep is liable to prove as evanescent as the passing cloud. We shall not go, however, into the mysteries of the toilet here, or stop to consider definitely the value of cosmetics and *rouges.* There are some legitimate aids to natural forces in this matter, and these can be sought out and applied at leisure. But real, *enduring* beauty of face or person must come not from any external applications, but from within. Good health, proper habits, regular exercise, diet and dress, all have more or less to do with it, but the main source of beauty is in the mind.

The intellectual powers, when regularly trained and employed, cut and chisel the features into proportion and grace by removing from them all signs of sensuality and sloth by which they are blunted and deadened, and substituting energy and intensity for vacancy and insipidity (by which alone the faces of many fair women are utterly spoiled and rendered valueless), and by the keenness given to the eye, and the fine moulding and development of the brow.

It has been well said that the highest style of beauty to be found in nature pertains to the human form, as animated and lighted up by the intelligence within. It is the expression of the soul that constitutes this superior beauty. It is that which looks out at the eye, which sits in calm majesty on the brow, lurks on the lip, smiles on the cheek, is set forth in the

chiseled lines and features of the countenance, in the general contour of figure and form, in the movement, and gesture, and tone; it is this looking out of the invisible spirit that dwells within, this manifestation of the higher nature, that we admire and love; this constitutes to us the beauty of our species.

Hence it is that certain features, not in themselves particularly attractive, wanting, it may be, in certain regularity of outline, or in certain delicacy and softness, are still invested with a peculiar charm and radiance of beauty from their peculiar expressiveness and animation. The light of genius, the superior glow of sympathy, and a noble heart, play upon those plain, and it may be, homely features, and light them up with a brilliant and regal beauty. These, as every artist knows, are the most difficult to portray. The expression changes with the instant. Beauty flashes and is gone, or gives place to a still higher beauty, as the light that plays in fitful corruscations along the Northern sky, coming and going, but never still.

The same is true of the moral and social feelings of the heart. Love is a great beautifier of the face. The emotions which do most disfigure the countenance are pride, sensuality, fear, cruelty, agitation, enmity, cunning, deceit, anger. While on the other hand the great moral and social beautifiers are self-command, unagitated trust, deep-looking love, faith and goodness. In fact, all virtues impress fairness upon the features and exercise an influence upon the whole person. Even movement and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes according to the mind that governs them, and on the gentleness and decision of just feeling there follows a grace of action, and through continuance of this a grace of form, which by no discipline may be taught or attained.

This kind of beauty perishes not. It wreaths the countenance of every doer of good. It adorns every honest face. It shines in the virtuous life. It molds the hands of charity. It sweetens the voice of sympathy. It sparkles on the brow of wisdom. It flashes in the eye of love. It breathes in the spirit of piety. It is the beauty of the heaven of heavens.

It is that which may grow by the hand of culture in every human soul. It is the flower of the spirit which blossoms on the tree of life. Every soul may plant and nurture it in its own garden. This is the capacity for beauty that God has placed within the reach of all. Though our forms may be uncomely and our features not the prettiest, our spirits may be beautiful. And this inward beauty always shines through. A beautiful heart will flash out in the eye. A lovely soul will glow in the face. A sweet spirit will tune the voice and wreathe the countenance in charms. There is a power in interior beauty that melts the hardest heart. As N. P. Willis has truly said:

> Beauty may stain
> The eye with a celestial blue—the cheek
> With carmine of the sunset; she may breathe
> Grace into every motion, like the play
> Of the least visible tissue of a cloud;
> She may give all that is within her own
> Bright cestus—and one glance of intellect,
> Like stronger magic, will outshine it all.

Therefore Mrs. Osgood gives the following pertinent advice:

> The blush will fade,
> The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear,
> The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,
> And the sunbeam die in the waving hair.
> Turn from the mirror and strive to win
> Treasures of loveliness which will last;
> Gather earth's glory and bloom within,
> That the soul may be young, when youth is past.

CHAPTER XIX.

Decorum and Dress.

There's nothing in the world like etiquette.
Byron.

Study with care politeness that must teach
The proper forms of gesture and of speech;
That moves with easy, though with measured pace,
And shows no part of study but the grace.
Stillingfleet.

What's a fine person or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Blessed with all other requisites to please,
We still do need the elegance of ease.
Churchill.

HAT beauty is to the person, that decorum or politeness is to the intercourse of social life. And just as a beautiful form and face add attractiveness and convey pleasure to the home circle, or to the social gathering, so elegant manners adorn and make agreeable the whole round of human companionship, whether existing in business, social, or religious life. General amiability, as has been well said, will oil the creaking wheels of life more effectually than any unguents which can be supplied by mere wealth or station.

Chesterfield says: "As learning, honor and virtue are absolutely necessary to gain you the esteem and admiration of mankind, politeness and good breeding are equally necessary to make you welcome and agreeable in conversation and common life. Great talents, such as honor, virtue, learning and arts, are above the generality of the world, who neither possess them themselves nor judge of them rightly in others. But all

people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability and an obliging, agreeable address and manner, because they feel the good effects of them as making society easy and pleasing."

As a beautiful picture displays the art of the painter, and inspiring music that of the musician, so deportment is the *art* of the lady or gentleman. Good nature is often vulgar, blunt and offensive; good breeding refines, tones and finishes manner. Deportment, therefore, belongs to culture. Human nature in general is groveling; gentility of deportment is elevating. To act naturally is commendable, if nature be toned by culture; to act naturally without refinement is to act the boor. To be a true lady or gentleman, therefore, is to curb and mold our natural impulses, encourage our better promptings, associate only with the pure and refined, accustom ourselves to doing everything decently, orderly and elegantly at all times, regarding the feelings of others, respecting ourselves, and allowing nothing to disturb a courteous, dignified behavior. Etiquette is simply decorum or manners systematized and adapted to the various phases of social intercourse, recognized and established by fashionable usage.

In every sense, the subject of manners, says Ralph Waldo Emerson, has a constant interest to thoughtful persons. Who does not delight in fine manners? Their charm cannot be predicted or overstated. 'Tis perpetual promise of more than can be fulfilled. It is music and sculpture and picture to many who do not pretend to appreciation of those arts. It is even true that grace is more beautiful than beauty. Yet how impossible to overcome the obstacle of an unlucky temperament, and acquire good manners, unless by living with the well-bred from the start; and this makes the value of wise forethought to give ourselves and our children as much as possible the habit of cultivated society.

'T is an inestimable hint that we owe to a few persons of fine manners, that they make behavior the very first sign of force,—behavior, and not performance, or talent, or much less, wealth. While almost everybody has a supplicating eye

turned on events and things and other persons, a few natures are central and forever unfold, and these alone charm us. He whose word or deed you cannot predict, who answers you without any supplication in his eye, who draws his determination from within, and draws it instantly,—that man rules.

Manners are stronger than laws. Nature values manners. Who teaches manners of majesty, of frankness, of grace, of humility,—who but the adoring aunts and cousins that surround a young child? The babe meets such courting and flattery as only kings receive when adult; and, trying experiments, and at perfect leisure with these posture masters and flatterers all day, he throws himself into all the attitudes that correspond to theirs. Are they humble? he is composed. Are they eager? he is nonchalant. Are they encroaching? he is dignified and inexorable. And this scene is daily repeated in hovels as well as in high houses.

Nature is the best posture-master. An awkward man is graceful when asleep, or when hard at work, or agreeably amused. The attitudes of children are gentle, persuasive, royal, in their games and in their house-talk and in the street, before they have learned to cringe. 'Tis impossible but thought will dispose the limbs and the walk. No art can contravene it, or conceal it. Give me a thought, and my hands and legs and voice and face will all go right. And we are awkward for want of thought. The inspiration is scanty, and does not arrive at the extremities.

Manners are the revealers of secrets, the betrayers of any disproportion or want of symmetry in mind and character. It is the law of our constitution that every change in our experience instantly indicates itself on our countenance and carriage, as the lapse of time tells itself on the face of a clock. We may be too obtuse to read it, but the record is there. Some men may be too obtuse to read it, but some men are not obtuse and do read it. Nature made us all intelligent of these signs, for our safety and our happiness. While certain faces are illumined with intelligence, decorated with invitation, others are marked with warnings: certain voices are hoarse

and truculent; sometimes they even bark. There is the same difference between heavy and genial manners as between the perceptions of octogenarians and those of young girls who see everything in the twinkling of an eye.

The world sets large store by the exterior of people. It can not always stop to examine into their morals, education or positive merit; but whatever may be the standard of appreciation, there are very few who can say they do not court the world's good graces. With the wisdom of Solomon, the virtue of Cæsar's wife, the piety of Fenelon, the wealth of a Rothschild, without a knowledge of how to please, we have no fixed place in the popular heart. How to please, then, embodies much. We cannot ignore regulations imposed by polite society and still expect to please, for polite society rules the world.

First, then, we must question ourselves concerning our natural instincts; are they coarse, selfish, overbearing, unforgiving, dishonest; have we bad tempers; are we suspicious and fault-finding; are we inclined to make ourselves miserable as well as those we meet? It should be our first effort to subdue such qualities, for any exhibition of them is fatal to harmony.

Almost the first requisite to a lady is good common sense. While this admits of piquancy, *naivete*, and all the charming femininities, as well as dignity, it is also a host arrayed in her favor. Affability, a sweet temper under all circumstances, a manner mild, yet firm, a sensitive and delicate temperament, yet without too evident self-consciousness and prudishness of disposition, are admirable qualities. You can not please without being truly polite, and to this end amiability and good nature are necessary.

True politeness comes from a knowledge of ourselves and respect for others, and constitutes propriety of deportment coupled with good nature and a desire to please. Neither rank, beauty, wealth, talents nor position can dispense with it. It enters into every feature of social intercourse, and it is here you are measured, weighed and stamped. It is here that your

true culture will assert itself. To avoid this, you must not have two sets of manners, one for home and another for society. The same deference to others, the same graces of deportment and geniality, must at all times characterize you. You cannot eat improperly, or indulge in slang or bad grammar at home without the fact betraying you when you will regret it sorely.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. Self-command is the main elegance. "Keep cool, and you command everybody," said St. Just; and the wily old Talleyrand would still say, "Above all, gentleman, no heat." 'Tis a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration. A man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat. Why need you, who are not a gossip, talk as a gossip, and tell eagerly what the neighbors or the journals say? State your opinion without apology. The attitude is the main point, assuring your companion that, come good news or come bad, you remain in good heart and good mind, which is the best news you can possibly communicate. Self-control is the rule. You have in you there a noisy, sensual savage which you are to keep down, and turn all his strength to beauty.

Show a proper respect for the opinions of others, and be firm, yet modest, in the assertion of your own. Always display that self-consciousness which one should feel, that you are as good as others, and demand equal respect. If you do not respect yourself, others will not respect you. Very many are afflicted with over-sensitiveness, a feeling of inferiority, which is liable, if not overcome, to render one ridiculous at times. More offensive are they who seek to convey the impression that they "know it all." This betrays ignorance, conceit and immodesty. Never exhibit vulgarity in action or expression. Rude conduct, awkward motions and positions, indicate either a lack of respect for others, or that your associations are low.

Exercise a due regard for all *little* courtesies and elegances. In your associations with the opposite sex, let these never be neglected. Do not hurry. Promptness and due haste are proper, but hurry and bluster tend to confusion and irritation, and things thus done were better not attempted. Remember, your manners are the sign by which your status is fixed; they are ever open to criticism, and always determine your caste. You should take care that the first impressions be favorable. In the drawing room, at table, at the party or ball, on the street, everywhere, you should be impressed with the fact that you are to be respected as a lady or gentleman, and that as such you respect others, and trust them accordingly.

Among the most brilliant and serviceable social accomplishments is the art of holding agreeable and wise conversation. The ability to talk intelligently, wittily and well, is not possessed by all. Society to-day seems sadly wanting in brilliant talkers. We have a few good conversationalists, but only a few. Every lady should cultivate this art and attain to such excellence in it as she may. To say enough and say it well, upon any subject, to modulate the tones, to be ready with appropriate words, wit and repartee at the right time, uniting the same with a fascinating manner, are social attractions which come quite as much from cultivation as from a natural gift.

Madame de Stael, by the unanimous consent of all who knew her, was the most extraordinary converser that was known in her time, and it was a time full of eminent men and women; she knew all distinguished persons in letters or society, in England, Germany, and Italy, as well as in France, though she said, with characteristic nationality, "Conversation, like talent, exists only in France." Madame de Stael valued nothing but conversation. She said one day, seriously, to M. Mole, "If it were not for respect to human opinions, I would not open my window to see the Bay of Naples for the first time, while I would go five hundred leagues to talk with a man of genius whom I had not seen."

Ste. Beuve tells us of the privileged circle at Coppet, that,

after making an excursion one day, the party returned in two coaches from Chambery to Aix, on the way to Coppet. The first coach had many rueful accidents to relate,—a terrific thunder-storm, shocking roads, and danger and gloom to the whole company. The party in the second coach, on arriving, heard this story with surprise;—of thunder-storm, of steeps, of mud, of danger, they knew nothing; no, they had forgotten earth, and breathed a purer air; such a conversation between Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier and Benjamin Constant and Schlegel! they were all in a state of delight. The intoxication of the conversation had made them insensible to all notice of weather or rough roads. Madame de Tesse said, "If I were Queen, I should command Madame de Stael to talk to me every day." Conversation fills all gaps, supplies all deficiencies. What a good trait is that recorded of Madame de Maintenon, that, during dinner, the servant slipped to her side, "Please madame, one anecdote more, for there is no roast to-day."

In conversation, be considerate of the feelings of others. Women are usually quicker at repartee, have more confidence, and not seldom avail themselves of the privileges of their sex to "cut" severely. Men may be brave and strong, may have coarse exteriors and manners, and be unable to cope in conversation with you, but remember they have hearts, and it is no mark of a true lady to hurt the feelings needlessly of any one, however tempting the occasion to appear brilliant. Men are peculiarly sensitive in the presence of women, and the more they admire the less are they able to display what gifts they possess.

Have the courage to ask questions; courage to expose ignorance. The great gain is, not to shine, not to conquer your companion,—then you learn nothing but conceit,—but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning. There is a defeat that is useful.

Shun the negative side. Never worry people with your contritions, nor with dismal views of politics or society. Never

name sickness; even if you could trust yourself on that perilous topic, beware of unmuzzling a valetudinarian, who will soon give you your fill of it.

The law of the table is a respect to the common soul of all the guests. Everything is unseasonable which is private to two or three or any portion of the company. Tact never violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say, we never "talk shop" before company. Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, while they sit in one parlor with common friends.

Stay at home in your mind. Don't recite other people's opinions. See how it lies there in you; and if there is no counsel, offer none. What we want is not simple activity or interference with your mind, but your ability to be a vehicle of the simple truth. The way to have large occasional views, as in a political or social crisis, is to have large habitual views. When men consult you, it is not that they wish you to stand tiptoe, and pump your brains, but to apply your habitual view, your wisdom, to the question in hand without pedantry.

Let conversation be adapted skillfully to the company engaging in it. Some men make a point of talking commonplaces to all ladies alike, as if a woman could only be a trifler. Others, on the contrary, seem to forget in what respects the education of a lady differs from that of a gentleman, and commit the opposite error of conversing on topics with which ladies are seldom acquainted. A woman of sense has as much right to be annoyed by the one, as a lady of ordinary education by the other. You cannot pay a finer compliment to a woman of refinement and *esprit* than by leading the conversation into such a channel as may mark your appreciation of her peculiar attainments.

Do not use a classical quotation in the presence of company without apologizing for, or translating it. Even this should only be done when no other phrase would so aptly express your meaning. Whether in the presence of ladies or gentlemen, much display of learning is pedantic and out of place.

Remember that people take more interest in their own affairs than in anything else which you can name. If you wish your conversation to be thoroughly agreeable, lead a mother to talk of her children, a young lady of her last ball, an author of his forthcoming book, or an artist of his exhibition picture. Having furnished the topic, you need only listen, and you are sure to be thought not only agreeable, but thoroughly sensible and well-informed.

There is a certain distinct but subdued tone of voice which is peculiar to only well-bred persons. A loud voice is both disagreeable and vulgar. It is better to err by the use of too low than too loud a tone. One can always tell a lady by her voice and laugh—neither of which will ever be loud or coarse, but soft, low, and nicely modulated. Shakespere's unfailing taste tells us that

A low voice is an excellent thing in woman.

Indeed, the habit of never raising the voice would tend much to the comfort and happiness of many a home; but as a proof of good breeding, it is unfailing.

Remember that all "slang" is vulgar. It has become of late unfortunately prevalent, and we have known even ladies pride themselves on the saucy ease with which they adopt certain cant phrases of the day. Such habits cannot be too severely reprehended. They lower the tone of society and the standard of thought. It is a great mistake to suppose that slang is in any way a substitute for wit.

Long arguments in general company, however entertaining to the disputants, are tiresome to the last degree to all others. You should always endeavor to prevent the conversation from dwelling too long upon one topic.

Those who introduce anecdotes into their conversation are warned that these should invariably be "short, witty, eloquent, new, and not far-fetched." Some persons have an awkward habit of repeating the most striking parts of a story, especially the main point, if it has taken greatly the first time. This is in very bad taste, and always excites disgust. In most cases, the story pleased the first time, only because it was unexpected.

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

Endeavor to have the habit of talking well about trifles. Be careful never to make personal remarks to a stranger on any of the guests present; it is possible, nay probable, that they may be relatives, or at least friends.

A gentleman should never permit any phrase that approaches to an oath, to escape his lips. If any man employs a profane expression in the drawing-room, his pretensions to good-breeding are gone forever. The same reason extends to the society of men advanced in life; and he would be singularly defective in good taste, who should swear before old persons, however irreligious their own habits might be.

Listening is not only a point of good-breeding and the best kind of flattery, but it is a method of acquiring information which no man of judgment will neglect. "This is a common vice in conversation," says Montaigne, "that instead of gathering observations from others, we make it our whole business to lay ourselves open to them, and are more concerned how to expose and set out our own commodities, than how to increase our stock by acquiring new. Silence therefore, and modesty, are very advantageous qualities in conversation."

The interjection of such phrases as, "You know," "You see," "Don't you see?" "Do you understand?" and similar ones that stimulate the attention, and demand an answer, ought to be avoided. Make your observations in a calm and sedate way, which your companion may attend to or not, as he pleases, and let them go for what they are worth.

To avoid wounding the feelings of another, is the key to almost every problem of manners that can be proposed; and he who will always regulate his sayings and doings by that principle, may chance to break some conventional rule, but will rarely violate any of the essentials of good-breeding. Judgment and attention are as necessary to fulfill this precept as the disposition; for by inadvertence or folly as much pain may be given as by designed malevolence. Those who scatter brilliant jibes without caring whom they wound, are as unwise as they are unkind. Those sharp little sarcasms that bear a sting in their words, rankle long, sometimes forever

in the mind, and fester often into a fatal hatred never to be abated.

When a man goes into company, he should leave behind him all peculiarities of mind and manners. That, indeed, constituted Dr. Johnson's notion of a gentleman; and as far as negatives go, the notion was correct. It is in bad taste, particularly, to employ technical or professional terms in general conversation. Young physicians and lawyers often commit that error. The most eminent members of those occupations are the most free from it; for the reason, that the most eminent have the most sense.

The foregoing rules are not simply intended as good advice. They are strict laws of etiquette, to violate any one of which justly subjects a person to the imputation of being ill-bred. But they should not be studied as mere arbitrary rules. The heart should be cultivated in the right manner until the acts of the individual spontaneously flow in the right channels.

A recent writer remarks on this subject: "Conversation is a reflex of character. The pretentious, the illiterate, the impatient, the curious, will as inevitably betray their idiosyncrasies as the modest, the even-tempered and the generous. Strive as we may, we cannot always be acting. Let us therefore, cultivate a tone of mind and a habit of life the betrayal of which need not put us to shame in the company of the pure and wise; and the rest will be easy."

Intimately connected with a proper decorum is the matter of *dress*. But on this subject, so extensive in itself and so infinitely complicated, we can only give some general hints. As first impressions are apt to be permanent, it is of great importance that they should be favorable; and the dress of an individual is that circumstance from which you first form your opinion of him. It is even more prominent than manner. It is indeed the only thing which is remarked in a casual encounter, or during the first interview.

What style is to our thoughts, dress is to our persons. It may supply the place of more solid qualities, and without it

the most solid are of little avail. Numbers have owed their elevation to their attention to the toilet. Place, fortune, marriage have all been lost by neglecting it.

Dress should always be consistent with age and natural exterior. That which looks ill on one person, will be agreeable on another. Some ladies, perhaps imagining that they are deficient in personal charms, endeavor to make their clothes the spell of their attraction. With this end in view, they labor by lavish expenditure to supply in expensive adornment what they lack in beauty of form or feature. Unfortunately for their success, elegant dressing does not depend upon expense. A lady might wear the costliest silks that Italy could produce, adorn herself with laces from Brussels which years of patient toil are required to fabricate; she might carry the jewels of an Eastern princess around her neck and upon her wrists and fingers, yet still, in appearance, be essentially vulgar. These were as nothing without grace, without adaptation, without a harmonious blending of colors, without the exercise of discrimination and good taste.

The most appropriate and becoming dress is that which so harmonizes with the figure as to make the apparel unobserved. When any particular portion of it excites the attention, there is a defect, for the details should not present themselves first, but the result of perfect dressing should be an *elegant whole*, the dress commanding no especial regard. Men are but indifferent judges of the material of a lady's dress; in fact, they care nothing about the matter. A modest countenance and pleasing figure, habited in an inexpensive attire, would win more attention from men, than awkwardness and effrontry clad in the richest satins and the costliest gems.

Chesterfield asserts that a sympathy goes through every action of our lives, and that he could not help conceiving some idea of people's sense and character from the dress in which they appeared when introduced to him. Another writer has remarked that he never yet met a woman whose general style of dress was chaste, elegant and appropriate, that he did not

find her on further acquaintance to be, in disposition and mind, an object to admire and love.

Lavater has urged that persons habitually attentive to their attire, display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. He also says: "Young women who neglect their toilet and manifest little concern about dress, indicate a general disregard of order—a mind but ill adapted to the details of housekeeping—a deficiency of taste and of the qualities that inspire love."

The practice of using paints is a habit strongly to be condemned. If for no other reason than that poison lurks beneath every layer, inducing paralytic affections and premature death, they should be discarded—for they are a disguise which deceives no one, even at a distance; there being a ghastly deathliness in the appearance of the skin after it has been painted, which is far removed from the natural hue of health.

A lady has to consider what colors best suit her complexion. Blue, for instance, never looks well upon those of a dark complexion; nor pink upon those of a florid conplexion. Yellow is a very trying color, and can only be worn by the rich-toned brunettes. Attention to these particulars is most important. Longitudinal stripes in a lady's dress make her appear taller than she really is, and are, therefore, appropriate for a person of short stature. Flounces give brevity to the figure, and are therefore only adapted to tall persons.

The dress should always be adapted to the occasion. Nothing is more proper for the morning than a loosely made dress, high in the neck, with sleeves fastened at the wrist with a band, and belt. It looks well, and is convenient. For a walking dress, the skirt should be allowed only to just touch the ground; for while a train looks well in the drawing-room, and is inconspicuous in a carriage or opera-box, it serves a very ignoble purpose in sweeping the street. Ladies' shoes for walking should be substantial and solid.

Never dress above your station; it is a grevious mistake and leads to great evils, besides being the proof of an utter want of taste. Care more for the nice-fitting of your dress

than for its material. An ill-made silk is not equal in its appearance to the plainest material *well made*. Never appear to be thinking about your dress, but wear the richest clothes and the plainest with equal simplicity. Nothing so destroys a good manner as thinking of what we have on.

The dress for church should be plain and simple. It should be of dark, plain colors for winter, and there should be no superfluous trimmings or jewelry. It should, in fact, be the plainest of promenade-dresses, since church is not the place for the display of elaborate toilets, and no woman of consideration would wish to make her own expensive and showy toilet an excuse to another woman, who could not afford to dress in a similar manner, for not attending church.

There is no place where a woman appears to better advantage than on horseback. Taking it for granted that our lady reader has acquired the art of riding, she must now be provided with a suitable habit. Her habit should fit perfectly without being tight. The skirt should be full and long enough to cover the feet, while it is best to omit the extreme length, which subjects the dress to mudspatterings and may prove a serious entanglement in case of accident.

Waterproof is the most serviceable for a riding costume. Something lighter may be worn in summer. In the lighter costume a row to two of shot should be stitched in the bottom of the breadths to keep the skirt from blowing up in the wind.

The riding-dress should be made to fit the waist closely and button nearly to the throat. Coat sleeves should come to the wrist, with linen cuffs beneath them. It is well to have the waist attached to a skirt of the usual length and the long skirt fastened over it, so that if any mishap obliges the lady to dismount she may easily remove the long overskirt and still be properly dressed.

The shape of the hat will vary with the fashion, but it should always be plainly trimmed; and if feathers are worn, they must be properly fastened so that the wind cannot possibly blow them over the wearer's eyes.

All ruffling, puffing or bows in the trimming of a riding-

dress is out of place. If trimming is used it should be put on in perfectly flat bands or be of braiding. The hair must be put up compactly; neither curls nor veil should be allowed to stream in the wind. No jewelry except what is absolutely necessary to fasten the dress and that of the plainest kind, is allowable.

There is no place where the true lady is more plainly indicated than in traveling. A lady's traveling costume should be neat and pretty, without superfluous ornament of any kind. The first consideration in a traveling-dress is comfort; the second, protection from the dust and stains of travel. For a short journey in summer a linen duster may be put on over the ordinary dress, in winter a waterproof cloak may be used in the same way. But a lady making a long journey will find it more convenient to have a traveling-suit made expressly. Linen is used in summer, as the dust is so easily skaken from it and it can be readily washed. In winter, a waterproof dress and sacque are the most serviceable.

There are a variety of materials especially adapted for traveling costumes, of soft neutral tints and smooth surfaces, which do not catch dust. These should be made up plain and short. The underskirts should be colored woolen in winter, linen in summer. Nothing displays vulgarity and want of breeding so much as a gaudy petticoat in traveling.

Gloves should be of Lisle thread in summer and cloth in winter. Thick soled boots, stout and durable. The hat or bonnet should be neatly trimmed and protected by a large veil. Velvet is not fit for a traveling-hat, as it catches and retains the dust. Clean linen collars and cuffs finish the costume. The hair should be pnt up in the firmest manner possible.

A waterproof and a warm woolen shawl are indispensable in traveling. Also a satchel or basket, in which may be kept a change of collars, cuffs, gloves, handkerchiefs and toilet articles. A traveling-dress should be well supplied with pockets. The waterproof should have large pockets; so should the sacque. In an underskirt there should be a pocket in which

to carry all money not needed for immediate use. The latter may be entrusted to the ordinary pocket, or in the bosom of the dress.

With this topic, we close our treatment of Part II. of this volume. In it the reader will find very few subjects omitted that are germane to its title and aim, and we feel confident that the carrying out of the suggestions contained therein, would increase by a large measure the aggregate amount of happiness to be legitimately found in social and family life.

JESUS MY KING.

PART III.

The Heavenly Highway to Eternal Life.

And an Highway shall be there, and it shall be called The way of Holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; no lion, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; but the Redeemed shall walk there.

Isaiah, xxxv: 8, 9.

COMPLAINT.

"The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal:
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to Heaven's gate,
Thy child!"

ANSWER.

"Is the way long, my child? But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee,
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Led to Heaven's gate
My child!"

INTRODUCTORY.

The writer approaches this part of his work with a degree of solicitude. It is no easy or light thing to point out the highway to eternal life. If, on all other subjects, "many men have many minds," the same is doubly true of religious subjects. Dryden wrote a long time ago that

> Divines do say but what themselves believe;
> Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative.
> For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
> And faith itself be lost in certainty.

There is some truth in the thought conveyed in these lines. Even St. Paul acknowledges that "great is the mystery of godliness," and such it surely is. Still, religion in its origin and nature is no more mysterious than a hundred other things with which we have to do in this world, and, therefore, it is not to be shunned or ignored on this account.

Besides, whatever men may say or think, religion is one of the indisputable *facts* of life, and, therefore, is a proper object of study and investigation. As the world in which we live is a fact, so is God, its great Creator; since it is absurd to suppose there could be an effect like this, without an adequate cause. The existence of the human soul and its immortal nature are facts of which every one is conscious within his own breast—any amount of so-called scientific supposition or deduction to the contrary, notwithstanding. There is, therefore, a future world, and a future life for the soul in that world, the character of which is dependent upon the life we now possess. There must also be two states of being in that future world corresponding to the popular ideas embodied in the words,

heaven and hell. Furthermore, the Christian church is a fact, demonstrated, real, tangible. Worship and prayer are realities, both to the soul and to the eye. Sin and holiness are not only opposite, but determinative and definite quantities in the world. So are faith and love, as well as hate and unbelief. The Bible, too, is a fact, as well as a book.

Here we are, then, surrounded by a vast host of religious facts and spiritual realities which, properly understood and arranged, make up the heavenly highway to eternal life. We propose to deal with these now, just as we have with the facts and realities pertaining to success in business life, and happiness in social and family life. It will be no more necessary to stop and prove the existence of things connected with religious life, than it has been with business or social life. One set of facts is just as common as the other, and just as generally understood and recognized. It is true, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," but this class constitute only a very small and minor portion of the race. The large majority of people on the earth have a God and a religion of some kind. Our chief concern, therefore, will be more to point out the *true* religion, than to waste time and space endeavoring to prove the existence of one. We shall try to so marshal the facts of religious life that the reader can see before him the path of safety through this world to that brighter and better one above to which we give the name of Heaven.

The writer is aware that there is a large lot of stuff and nonsense in the world, passing under the name of religion, which disgusts every sensible person who comes in contact with it; all of which will be very carefully avoided in this volume. We shall cling tenaciously in what we have to say to the shores of common sense, and be guided by admitted facts in human nature, in the outside world, and in the Bible. We shall try to build up no particular creed or sect, nor, on the other hand, shall we be knowingly false to any clearly-revealed truth pertaining to our theme. With these preliminary observations, reader, let us at once set out on the Heavenly Highway.

CHAPTER I.

Outlines of True Religion.

"Life's mystery—deep, restless as the ocean—
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
As in and out its hollow moanings flow.
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O God! in Thee.

"The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim, eternal shores,
Whose echo dashes o'er life's wave-worn strands;
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord! in Thee.

"Thy pierced hand guides the mysterious wheels,
Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown of power;
And when the dark enigma presseth sore,
And thy calm voice saith, 'Watch with me one hour,'
Then, as sinks a moaning river in the sea,
So sinks my soul, in silent peace, in Thee."

Although religions of various kinds are as old as the race, and their doctrines and phenomena, long since settled into a positive science, constitute an object of study and investigation; although the gospel of Jesus Christ has been preached for more than eighteen hundred years, and what is known as Christianity has permeated all departments of business and social, private and public life, and has become as familiar to us as any other earthly experience, yet, if one were to ask a hundred representative persons this precise, definite question: What is true religion? the variation in the answers would be not only a matter of surprise, but calculated to awaken within the mind profound solicitude and anxious thought. These answers would doubtless arouse in the mind such queries as

these: Is it possible that the vast majority of mankind are mistaking, after all, the true highway and are walking in the "broad road" under erroneous convictions or views of truth? Is it possible that all the manifold means of enlightenment respecting the true interpretation of Scripture avail nothing? Is the race, in spite of all efforts put forth to the contrary, inevitably blinded and foredoomed to destruction on account of incorrigible perverseness of nature? It would seem so, verily; and Christ's words faintly foreshadow as much, when he says, mournfully, concerning the true way, "and few there be who find it."

The causes of this variation in belief are manifold and complex. Prominent among them is the lack of diligent, earnest, protracted study of the New Testament; a study that goes down to the *roots* of words and doctrines, instead of merely skimming the surface. Again, the power of early religious training and associations has much to do with it; peculiarities of temperament and disposition; the strength and depth of one's native ability and intellectual culture—all combining to make up the individual lens through which religion is regarded.

If a mounted globe, with its surface divisions into islands, seas, and continents, all painted in different colors, were placed in the center of a school-room, and each scholar, from where he sat should be called upon to answer this precise, definite question, What is the earth? the variation in the answers would doubtless be fully as great as in the case before instanced, respecting the question, What is religion? And for precisely the same reasons. The scholar's position in the room, his antecedents and advantages, the accuracy and extent of his information, his mental ability, and especially the influence of those who sat near him, all combining, would determine his reply. Now, both the earth and religion are alike in that both are spherical in their completeness and therefore many-sided; in that both are practically inexhaustible in extent; yet by proper study and accurate observation both can be so far comprehended as that no fatal mistakes shall arise on account of

necessary ignorance. Says Dr. Goulburn: "There are several points of view from which Christianity may be surveyed; and although it be one and the same object from whatever point we look, yet eyes placed on different levels will see it grouped in different perspectives."

Inasmuch, then, as upon our right understanding of what religion is, depends our welfare for two worlds; inasmuch as many biases and predispositions are liable to warp and pervert our definition of it, can we do better than examine at the outset a few of the fundamental facts and considerations respecting it, which must be taken into the account before we can ever hope to gain a just and accurate understanding of its nature.

To begin with, in ascertaining the nature of true religion it will be necessary to have a true conception of *the character of God*. All religion starts here; and very much more depends upon this article of faith than is generally supposed. A wrong view of the character of God will thoroughly vitiate a whole system of doctrinal belief. Every false system of doctrine in the world, every erroneous religious belief, every false sect, or denomination, every heretical church, every system of idolatry the world over, among civilized or uncivilized, springs from a false view of the character of God. This may not appear to be the leading defect or error, in some cases, but when any system is thoroughly analyzed, and the taint is traced to its true source, it will lead to this fundamental conception; and from this apparently insignificant fountain, this little spring of error, the fatal heresy widens and deepens, as it reaches out into conclusions and results, until the whole system is poisoned.

What, then, let us ask with some degree of earnestness, is the real and true character of God; what the leading and central attribute in his infinite personality; and if we were called upon to describe the character of God in a single word, what would that word be? We answer, God is a Holy Being; holiness being the substratum of his character, the foundation of all his attributes and perfections, and the leading principle

actuating all his dealings with his creatures. This quality may be said to constitute the nucleus of the Godhead; to be the one central characteristic or attribute of his nature to which all the others yield homage, and by which they are measured and modified. Everything bends to this; this determines the nature of God's government over the world; this is the source of all moral law; this furnishes the only complete and consistent explanation of all his arrangements with men.

Turning back to those primeval revelations of his character which God himself made to the world under the Mosaic dispensation, we hear him styling himself "the Holy One;" we hear him saying, "I, the Lord your God, am holy." (Lev., xx:25, and 26.) The same truth underlies and gives significance to the whole Jewish system of sacrifices; it stamps, as it were, all the surroundings of Deity. Thus his angels, who wait on him, are the Holy Angels; the Scriptures, containing his will, are the Holy Scriptures; the faith he imparts to the soul, is a most Holy faith, Christ his Son, is the Holy One and the Just; and the Spirit who proceeds from him to sanctify his children, is the Holy Spirit. Holiness is also set forth as the end of Christian attainment and perfection here on earth. "Be ye holy, for I am holy, saith the Lord." "Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

The importance of love in the Divine character has been excessively advocated of late years, because it is the sheet-anchor of all those who hope to be saved somehow without that new birth or change of heart so absolutely indispensable. While allowing its just and true place in the collection and classification of attributes, it can never be placed first and foremost without giving us a distorted view of God's character; and as we have already seen, such a distorted view will prevent us from ever obtaining a correct answer to our question: What is religion?

In thinking of God, then, we should look upon him as a Being holy, just, and good, and in that order; as containing within himself all power, wisdom, and love, and in that order;

as Creator of the Universe and God of all grace, and in that order; as the great omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent Spirit, eternal and immutable, and as exercising both a natural and moral government over the earth. Says the well-known hymn:

Holy and reverend is the name
Of God, our only King,
And holy, holy, holy cry
The angels when they sing.

The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

Just and true are all thy ways,
And great thy works above all praise;
Humbled in the dust, we own,
Thou art holy, thou alone.

The *second* prerequisite in understanding the nature of true religion, is to have a proper view of *the character of man.* Is it like or unlike that of God, just considered? Is holiness or unholiness the distinguishing and predominating trait? By the word holiness, as applied to God, is meant "infinite moral purity seeking purity, and delighting in it." Can the same be said to be the characteristic of man?

The Bible has never been sufficiently valued as containing the most accurate description of human nature ever given to the world, or ever found in any writings human or divine. There are multitudes who accept readily and cheerfully all that the Bible reveals to us concerning the character of God, who inwardly or openly repudiate much of what is therein found concerning the character of man. But why should this be done? Does not the experience of the world confirm the statements of the Bible? Are not the records of human history, corroborative of the records of Scripture? Does not observation tell the same story? And are not the facts of daily life all on one side? That man who denies human guilt and a transmitted, hereditary bias toward sin and wickedness, de-

nies the plain testimony of his senses. What would any human science be good for that ignored the facts relating to it, or that refused to admit the actual state of the case? And how can any one hope to have a true idea of religion if he will not admit the facts concerning the nature of man; or of what value would that religion be which ignored the true state of the case? Side by side, therefore, with a right view of the character of God, must be placed an equally correct view of the nature of man. What is that nature?

To describe it in a single word, as with the character of God, man is unholy; morally unclean and impure; just the opposite of his Maker. Whatever may have been his original state, or however he may have transferred himself from that state into his present one, man's moral character now, as demonstrated by the facts of daily life, by the records of history, is one of unlikeness to that of God; and this fact must ever stand at the basis of any true system of religion. Not that this is all of man's complex nature; but so far as religion is concerned, this is the deepest and most underlying fact of his being. Not that man is entirely destitute of goodness, as we commonly use the word goodness; for man is still created in the image of God as before the fall. But whatever may be the amount of his goodness, as estimated by our earthly standards, he has no goodness or holiness which can justify him at the bar of God. Examine any man's life and character, and while there will be many things amiable and noble, as estimated among men; yet, when the heart is held up to inspection, and the character of its motives are examined, and the secret, all-controlling purpose of its existence exposed, it will be found to be in direct antagonism with those two fundamental canons of moral obligation, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." And on account of this want of conformity to *God's* standard of goodness and holiness, is man pronounced morally unclean; the opposite of that which he should be and must be before he can hope to find that heavenly way which leads unto eternal life.

And with this conclusion agree all the poets, and all careful, experienced observers of mankind. Says Shakespere:

> There's no trust,
> No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
> All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

Says Otway:

> Trust not man who is by nature false,
> Dissembling, subtle, cruel and inconstant.

Says Dean Swift:

> Vain human kind! fantastic race,
> Thy various follies who can trace?
> Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
> Their empire in our hearts divide.

Says Thomson:

> What is the mind of man? A restless scene
> Of vanity and weakness; shifting still,
> As shift the lights of his uncertain knowledge,
> Or as the various gale of passion breathes.

Says Ralph Waldo Emerson:

> Man crouches and blushes, absconds and conceals,
> He creepeth and peepeth, he palters and steals;
> Infirm, melancholy, jealous, glancing around,
> An oaf, an accomplice, he poisons the ground.

Then Young, looking on both sides of human nature, exclaims:

> How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
> How complicate, how wonderful is man!
> An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
> Helpless immortal! insect infinite!

Having now considered the character of God and man separately, let us look at them *in their mutual relations.*

It is evident that before a holy God and sinful men can ever be brought together, or brought into sympathy with each

other, one or the other party must be changed into the moral likeness of the other, so that there can be some basis of union, and some ground for fellowship; for "what concord hath light with darkness." It is still further evident that God cannot change himself to the state of man, without destroying his own nature and the foundations of the moral universe, and upturning all the established laws of right and truth; and it is also evident, both from the testimony of Scripture and the results of continued experience, that man, without some higher power operating upon him, cannot change himself into the moral likeness of God.

There is now imperatively needed a Being in whom both parties can meet and unite; and that being is Christ, the God-man who forms in himself the connecting link between the divine and human, Creator and created. Consequently, there can be no true religion which in any way depreciates, ignores, or perverts the mediatorship of Christ; there can be no such thing as a true view of the nature of religion, where Christ does not at once occupy the central position and throne, and where he is not at once the way to God, the truth of God incarnate, and the very life of God in the soul. A religion without Christ must either be a low, degraded, blind superstition, or at best, a cold, abstract, monotonous contemplation. God and man, in their mutual relations, can meet and be in harmony only in Christ, who embodies both in himself and so mediates, reconciles, satisfies.

Next, there is needed some power to change man's nature and bring it into oneness with God; to create within man's soul, now alienated from God, *a desire* to repent and seek forgiveness; a desire to pray for strength and light from above; and this power is the Holy Spirit sent from God to dwell in man's soul. Accordingly no religion can be the true one which leaves out the offices of the Spirit. Christ the mediator, as now situated, is nearer God than man; for we read that "he ever liveth to make intercession at God's right hand in Heaven." But when Christ left the earth, he told his disciples he would send unto them the Spirit, who should be even

nearer to them than he himself had been while with them, for the Spirit should be *in* them, and should *dwell* with them, which he himself, of course, could not forever do. And so the Spirit stands in the same relation to man, that Christ does to God; thus making a communication of power both instant and effective between the heart and the throne. This Spirit changes man's nature by changing the direction of his moral affections, and thus starting him on that course of religious development which brings him nearer to God the longer it is continued. This Spirit leads man to see himself, enlightens the mind, clarifies the perceptions and understanding, and shows him Christ as the way, the truth, and the life. He also leads him and helps him to pray for assistance from God in the effort to be like him. In a word, there could be no mutual relations established between God and man in a religous sense, without the offices of both of these intercessors; Christ with the Father, the Holy Spirit in the soul.

One thing more is requisite, and that is a Guide-Book of instructions. For if man is to be like God, or one with him in nature, he must know what God is, and what he requires; and this necessitates a Revelation of God's will, which is given to man in the Bible. In crossing over that immense moral space between man and God, man would surely be lost but for explicit instructions from the *farther end* of the route; and these are given to him in the Bible. In entering into mutual relations with God, there must needs be articles of specification, and some general fundamental principles and laws; and these are given to man in the Bible. Still more, there must needs be an external, objective test or standard by which to measure and gauge man's inward, spiritual experiences; and this infallible test-book is the Bible. As Bishop Burgess puts it: "All true religion must be Scripture religion, all worship Scripture worship, all zeal, Scripture Zeal; so that, let a man have never such sublime knowledge, such burning zeal, yet if it be not according to the law and the testimony, there is no light in him. To say, 'it's upon my conscience, or it's upon my spirit, I find much comfort and sweetness in such and such

things'—is nothing; for all false religions can and do say as much. But hast thou the Word of God to warrant thee? Doth that justify thee? All things else are but an empty shadow." Therefore we must ever say of the Bible as did Barton,

> Lamp of our feet! whereby we trace
> Our path when wont to stray;
> Our guide, our chart! wherein we learn
> Of realms of endless day.
>
> Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
> Old age's firm ally!
> Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
> To radiant courts on high.

There are now before us five constituent parts which enter into and compose what must be the true religion, since it takes into account all the *facts* on which such a religion must build. These facts are, as we have seen, a correct view of the nature of God; an equally correct view of the nature of man, and a consideration of God and man in their mutual relations as established through the offices of Christ, the Holy Spirit, and the Bible. And these facts are the way-marks of the heavenly highway that leadeth unto life eternal. Such a religion must be the true one because it is reasonable, systematic, consistent, and complete; making adequate provision for the honor of God and the welfare of man; it embraces all the essential ideas of religion, and no single part can be left out, or modified, without destroying the value of it all. Indeed, so important are each and all of these different features, that it requires some attention and care on the part of man to give each part its due and proper regard.

There are hosts of people who are *partly* right; who accept some one or more of these constituent ideas and doctrines of true religion; who are sometimes in the right way; but, alas! they incorporate so much of error into their system, and reject so many of the facts which must be received in order to include the essentials; and they are so often outside the true way, that their aberrations, their departures, their unlawful ex-

cursions into the "broad road," are more numerous than their straight-forward steps.

Truth and error in religion, as in everything else, are both absolute and relative quantities; that is, they not only exist separately and independantly, but in connection and in conjunction with each other. They sometimes run like the two parallel tracks of a railway, side by side, with numerous and open switches between, so that a man can pass from one to the other before he is himself aware of the transition. There is but one path of safety, and a hundred paths of danger. By leaving out, or by explaining away, any one of the five elements mentioned in this chapter, man leaves the heavenly highway and starts off into a wilderness of weary wanderings where paths of all sorts and kinds intersect and cross each other in such a bewildering maze, that the only possible ending of his search is to be hopelessly lost. Thousands upon thousands of human beings are now, and have been wandering about in this wilderness; therefore our great concern, as already stated, is to guide the reader, if possible, into the true path which has but one ending in life and peace above. Hence we repeat that God, man, Christ, the Holy Spirit, and the Bible, are the five foundation stones on which the Heavenly Temple is built, and if any one is omitted from the ground-work of your faith, the temple for you will always remain closed.

Does the reader feel inclined to ask, How do we know that this constitutes the true religion? We reply, because it rests upon admitted facts in human nature, in the outside world, and in the Bible; because it is inherently complete and harmonious; and because it is in full accordance with the highest permanent results of the best thinking which the world of mind has yet produced. Millions have accepted these truths and facts and have been saved, and millions more are now clinging to them as shipwrecked mariners to a rock in the midst of dashing billows. As the pious Faber has sung:

> To angels' eyes
> This Rock its shadow multiplies,
> And at this hour in countless places lies.

One Rock, one shade
O'er thousands laid—
Rest in the Shadow of this Rock!

In the Shadow of this Rock
Abide! Abide!
Ages are laid beneath its shade.

'Mid skies storm-riven
It gathers shadows out of heaven,
And holds them o'er us all night cool and even.
Through the charmed air
Dew falls not there—
Rest in the Shadow of this Rock!

CHAPTER II.

Invisibility of God and Heaven.

There's a land far away 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time,
Where the sweet waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime.
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where rivers of pleasure unceasingly roll,
And the way-worn traveler reaches his goal
On the Evergreen Mountains of Life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss;
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the desert of this.

James G. Clark.

"The way is dark, my child, but leads to light,
I would not always have thee walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand.
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!"

Heaven lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

"Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
We pilgrims of eternal sorrow stand:
The realm that lies forward with its happier store

Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful, is the land of
Evermore."

MANY years ago, Prof. Austin Phelps of Andover, Mass., in a little work entitled "The Still Hour," wrote: "One of the most impressive mysteries of the condition of man on this earth, is his deprivation of all visible and audible representations of God. Christians seem to be living in a state of seclusion from the rest of the universe, and from that peculiar presence of God in which angels dwell, and in which departed saints serve him day and night. We do not see him in the fire; we do not hear him in the wind; we do not feel him in the darkness."

Now, we think it can be satisfactorily shown that this condition of invisibility with regard to God and heaven is no "impressive mystery" at all, but simply a divinely-ordained *fact* established for the best and wisest of purposes. Such language as the above is more redolent of the spirit of the Old Testament than of the New. There are many passages in the Old Testament which contain the same idea, but none in the New. Thus David says, speaking of God, "Clouds and darkness are round about hi n." And the poor, afflicted Patriarch of Uz also exlaims, "Oh that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat. Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, but I cannot behold him; on the right hand, but I cannot see him. For he is not a man as I am, that we should come together."

Still, nearly all minds have at times without doubt felt the same perplexity. There is in human nature a strong craving after the same visibility and tangibility in heavenly things, that exist among the earthly. We are ourselves visible and tangible, and all material objects and interests about us are so, and we naturally desire that the objects of our faith should partake of the same character; forgetting that "the things

that are seen are temporal, *while the things that are not seen are eternal;*" forgetting, as the Pharisees did at one time, that the kingdom of God is within and hidden, rather than without and observable.

So far as viewing the upper world is concerned, we are, while in life, imprisoned within material walls. And in our weak, imperfect, unchristian moods we can easily see how the pathetic and piteous language of Job would become the natural plaint of universal human nature. Especially would this be true, when one was wearied and fainting from incessant battling against spiritual difficulties, or when surrounded by immediate and appalling dangers. For it has been true for 1800 years that the heavens o'erhead, wrapped in unbroken silence, look down with seeming indifference upon the struggling masses beneath, while the earth, in sluggish muteness, gives no sign of sympathy. It is true that from out the clear, blue depths above, no glimpse of God or Heaven hath ever been vouchsafed to man since Jesus ascended, and John closed up all outward visions at Patmos; neither has any audible voice been heard. It is true, that so far as outward manifestations are concerned, we all worship a God appreciable to us only through his Works, and his Word. But what of it, so long as we have so many better things to take the place of all this?

Sometimes, too, this feeling is liable to be engendered by a continued reading and study of the Old Testament to the seclusion of the New. There we learn that in former days God, through his messengers and angels, talked with his special, chosen ones as a man talketh with his friend; that these messengers often came to earth, and even ate and drank with men; that intercourse with the spirit-world was common and general; and that visible manifestations of supernal glory were often given. We read of Noah and Abraham and Moses and Samuel, all holding some sort of converse with the inhabitants of the unseen realm.

And not only this, but even in the earlier days of the New Dispensation, the same state of things was perpetuated. God

was then actually manifest in the flesh, and lived and ate and walked with men for the space of thirty-three years, and all could see his person, and hear the gracious words which proceeded from his mouth, and were even privileged to sit at his feet and learn the ways of truth. And we further see that the twelve Apostles carried about with them the same supernatural power, and at times seemed more like inhabitants of another world, than poor, finite, limited denizens of this. And without doubt the wish has been uttered by thousands that they could have lived in those days, instead of now; but the wish has been idle and vain. The clouds which closed after Christ's ascending form, closed up also all visible representations of God until the day when those clouds shall again be parted to let through this same Jesus coming in the capacity of the Judge of all the earth; while in the grave of John, the last of the Apostles, was buried the last link of that chain of direct outward communication with the upper world, which had reached back, almost without a break, to the garden of Eden. But what of *this*, if "God has provided some better things for *us*, that they without us, should not be made perfect?"

With right views of the nature of the present spiritual dispensation, this invisibility, so far from being any hindrance to spiritual life, is, on the contrary, a great and positive blessing. The question is: Have we been put *forward* or *backward* by the change from past to present? Are we better off, or worse, than those who lived in former times? We think the former view to be the true one.

Let us draw a contrast between the times of these visible manifestations, and our own time, and see who would be willing to make an exchange. To place ourselves in the steps of those who enjoyed such manifestations, we should be obliged to throw away at the outset all definite knowledge of Christ, as our Redeemer; to be able as we looked back, to see no Bethlehem, no Calvary, no Olivet; but be content with what we call a type or shadow, the significance of which we could at best very imperfectly comprehend. We should have to

dispense with all printed Bibles, and in fact with printed books of all kinds, and content ourselves with a few rolls of parchment, containing some portions of the Old Testament. We should deprive ourselves, to a good degree, of the sustaining power of surrounding Christian example; we should have to blot out from our minds the memory of all the Christian teaching we have ever received from Sabbaths and sanctuaries; from Bible-classes, Sabbath schools, and prayer-meetings; and content ourselves with knowing or perhaps seeing that here and there lived one who walked with God, and occasionally received a visit or a vision from some heavenly intelligence who would talk with him a few minutes and then disappear, leaving the returning darkness ten-fold more dense and unbearable than before. We should also be obliged to leave behind us our schools, our educational, eleemosynary, and benevolent institutions of all kinds, yea, our civilization itself; and content ourselves with semi-barbarous customs and experiences. Who is prepared to trade?

It is true, this picture is of the days of Enoch and Noah and Abraham, but one would be welcome to all the additional features of interest they could draw from the time of Moses to the birth of Christ, or from the birth to the day of Pentecost, which broke up the old system and ushered in the new. While there would be some ameliorating circumstances discoverable in subsequent ages that were not visible at first, yet there would be no time when the contrast would not be as sharp and clearly-drawn as has already been seen. And who does not feel that no amount of visible and audible representations could possibly compensate for the loss of all which so emphatically constitutes our glory and our crown!

We never shall regard the spiritual Past in its true light until we look upon it as a season of pupilage and tutorship. The race were so ignorant religiously, so crude and undeveloped, that God was obliged to employ a kind of religious object-teaching and pictorial illustration-system in his dealings with them, just as our missionaries now do with rude and semi-barbarous heathen, or as we now do with children.

Instruction had to be simple, plain, open, direct, and outward, rather than abstract and ethical. But when in the fulness of time, God gave the world not simply the patterns of things in the heavens but rather the heavenly things themselves, then humanity went up from the primary and intermediate departments of religious teaching, into rooms of a higher grade; and miracles and audible voices and wonderful events were only continued long enough to set the new system in motion, and then they were quietly withdrawn. And to desire to go backward to those times and things, is to desire to be treated as children rather than as those that are matured, cultured, and ripened in Christian growth and attainments.

Another reason why the spiritual Present is better than the Past, is because of the superiority of a completed Bible, over all imperfect and half revelations of truth. It is quite a significant fact that the Bible was completed and the old order of communications closed up, by one and the same man, and at the same time. John the Revelator received the last celestial vision, and also wrote the last page of Scripture; and this coincidence clearly intimates that thereafter God desired men should read, rather than dream or see. The religious knowledge of those who lived under this dispensation of dreams and visions, was very imperfect as compared with that which is in the possession of every one to-day. Without doubt, to have possessed a copy of our completed Bible, Abraham would gladly have given all his wealth, and all his peculiar privileges, if indeed they can rightly be called such. At the best, the ancients had but the alphabet, while we have the full treatise. And although there is to us no Urim and Thummim, no Holy of Holies out of which come audible responses; no supernatural light, or visible mercy-seat; no pillar of cloud and fire; yet as a lamp to our feet and a light to our path, we have a Guide and a Book which speak plainer, fuller and better things than were ever before delivered to men by prophet or oracle. And what though the Heavens are closed above us, the Bible is open before us; and what though visible signs and wonders have ceased about us, yet the Truth and the Life have taken

up their abode within us. And in value the last is first, and the first is last.

Still another reason for the superiority of the invisible over the visible is found in the active operations of the Holy Spirit who, as a distinct person, and a distinct power in the world, was hardly so much as known or heard of under the former dispensation. As proof of this we need cite only the express words of Christ to his disciples, "If I go not away the Spirit will not come;" intimating most decidedly that the Holy Spirit as a distinct person and power was to take his place on earth and carry on and out his work in the hearts of his people; thus making the new, in contradistinction from the old, a pre-eminently spiritual dispensation. More than this, these silent, inaudible communications of the Spirit to the heart, were also to take the place of all verbal messages addressed to the ear.

These two modes of communication, so far as effectiveness is concerned, can best be set forth by a practical illustration. Two men are stationed on distant hill-tops, desiring to talk with each other. The natural voice is unable to span the intervening gulf with a bridge of natural sound, and so recourse is had to large speaking trumpets. The loud, resounding clangor of blasts and words reverberate through the air and down the hill-sides, but the noise nearly or quite drowns the substance of the communication. As a method, it would be best described as slow, difficult, and imperfect. At a later time and in another place, two men are stationed at even a greater distance and for the same purpose; but instead of employing trumpets, they pass between them an electric wire with batteries at either end, and lo! they can as freely and easily talk as though seated side by side.

And so the writer to the Hebrews says, "For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, nor unto blackness and darkness and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet and the voice of words; but unto Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to God, the Judge of all, and to an innumerable company of angels and to the Church of the first-born,

which are written in Heaven." The first method indicated might be called the Sinaitic; but Christ introduced a method of spiritual communication which may not be inappropriately called telegraphic and heavenly. And shall we say that because the first method was more demonstrative and noisy and outwardly impressive, that therefore it was the more effective and the highest and best method? Does not our experience tell us that the chords of the heart vibrate more quickly and strongly to the pulsations of a spiritual current, than to mere words and sounds addressed to the ear, and unaccompanied by the Spirit?

In the case of all verbal messages, the message is more or less subordinate to the messenger; but with spiritual communications, the agent being invisible, the message itself has full sway, and is all-powerful. And so it has proved in modern, as contrasted with ancient spiritual life.

A fourth reason why the invisible is superior to the visible is because it calls into exercise the ennobling power of faith. The maxim of the visible system was, "Obey and live;" but the motto of the new and spiritual is, "Believe and be saved." All visible manifestations, by appealing to the senses, tend to encourage and directly promote unbelief; so that when Christ came, the greatest obstacle he encountered in his work was that very lack of faith which was the natural result of the visible system. Is it any wonder, then, that these audible communications and visible signs and miracles were withdrawn as soon as possible, when their continuance was hindering the growth of that inward grace by which alone man could draw near to God and God to man, in saving relations? And for this very reason the system has never been revived again, because it would have a direct tendency to ultimately destroy the only power in man's depraved heart that can change it from bad to good in God's sight.

The keynote of all true spiritual progress, as it is the keynote of the spiritual dispensation, is the one, golden, transforming, heavenly word, BELIEVE. This gives to Christian character a healthy, robust, manly, vigorous development; and by

the exercise of faith we become strong in all good thinking and right acting. We pass from childish bondage to mature freedom; from a thralldom to the outward senses, to the liberty of inward trust and love. Under the former and visible system God led his people as it were by the hand, but it placed them in the position of little children whom we dare not trust alone. It made them weak, fitful and inconstant; bold indeed to execute when under the eye of their leader, and under the inspiration of an immediate, direct lease of power; but the moment their mission was accomplished, and the work at hand over, they sank back into comparative hesitancy and feebleness.

On the contrary, God deals with us as with free, responsible agents. He gives us his will in general instructions and laws which are sufficiently explicit to cover the whole ground of duty when carefully and faithfully carried out; but the application of those principles to details and circumstances, he commits entirely to us. He holds us responsible for a diligent study of the rules, and for the exercise of our highest wisdom and prudence in discharging the obligations they impose; but the liberty given us is that of a son and heir, rather than a servant in bondage to tutors and governors. And as a result, while we may not, perhaps, be so bold and positive and confident as they were *at times*, we can be more uniform and steady, and never so much at a loss.

And when we find it difficult to take hold of spiritual things by the eye and power of faith alone, receiving no help from external signs and symbols; when we feel sometimes like crying out for aid in grasping the intangible and the eternal, yet let us remember this is the very kind of inward warfare which will make us valiant and true soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the very kind which will lead us on to ultimate and glorious victory. A sacrifice in the temple of Solomon might have been more outwardly impressive than a season of spiritual communion in a modern prayer-meeting, but Christ knew that these prayer-meetings would be more conducive to our spiritual progress, and better fitted to qualify us for the life to come.

Job and Paul may stand as fair representatives of the two types of character which the two systems of communication under consideration were fitted and calculated to produce. Had Job lived in Paul's time we should have had a far different book from him than we have now, while to throw back Paul to Job's day would be to deprive the world of one of the grandest and noblest and most inspiring characters of history, and to take from his writings all that is precious and powerful.

Is it any longer, therefore, an "impressive mystery" why we have been deprived (if deprivation it can be called) of visible signs and audible sounds? When God shut us up to the Bible and to faith, and made us dependent on the Holy Spirit, he immeasurably advanced us in privilege and conferred upon us his highest favors and blessings. All that is truly valuable in our modern civilization, all that is truly great and noble in individual character, has come directly from this change of the Old to the New.

Still, we are not even now deprived entirely of visible representations of God. Over us to-day hang the same heavens that looked down upon Abraham, and these heavens declare to us, as to David, the glory of God, while the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech to our hearts, as to theirs; while the rolling year is as full of Him now, as ever. God is also the same in his providences and judgments, though he has changed somewhat the manner of executing them; now working *through* natural laws, instead of outside them as formerly. In fact, to us as to the Hebrews, "the external universe is only a black screen concealing God. All things are full of, yet all distinct from Him. The cloud on the mountain is his covering, the muttering of the thunder is his voice; in the wind which bends the forest or curls the clouds, he is walking; the sun is still his commanding eye. Whither can we go from his presence or spirit? At every step and in every condition we are God-enclosed, God-filled, God-breathing men, while a spiritual presence lowers or smiles on us from the sky, sounds in the wild tem-

pest, or creeps in panic stillness along the surface of the ground. Then if we turn within, lo! He is there also, as an eye hung in the central darkness of our hearts."

Then we have his completed Word, containing this sentence which all the ancients never had heard or learned, "God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." We have also the tangible history of the life and teachings of the incarnate and historic Christ, and besides we have a special and powerful method of communication with the heavenly world, which, if not absolutely new, is at least more general and practical than ever before in the world's history; and this is prayer. "Hitherto," said Christ when on earth, "ye have asked nothing in my name; ask and receive now that your joy may be full." We are shut up to this, as to the Bible; and the soul that never uses this means of approach unto God, and never receives spiritual blessings from God in answer to prayer, has indeed good reason to complain of its fearful isolation and darkness.

And finally we have the promise that after walking by faith here on earth, and enduring its conflicts, and maintaining our hold steadfastly upon the things which are unseen, as did Moses, of whom it is written that he "endured as seeing him who is invisible, having respect unto the recompense of the reward," we shall go at length where there will be no veil, no shadow, no night, no darkness or concealment. For if now we are compelled to see through a glass darkly; yet then, face to face; if now we know but in part, yet then we shall know even as we are known!

CHAPTER III.

Grounds of Religious Certainty.

"Tossed with rough winds and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet my ear?
'Tis I; be not afraid.

'Tis I who led thy steps aright,
'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight,
'Tis I, thy Lord and Life and Light;
Be not afraid."

NOT long since, in the course of some miscellaneous reading we came upon the following sentence: "Within the dim twilight of revealed spirituality, troubled ones are constantly groping for the heart's-ease that is ever denied the traveler this side of immortality."

This sentence, when analyzed, is found to be as full of meaning as it is of beauty. From the writer's standpoint, he makes here three assertions:—first, that Revelation is a dim twilight; second, that all troubled or anxious ones are groping here for a foothold; third, that certainty in spiritual matters is ever denied the traveler this side of immortality, or the future state.

The thought at once springs up in a believing mind, is there no better posture or state in which the mind can rest than the one indicated by this sentence? Or in other words, are there no good and sufficient grounds of certainty in religious life? Is it a fact that we are condemned to grope evermore on this side of eternity in a dim twilight of doubt? Has not God done better than that for us with regard to Himself and his truth?

In striking contrast with this state of uncertainty are the words which we find coming from the lips of holy men of old. Listen to some of them. Says Job, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth." Says Jethro, the priest of Midian, to Moses, "Now I *know* that the Lord is greater than all gods." Says David, "Now I *know* that the Lord saveth his anointed." Says Peter, "Now I *know of a surety* that the Lord hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod." Says Paul, "For I *know* whom I have believed." And again, "For we *know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And finally John says, "These things have I written unto you that ye may *know* that ye have eternal life."

Was the confident faith expressed by these writers a reasonable one? Can it be justified on ordinary grounds of evidence? Is Christ a living God and Saviour? Is the Bible true? Is religion a reality? And how may one *know* all this, or what are the grounds of religious certainty?

We answer, that one may know the certainty of religious things by *the testimony of the senses*, or that evidence which comes to the soul through the eye and ear. There exists in the universe an unvarying law which is called the law of cause and effect, and this law is recognized on all hands as constituting not only an irrefragable species of evidence, but also as constituting one of the very sources of all knowledge and all certainty. This law stated in plain terms is this: Every Cause must have an Effect, and every Effect must have an equal or adequate Cause; and the two factors of the proposition must correspond one to the other, *i. e.*, the effect must be like the cause, and the cause must be equal to the effect.

This law forms the basis of all human thinking; it is one of the groves of the human mind in which all thought-wheels run, when they run at all; it is a primary, a necessary, a universal truth; and by a *necessary* truth we mean a truth the contrary of which is unthinkable. But that no one may still stumble over these terms, cause and effect, we will explain them

further. By *Cause* we mean any power or force that is capable of producing a result; and by *Effect* we mean simply the result produced. Thus, the sun is the cause of light and heat; and light and heat are the effect of this cause. And so indissolubly associated are these two ideas that if you should say to a blind man there is a sun, he would reply at once, then there must be light and heat. But how does he *know* it? Because his mind is incapable of thinking in any other way. It is a necessary law of his thought that he should at once predicate the existence of light and heat, when he is informed of the existence of the cause of these properties. If a locomotive runs at all, it must run upon the rails; so if the mind works at all, it must work according to its laws, and the mental wheels must run in the grooves which God, the Creator, has scooped out for them in the nature and constitution of things.

Again, let a blind man walk forth into the air and feel the effects of light and heat upon his senses, and he knows instantly that there must be a cause for this effect, and that the cause must correspond to the effect, *i. e.*, be equal to it, and of the same kind. This kind of knowledge is so organic and inevitable and necessary that whenever we can be assured through the testimony of the senses of the existence of *either one* of these two factors, the existence of the other follows necessarily, because the laws of thought compel it. There is no alternative, and there can be no change without having a different mind, and a different world. Logic is a science, reason has its rules, and thought its necessary modifications; and every mind in its normal state recognizes and obeys these mental statutes. If it does not, we say that it is diseased or shattered, and instead of thinking sense, it thinks nonsense.

Now, let us apply this law of thought to the determination of our questions: Is Christ a living King and Saviour, is the Bible true, is religion a reality? Or what are the grounds of certainty by which we may *know*, as well as we know anything, that all these questions can be answered in the affirmative?

By the testimony of our senses, we know that there exists

a very extensive organization called the Christian Church, embracing the whole body of Christian believers. We see it before us, we hear of its doings, we feel its influence. The existence of the church, therefore, is an effect or result which must have an adequately producing power, or an adequate cause. This cause cannot be human because the effect is not human, there is nothing human which is analogous to the church; it is unique, it stands apart from every other fact in the universe. Its very existence is in itself a marvel; it survives all changes, it endures all trials and persecutions, it overcomes all opposition, it continually spreads and grows; and that, too, without any compulsion or bonds, aside from the voluntary love of its adherents; and this cannot be said of any other existing organization on earth.

Moreover, this christian church counts and has counted among its followers a considerable share of the very best people of the world, living and dead; the ablest minds, the noblest hearts, the purest lives. The power which the church exerts upon society and upon government is something very salutary and very extensive; nothing can compare with it in this respect. And, in short, looking upon the church in its origin and career, in its organization and structure, in its history and work, the conclusion is inevitable that it is something superhuman or divine. And if it is a divine effect, it must have a divine cause. Or in other words, the existence of the Christian church proves the existence of Christ, the truth of the Bible, and the reality of religion. It is one ground of real certainty by which we may *know* these things as well as we know anything.

The fact is, the existence of the Christian church cannot be accounted for satisfactorily upon any other hypothesis than that furnished by the Bible. If Christ is not a living God and Saviour, and the Bible is not true, and religion is not a reality, then you have before you the greatest anomaly in the world, the greatest wonder of time, the greatest miracle of history; yea, more than this, you have before you an astounding, gigantic effect without any adequate cause; which is an

impossibility in itself, and an absurdity in thought. To believe such a thing would at once be an evidence of insanity.

How then can one know that these things are true? We answer just the same as we know that the Governor of any State lives, although we may never have seen him, or that the President lives, or that the law of gravitation exists, or any other invisible power, or cause; know it by the visible *effects* which are produced. The existence of the Christian church is a real, solid fact, and cannot be set aside or rubbed out; and being a fact it must be properly and adequately accounted for. Every effect must have an adequate cause; institutions like the Christian church, do not spring into existence of themselves; they must have a Founder and a foundation; they embody within themselves substantial verities; they exist because there is a living power behind and within them. No human principle accounts for the existence of the Christian Church; no human facts would warrant its continuance through a single generation; and yet it lives on through one generation after another, growing stronger, reaching out wider, and becoming more powerful each year. The first evidence, therefore, by which I know that religious things are real and true, is the plain testimony of my senses, and this is just as much a valid ground of certainty in religion, as in law or business. This single principle alone makes faith in God and Christ and the Bible, a *reasonable* faith.

A second ground of certainty in religious things is *the clear testimony of history.* Christianity not only exists all around us to-day as an actual fact, but it has existed in substantially its present form for more than 1,800 years. There is no more doubt of this than there is of the ancient existence of the British Empire. It is a plain matter of history and we know it just as really, and in just the same way, as we know any historical fact. Weighed according to any standard there is stronger and clearer evidence of the historical existence of Jesus Christ and the Apostles, than there is of the historical existence of Julius Cæsar and his famous generals, or of Alexander the Great and his famous wars.

Inside the church an unbroken line of testimony to the existence of Christianity goes straight back through Iranæus and Polycarp to the Apostle John. Outside the church, another line of testimony goes back through Tacitus, the younger Pliny and Josephus, to about the same point and date.

And what is true of Christianity and Christ is equally true of the Bible. To a large extent the Christian's faith rests upon a book; a book radically unlike every other, and by common consent superior to every other as a moral guide. Testimonies to the historical existence of the Bible also go back uninterruptedly to within a very short period of the collection and formation of the New Testament Canon (A. D. 120), while the existence of the Old Testament goes back into the very dawn of all history. Any method of skeptical criticism which seeks to invalidate this historical testimony to the genuineness of the Bible, destroys at the same time the value of every historical book in existence, and makes any knowledge of the past impossible. For example: Archbishop Whately of England took up the principles and rules by which some modern critics were attempting to prove the Bible false, and by them also proved logically and conclusively that Napoleon Bonaparte never lived; that all records concerning him were legends and myths, and had no true, reliable, historical basis; which, of course, was a plain absurdity.

In the British Museum there is to-day an original manuscript of a religious document written by Clement of Rome about the year 95, a few years after the death of the Apostle John. This document purports to be an epistle to the Corinthians somewhat after the manner of Paul's, written to heal some further divisions in that church which had arisen after Paul's death; and not only by the blessed and Christian spirit which it breathes, but by express and valuable testimony it establishes the historical existence of Christianity and the Bible at that early period. We mention this not because it stands alone in this respect, but simply as a sample of the undoubted historical basis on which and by which we may know the certainty of what is revealed, and what to believe.

How then can one *know* that the Bible is genuine and true? We answer, in just the same way as we know that any history is true; know it just as really and as certainly, and by the same kind of evidence. In every college in the land there are read and translated what are called the books of Livy and Herodotus, the first written in Latin, and the second in Greek. They purport to be the early histories of the empires of Greece and Rome. And their statements have been substantially accepted by all scholars as veritable and correct from the beginning of learning until now. But the evidences for the genuineness of the Bible, as every scholar knows, are as ten to one when compared with either Livy or Herodotus or Xenophon, or in fact any of the so-called ancient classics.

Besides this, it is a principle of law, and so acted upon in all legal tribunals (I quote now from two of the highest legal authorities, viz: "Greenleaf and Starkie on Evidence") that all documents apparently ancient, not bearing on their face the marks of forgery, and *found in proper custody* (mark this), are held in law to be genuine until sufficient evidence is brought forward to the contrary. Now, where were these ancient documents, the Gospels and Epistles, found? We answer they were found in the custody of the church; of those who believed in them and regarded them as sacred; of those who had to defend them against the persecutions and attacks of enemies; of those who were willing to die giving testimony to their purity and truth. Any motive for deception here? Not the slightest.

And what characteristics do these ancient documents bear upon their face as to their own genuineness? Look at them closely, study them attentively; mark the simplicity and directness of statement in them; the calmness of tone, the precision and comprehensiveness of expression, even upon the most difficult questions; observe the almost measureless separation of them from all other books and literary productions in all ages; look at their subject-matter; see how it rises to the heights and reaches down to the depths of humanity; how it measures all states and conditions of life; touches every

chord of sympathy and contains the spiritual biography of every human heart; suited to every class of society, king and beggar, philosopher and child, and reaching in its declarations not only through the limits of time, but forward into the boundless regions of eternity. Consider all this, and then ask if these documents are forgeries? Why, such a forgery would be a greater miracle than any recorded in the documents themselves. This, then, is the second ground of certainty in religious things, the clear testimony of history.

Still another is the internal *testimony of consciousness.* And this undoubtedly is the kind of testimony referred to in Paul's declaration, "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to his hands."

By this word *consciousness*, we mean *the soul's knowing in itself* that a thing is true. Consciousness sustains the same relation to the soul, that the senses do to the body. It is the certainty of intellectual and moral conviction; or, speaking religiously, the certainty of faith.

Is this kind of testimony good for anything? Will any man say that the firm convictions of so many millions of intelligent and earnest minds, respecting a subject of so much consequence as religion, have no weight as a matter of evidence? To believe or declare that such a vast number of rational and sober and clear-minded beings could all be deceived upon the questions whether Christ was a living Lord, the Bible true, and religion a reality; that this deception could last for eighteen centuries without any one finding it out, and not only last but continue to grow stronger and increase in extent as time rolled on,—to say this, is to utterly destroy the value of human testimony upon any and every subject under heaven.

The fact that an organization lives right on amidst the most bitter conflicts within, and the most relentless persecutions without, and continues to increase steadily, is proof positive that such an organization not only embodies within itself substantial facts and verities, but that it meets and supplies the heaven-born wants of the human soul. It is an incontrovert-

ible fact that a lie, a falsehood, an error, a sham, never perpetuates itself. This fact is established by human experience, observation and history. False things have no inherent, recuperative energy. As Bryant puts it: "Errror, when wounded, writhes in pain and dies even amidst its worshipers." And this is not simply poetry, but it is fact, also, and is so recognized by all.

The millions of souls who have constituted the membership of the Christian Church have not all been fools, neither were they all deranged; but they have simply declared what to them were the words of truth and soberness. And the fact that so many have thus declared these sentiments, and are still declaring them, is a strong presumptive proof that the sentiments themselves are just and true.

Presumptive proof? Yea, more; *positive* proof. You have already been referred to one unvarying law, called the law of Cause and Effect. We point now to another, equally valid, relating to the value of human testimony. It is this: Mankind universally cannot honestly believe a lie. If they could there would be no such thing as truth, for there would be nobody to determine what was truth. To suppose that universal human intelligence can be outwitted and hoodwinked and deceived by any cunningly-devised fable, is to destroy the value of intelligence itself, and practically to blot it out of existence forever. Where do we go to find out what is truth, but to concurrent human testimony? Why do we submit a case of life and death to the decision of twelve men? Because it is a fundamental dictate of reason and common sense that a collection of minds, all earnestly examining the same point, in a majority of cases, cannot be deceived. And if this is true of twelve men, what shall we say of hundreds and thousands and millions, running on through one age after another, and each taking up the subject for himself, and going over it afresh? Is it possible for them *all* to go astray? If it is, then farewell to any and all testimony respecting any subject, for it is not worth a straw. Farewell to all distinctions between right and wrong, truth and error; for no one can tell or de-

termine which is correct; farewell to all knowledge and science and human learning, for one man's opinion is as good as another; farewell to all courts of justice and legal decisions, for no one can be sure that they are right; farewell to all business and commercial intercourse, for no man's declaration can be relied upon.

It is true that *one* man or *a number* of men are liable to be deceived, but not true that *all* men are. The case therefore stands thus: all men believe in the existence of a God; a universal belief cannot be false; therefore, God exists. All men have some kind of religion; all men cannot be deceived; therefore, religion is a reality.

These, then, are the three grounds of religious certainty, the testimony of the senses, the testimony of history, the testimony of consciousness; a three-fold cord which is not easily broken. The first is a matter of plain, every-day observation, the second, a matter of reason and judgment, the third, a matter of inward conviction and feeling. Can any stronger proofs be brought forward concerning any subject appealing to human credibility or asking human acceptance?

No one is compelled to say that he *rather thinks* religion is true; that *possibly* Christ is a living Saviour; that *perhaps* the Bible is the book of God; but on the contrary all can say in the language of Job, Paul, David, Peter and John, "We know." Because all can know the truth of these things just as firmly and certainly as they know any other well-attested truth or fact; and by the same kind of evidence. Christianity is not a cunningly-devised fable, neither has it been kept hidden in a corner; neither

> "Need we any wings
> To soar aloft to realms of higher things,
> But only feet which walk the paths of peace,
> Guided by Him whose voice
> Greets every ear, and makes all hearts rejoice."

CHAPTER IV.

Repentance.

"Return, return thee to thine only rest,
Lone pilgrim of the world!
Far erring from the fold,
By the dark night and risen storms distressed,
List, weary one, the Shepherd's anxious voice.

Return, return, thy fair white fleece is soiled,
And by sharp briers rent;
Thy little strength is spent,
Yet He will pity thee, thou torn and spoiled."

"Amid the shadows and the fears
That overcloud this home of tears,
Amid my poverty and sin,
The tempest and the war within,
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Drifting across a sunless sea,
Cold, heavy mist encurtaining me;
Toiling along life's broken road,
With snares around and foes abroad,
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!"

IT is a coincidence not to be overlooked that both John the herald and Christ the King began their public ministry by preaching the same subject in the same words; those words being: "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The subject of repentance then must be the keynote of the new dispensation and a door opening into

the kingdom of heaven itself. And whether we view it historically or experimentally, repentance *is* the first step towards a new and divine life; a life that God will own and bless here, and abundantly reward hereafter.

Very much of the popular religion of our day, addresses men as if by nature they were already fit for heaven and already ripe for translation. But not so said Christ, not so says experience, observation, internal consciousness, good judgment, history; not so says *everything* to which we can appeal for enlightenment, confirmation, or proof. One of two things therefore must be true: either the Bible makes a great mistake, or such a representation as the above is radically and vitally wrong. Is it not a plain matter of common sense (to go no higher) that if men are already fit for heaven, naturally, there is no need of being born again or created anew within; no need of any Scriptures, or means of grace; more than this, no need of a Saviour at all? Christ's work and life and death were all superfluous, a mere waste of time and effort, an exhibition of useless self-imposed hardship and suffering. God made a very foolish move when he sent his Son into the world to die that man might live, if man could live just as well without him, and die just as well without him, and be saved just as well without him; if by nature he is already fit and ready for each when it comes. Are we prepared to accept this last conclusion? Hardly; and yet we must accept it or else believe that both John and Christ came preaching repentance as the first step towards a new and higher life, because repentance first of all was necessary; because without this there could be no such thing as religion at all; without this, no progress in holiness or purity of heart and life; without this, no room or chance for a seat at God's right hand.

What do men do when they wish to irrigate and fertilize a barren piece of land? What do they do in Egypt along the banks of the Nile, where the land is naturally a desert? They cut out canals or channels leading from the river, and take away all natural obstacles so that the water may flow over the soil and deposit upon it its fertilizing sediment, thus creating

a kind of new soil upon a naturally barren bottom. Now, spiritually, some hearts before God are like the barren desert; he sees no blessed fruitage there; they are destitute of holiness, destitute of moral purity in his sight. They need heavenly irrigation; they need the water of life, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, the influx of Christ's power to enable them to live a higher and better life. And before they can get all this, there must be cut out a channel in which the water can flow from the river of God on high into and over their souls, and deposit there its spiritual sediment, thus creating a kind of new soil on the basis of the old, barren one. And the cutting out of this channel, and the clearing away of all the old sinful rubbish and natural obstacles, such as pride, obstinacy, love of sin, rocks of hardness and indifference, underbrush of sinful habits and practices, tangled thickets of deceit and dishonesty and general wickedness—the clearing away of all this, and the digging out of a direct source of communication with the river of God above—*this* is the work of repentance.

Spiritually, all human hearts, whatever may be their natural differences or natural qualities—and there is a vast diversity in personal natures, some being much more amiable than others, but yet, emphasizing the word,—*all* human hearts, whatever their natural state or condition, need and must have more spirituality, more religion in them than they possess naturally, before they can live a true Christian life here, or be saved at last. The Bible rings out its messages of warning to all mankind alike, saying, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "Unless your righteousness exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, (which was merely formal,) ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." The one thing insisted upon is the possession of a pure and holy character, the indwelling of a new and divine life, derived from Christ.

And now, the amount of repentance and faith necessary to secure this, depends upon the quality of one's natural character. As already remarked, there are great differences in people religiously, as well as in every other way. Some hearts

are like the desert, naturally barren and sterile, and need a new soil entirely before any religious fruit can grow. Some are like natural trees that bear plenty of fruit of a poor quality; these need grafting with a new and higher life. Some are like marshes and fens, foul and rank with noxious weeds and plants that need killing out or pulling up by the roots, before anything better can have room to grow. Some are like rocks, utterly hard and insensible, and need to be blasted and broken up with great shocks of calamity, or accident, or suffering, before they begin to move or feel at all. Some are like wild vines that are frail, tender, clinging and loving, and these need to be taught and cultivated and strengthened by the power of faith, and the help which Christ alone can give. Some are like the timid, retiring wild-flower in the forest that needs to be brought out into the sunlight of God's reconciled countenance and be made to grow with new strength and beauty. Some are like gardens that bring forth fruits, flowers and weeds in about equal proportion; these need cleaning and ploughing and replanting. Some are gnarled and twisted like a bush, almost beyond the power of redemption by any ordinary means. Some are already putrid with lust, sin, and crime, like decayed wood or herbage. And others are naturally lovely and amiable, and inclined towards the good and lovely, just as rootlets strike out towards water by an inherent instinct; who are what may be called religiously inclined, but still not spiritual, not holy according to the Scriptures and the requirements of Christ, not Christians in the true sense of the word.

But all alike, whatever their natural variations or excellences, need to be converted before they can be saved. With some the process of conversion would be longer and more difficult than with others, but still all alike must be born again before they can enter the kingdom of heaven. "There is none that doeth good," *i. e.* absolutely and perfectly good in the divine sense of the word, "no, not one." For all alike have gone astray upon some points, and in some respects, however right they may be in others; and hence the universal

necessity of repentance as the first step towards a new and higher and purer life.

This conclusion is further enforced by the fact that moral and spiritual qualities are not transmissible like almost every other quality of mind and nature. If a man develops his physical strength and vigor, and toughens his constitution and native hardihood, and makes his stock and blood good and healthy, the law is that unless some corrupting influence come in to vitiate the blood, his children will naturally inherit somewhat of the parental character in this respect. In this sense, therefore, the results of our life are transmissible to another, the child reaping the rewards and benefits of the father's doings. The same is true to a limited extent of mental characteristics and also of acquired mechanical skill. In some parts of Europe where communities are separated from each other and all devoted to some particular branch of handiwork, living by themselves, and following the same trade for generations, the result is that the children of these parents not only "take" to that kind of work naturally, as ducks to the water, but exhibit a natural aptitude for the work; thus showing that the skill and knowledge acquired by the parents are in a measure transmitted to the children. But while this law holds good mentally and socially and physically, it utterly fails morally. However good and holy or religious the parents may be in character and life, every child is born a sinner. Nothing religious is transmitted. It is one of the sad consequences of the fall, but it is real. This matter of religion becomes thus, intensely and exclusively, a personal matter; every soul has to go over the ground by itself and alone, deriving very little help from others. The piety of parents does not avail for the children; every one must repent and believe for himself or herself, or be lost.

It is thus seen that religion is not simply a quality of nature as some would have us believe. It is not something inhering in the disposition and character, needing only to be developed and brought out by Christian nurture and culture. It is rather a new creation in the soul wrought there by the

combined power of God's truth and spirit. It is a power that *comes into* the soul from Christ, not a power *evoked from* the soul itself, by proper appliances. This is a great and important distinction.

Nor is this all. While holiness is *not* transmissible, sin *is* This law which works so uniformly and beneficently in all other departments of life, has been completely perverted and reversed in relation to morals. While the parents cannot house up holiness for their children, they can and do accumu late the terrific consequences of transgression and wickedness Evil tendencies and proclivities are inherited far more readily and surely than good ones. We each bear about with us not only our personal sins, but also a greater or less load of sin which comes down to us from the past. Hence repentance is *doubly* necessary. We must be saved from the consequences and power of our own sins, and also saved from the power of evil inherited.

It is no wonder, then, that both John and Christ began their public ministry by preaching the same subject, in the same words; both of them saying to all around, "Repent, repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Both of them saw that this was the first step to be taken, and until this had been taken no further steps were possible.

But what is repentance in itself, what is its fundamental and underlying idea? The original word means literally an *after-thought*, or a change of mind, a change of view. Now to think after, or take a second thought, is often to think differ- ently, and to think more justly and truly; hence, to repent of the first thought. The idea pre-supposes that the mind has received some new and better light with regard to life and its duties, and its relations to God and man; which new light within, makes a *change* inevitable, a change of thought and purpose and intention.

And this without doubt is the beginning of repentance. The soul is convicted of sin by the combined power of God's truth and spirit. It sees now that its former views of life were wrong, and of course that its actions have all been

wrong. This afterthought or change of mind makes one not only resolve to turn over a new leaf in the book of life, but also to strive to get rid of the disastrous consequences of the old manner of life. It thus looks forward, backward, and upward, at the same time. It looks backward at its old course of sinful living, sees its enormity and wickedness, and is led to abhor it and turn from it, and to ask God to forgive it. It looks up to an outraged and innocent Judge, and is led to implore pardon and peace. It looks forward to the remainder of life, and also forward to the great day of God when its actions are to be weighed and judged, and calls upon God for strength to live a new, a holy, and an upright life.

The primary elements of repentance then are three. First, a change of mind and intention caused by new and better light or knowledge which enables the soul to see itself and God and the world in higher and truer aspects. Secondly, a change of conduct corresponding to this change of mind. As thought precedes action naturally, and action follows correct thought inevitably, so these two elements will be in harmonious proportion, necessarily. And thirdly, this change of thought and conduct will be accompanied by sorrow for the past, and strong crying to God for help to reform. The absence of either of these three ingredients vitiates the whole work. If a ship have three leaks and two be stopped, the third will surely sink the ship. So repentance that is not followed by a change of conduct is not worth anything; neither is a change of conduct that is not produced by a complete and radical change of mind of any value. This change of mind is so fundamental in true repentance that in the Scriptures it is likened to a new creation, a new birth; to old things passing away and all things becoming new. The soul sees itself and the world around differently, the Bible is a new book, the Church becomes more precious, and God holds a direct and immediate connection with all. Life instead of being an end in itself, is but a preparatory stage of existence for the life which is to come.

Of course, the strength and degree of this change and these

new views will vary with different minds, but there can be no genuine, biblical repentance in which no change appears. Neither is that repentance genuine which does not include sorrow for sin, and strong crying to God for mercy. There are a great many who will say, "I wish I had done differently; I might have done better. I am sorry I did not." But they do not follow this confession by asking God to forgive them. Now repentance is designed to lead to this point, precisely, and if it does not lead there, then no good results come therefrom. Repentance without amendment is like pumping water from a ship and not stopping the leaks. We all have afterthoughts and second thoughts which are better than the first ones; we all naturally gain a little new light by experience, day by day. But this is very different from the light imparted by God's truth and spirit which leads to conviction of sin, and broken-heartedness and deep contrition before him, and makes the soul cry out like blind Bartimeus, "O Lord, have mercy on me, have mercy on me."

There is very little danger of one's being too much in earnest about repentance, or too thorough in reform. Most souls fail in religious life because they are not earnest and thorough enough. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Genuine humility before God, and broken-heartedness and contrition of soul constitute the only soil out of which the plant of repentance will grow. Says the sainted Rutherford, "I pray you dig deep. Christ's palace-work and his new dwelling laid upon hell felt and feared, is most firm; and heaven grounded and laid upon such a fear, is sure work which will not wash away with wintry storms."

Does any one ask, how shall I secure this frame of mind? We answer, by asking God in prayer to show you all things in their true light and true relations. Perhaps no other direction is necessary than this one, simply pray for light and knowledge; "ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you." Not simply ask once, but continually until you feel that God has heard and answered your cries and entreaties.

And what are the consequences or *results* of such repentance? It brings pardon or forgiveness of sins. In fact, this is the object of it. A long, dark catalogue of past transgressions must be washed away by the blood of the atonement, else they will rise up in the judgment and confront us like so many spectres and ghosts. We must feel, before we are saved, that God for Christ's sake (not for ours) has said to us, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven; go in peace and sin no more." And this is a distinct and peculiar consciousness which the soul cannot feel until it has actually received the pardon. When Bunyan's Pilgrim started from the city of Destruction to seek the heavenly land, he felt weighed down by a great burden of guilt which he carried along with him and which he could not get rid of by his own efforts. And so he is pictured as carrying a great burden on his back. But by and by he came to the hill Difficulty, at the top of which stood the Cross. He began slowly to ascend. Foes were without and fears within. He was downcast and despondent. The air all about him was full of evil spirits whispering in his ear or tormenting him with doubts. But still he pressed on. At length, after many groanings and strugglings, he reached the top and threw himself down exhausted at the foot of the cross. At that moment his burden of sin and guilt was loosened, and rolled away down the hill, and the poor pilgrim never saw it any more.

Now, this is a picture or allegory of what takes place in the soul as one of the consequences or results of repentance. Repentance is seeking forgiveness at the foot of the cross, and pardon is the sense of release within. It may not be as vivid as this in every case, very likely it will not be; but something analogous to it, it must be. All must and will feel that God has pardoned the past, through the atonement provided by his son.

Furthermore, repentance brings a sense of peace to the soul; peace of conscience, peace of mind. Being created in God's image, a part of that image consists in the power of conscience to approve or condemn. God has not only written out his

law and placed it before us, but he has also written it out within us, and we carry it about with us wherever we go. The voice of conscience within, as far as it goes, is the same as the voice of God without and above. And this conscience, until it becomes dead and seared and wholly inoperative within, tells us, like a holy and upright judge, when we do right and when we do wrong. It says with an authority that cannot be questioned, "Thou shalt, and thou shalt not." And whenever we disobey its mandates then it reproves and stings and punishes. And of all the torments which one can feel, nothing is so fearful to bear as the stings of an angry conscience. It is the next thing to an angry God. It is likened in the Scriptures to the knawings of a worm that never dies, and the torment of a fire that is never quenched.

But proper repentance brings us a peace of conscience; not a deadness, but a sense of rest and approval. When we lie down at night instead of going to sleep with an aching pain of heart, the soul feels that its peace is made with God, and that if it dies before the morning light shall dawn, God will receive it to a better home above. When we go out or come in, instead of feeling a constant dread of disaster, there is a consciousness that God is over all, and will do nothing amiss. And at last, repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ will wash and cleanse the soul from every stain here, and prepare it for that everlasting fullness of rest and joy found only at God's right hand above. As says a noted preacher: "When a man undertakes to repent towards his fellow-men, it is like repenting straight up a precipice; when he repents toward law, it is like repenting into a crocodile's jaws; when he repents toward public sentiment, it is throwing himself into a thicket of brambles and thorns; but when he repents toward God, he repents toward all love and delicacy. God receives the soul as the sea a bather, and returns it again purer, whiter and happier than he took it."

CHAPTER V.

Sin and Pardon.

"Alas! for the wildly wandering heart
And its changing idol guests!
It has roamed away to the world's far ends
At the vagrant wind's behests.
It loves on a worthless, treacherous world
To bestow its high desires;
And the lamp which it ought to be lighting in heaven,
It kindles at idol fires.
Full seldom it turns to its guiding chart—
Alas! for the wandering heart."

"I need thee mighty Saviour!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need a cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea."

Cast off the sins thy holy beauty veiling,
Spirit divine!
Vain against thee the hosts of hell assailing,
Christ's strength is thine!
Drink from His side the cup of life immortal,
And love shall lead the path to heaven's portal.

Savonarola.

"Thou knowest all—yet whither shall I go
To leave my sins and with them leave my woe,
Except to Thee who only help canst bring,
And bid me live thy pardoning love to sing?

I lay my head upon thy infinite heart,
I hide beneath the shelter of thy wing,
Pursued and tempted, helpless, I must cling
To thee, my Saviour; bid me not depart."

WHAT is sin? The Bible answers, sin is a transgression of the Law. What is crime? The statute-book answers in the same words, crime is a transgression of the law. What then is the difference between sin and crime? In essence, in spirit, none at all. Sin is crime, and crime is sin. Crime is a word usually applied to *civil* offences, and sin to *moral* offences, but in both cases the moving principle is the same. One is an offence against man, the other against God, but both are transgressions of law which make the transgressor guilty, and subject him to penalty and punishment according to the nature of the offence. Consequently, every man who has ever broken one of God's laws, is a criminal in God's sight. He is looked upon as such, treated as such, and unless pardoned through Christ, will and must be punished as such at the last.

Outside of the Bible, sin is very generally regarded as simply a weakness, a fault, a failing, or an infirmity; something that all men are exposed to, and which therefore ought to be passed over lightly. You say to any man that he is a sinner, and he will readily admit the fact, sometimes with a smile even, and by looks and actions, if not by words, reply: "That is nothing strange or unusual. There is nothing remarkable or serious about that."

Yes there is something *very* serious about that. Is it a light thing to be a criminal in the eye of the civil law? To go about feeling that you are unsafe anywhere; that you are liable to be arrested any moment, and made to suffer the penalty of your crime? Undoubtedly, the most unhappy being on earth is a guilty criminal. By his transgression of the law, he has broken off his friendly relations with everything around and within him. He has broken off friendly relations with himself; he has disturbed the peace of his own mind and conscience and heart, and all the powers of his being rise up to

condemn him. He is out of friendly relations with society and with the State in which he lives. Yea, more, the very elements seem to combine against him; he is afraid of the whistling wind; he trembles at the rustling of a leaf. He is afraid to see his own neighbors; afraid of death; afraid of man, afraid of God. And why? Because he is a criminal; he has transgressed the law.

Now, which is greater, human law or divine law, the law of the State or the law of Heaven? Which is most binding and obligatory, the mandates of men or the mandates of God? All laws are binding and powerful to the degree that they are inherently just and right. A bad human law is sometimes more honored in the breach than in the observance, but when a law appeals to every sentiment of right and righteousness within the breast, then the law enforces itself, and all men unite in saying it must and shall be honored and obeyed. But what human law can be compared in the matter of justness, holiness and rightness with the holy and perfect law of God? Therefore, if human laws are binding and powerful because they are good, the laws of God are indeed a hundred times more so.

Again, a law is powerful and binding in proportion to the weight of authority that stands behind it. Thus, the laws of a state or a nation are felt and feared more than those of a single society or district, and a state criminal is regarded as tinged with a deeper dye of guilt than the mere offender against some purely local enactment. Then what solemnity and power there is in a trial before the Supreme Court of the nation, where the whole national power sits enthroned in state, and stands ready to descend in a crushing blow upon the life, or person, or property of the offender. But what human court can compare for a moment with the court of the Supreme Ruler above, who is the author of our lives and the maker of the world?—that court which sits in eternal session around the great white throne, where the books are ever opened, and the officers of justice stand ever ready to discharge their duty?

Verily, then, if it is a terrible thing to be a criminal in the

eyes of men, how much more terrible to stand condemned as a sinner before God? All earthly penalties are not to be named beside the penalties of moral law. As Christ said, "Fear not those who can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do, but I will forewarn you whom ye should fear. Fear him who hath power to cast both soul and body into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him."

Law, under all circumstances, is something not to be trifled with; is something that cannot be broken with impunity. Properly defined, law is a rule of action, prescribed by the supreme power of a state or nation, for the government of its subjects; a rule to which all rational beings are bound to yield obedience or be exposed to punishment. This is human law, applying only to conduct or external life. But what is Divine Law? It is not only a rule of action relating to conduct, but also a rule of action relating to thought, motives and feelings. While human law can only reach the outside, the divine law takes hold of the *heart*, as well as the life; regulates both the internal and external. Consequently, it is far easier to transgress divine law than human, because we sin in thought and feeling much more frequently than in deed, and the results are far more disastrous. This divine law was summed up by the Great Lawgiver himself in these two commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart; and thy neighbor as thyself." All other moral statutes, he said, grew out of these two; and he that offended in one point was guilty of all.

By referring back for a moment to the definition first given, it will be noticed that Law is an enactment by the *supreme power* in every case; consequently it is the last and final utterance of that power, and from it there can be no appeal We cannot go behind the law *power* to something stronger and higher, if we can behind the statute itself. While this is true with civil enactments, it is pre-eminently true of the laws of God. They are the embodiment of his own nature, and in them are found the eternal principles which govern his own action; consequently there is nothing behind or beyond God's

power as embodied in his holy law. It is his last and final utterance upon the subjects contained therein. There is no appeal from them, no repeal of them. Even God himself could not change his own law, without changing his own nature and being; for his law is simply a reflex of that nature and being.

It follows now that if God's laws are broken there is no escape for the transgressor. Man cannot change the law, neither can God without proper satisfaction, and when once broken, penalty and punishment must follow. The great wheels of Justice and Providence, impelled by the force that made and upholds the universe, go rolling on and over all those who willfully place themselves in their track, and there is nothing that can stop them but the satisfied holiness of Him who made them.

But is not God's law set aside by the atonement of Christ? Not in the slightest degree. When Christ took man's place before the Law, God treated him just as he will treat all sinners if they expose themselves to the fury of his vengeance. If the Law *could* have been set aside, or passed over, is it to be supposed Christ would have suffered as he did on the cross? Not at all; there would have been no need of such suffering. Of himself he did nothing amiss; he was sinless in character, he led an entirely sinless life; but he suffered on the cross and in the garden the penalty and punishment due to your sins and mine, reader. See him in that Garden! See him on the Cross! Behold the blackened sky, the rending rocks, the opening ground! Hark! hear the sufferer moan in the darkness. Hear him cry out in an anguish of soul that can never be known by us, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" What does all this mean? What is it for? *Christ is enduring the penalty of God's broken law.* There could be no alleviation, no diminution of rigor in treatment, even though the victim was God's own Son. Having assumed man's obligations, he must pay the last farthing of the debt. And he did. We repeat it, therefore, no power can change, or repeal, or set aside moral law. Once broken, death must

follow, unless help is obtained from Him who died that man might live.

But the Bible speaks of being justified or pardoned by faith. How is this brought about? To justify is a legal term, meaning to clear or absolve from guilt. It calls to mind a prisoner at the bar. He has broken the law of the land, and is arraigned for trial, found guilty, and sentenced to death. He is a young man. His father steps up and offers to die in his stead; the government accepts the transfer, and the prisoner is released. The law cannot harm him now, for he is taken out of its grasp. So in religious substitution. By acts of sinful nature all men are prisoners at God's bar of justice, and under sentence of eternal death. But Christ in infinite love volunteers to take man's place, and the government of Heaven accepts the transfer. The sufferings and death of Christ are then declared to be an equivalent for the death of the whole world; and hence all those who believe in Jesus are released from the law's penalties as far as they relate to sins that are past. They are thereupon declared guiltless and stand justified before the law and before God.

Here, then, we see the nature of gospel pardon. It is far better than any earthly release can be. For example: a father might take his son's place in enduring the punishment allotted him, but he could not cleanse the son's *heart* from guilt. The son having actually committed a crime, has stained his soul with guilt as well as his name and character. The father might release him from the court and the prison and the scaffold, but as the son went out again into the world, he would go as a guilty man still. Before he could be perfectly free or pure, the crimson stains of sin and crime must be washed from *his heart*, as well as from his public name and record. And this no earthly power could do.

But when sinners are saved, and pardoned before God by faith in Christ, not only are they released from the hold of the law, not only declared guiltless and so released from eternal death and banishment, but at the same time they are made pure in heart. Cleansed outwardly and cleansed inwardly;

justified legally and made white and holy actually. What a great salvation in this! The Cross of Jesus satisfies God, and also changes the heart of man. Here is the two-fold action of redemption, one part relating to the law and one to the soul.

The guilty son referred to in the illustration, when he saw himself free and pardoned, would doubtless feel a momentary sense of peace and joy within, but if he was actually guilty, the old wound of remorse would soon re-open. The remembrance of his crime, the actual presence of guilt in his soul would be a constant source of torment to him, even if released from punishment and death. But in the case of the Christian believer who is justified before the law, and so released from death, there goes along with it an actual change of heart; so that his peace is not momentary, but constant and abiding. As the Scriptures declare, it is like a river, broad, deep, and full, never drying up, never flowing backward.

Again, the son would also have his life embittered constantly by the thought that although he had escaped destruction himself, yet he had forever put out the life of his father. But in the Christian plan of salvation, the substitute not only dies, but rises again and ever liveth at God's right hand; so that the sorrow for having caused Christ's death is speedily turned into rejoicing by reflecting that the Saviour burst the bonds of death after paying the penalty, and ascended up on high where he now waits to bless and receive his own.

Nothing could be more complete, or perfect than such a pardon. By the sufferings and death of Christ in man's behalf, the believer's past sins are expunged from the books of life above, and at the same time washed away within, leaving him pure, clean and guiltless, both legally and actually. Of course, he can go on and rush into sin again, and so become stained anew, but with regard to the past, God says, "As far as the East is from the West so far have I removed thy transgressions from thee." And again, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be made as white as wool; though red like crimson, they shall be as snow."

What is the price or condition of this pardon? Simply

faith in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. But this faith must be a true, inward, saving faith. The justification is a gospel justification, and it can only be enjoyed by a gospel faith on the part of the recipient. And what is this? It is a faith of *the heart.* "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." Ordinary faith is nothing more than a mere mental apprehension, an assent or nod of the mind; it can be held without affecting the heart or life at all. It *is* held by men in general, one way and another; by the business-man toward his debtors, where it is called commercial faith. It is held by the scholar towards the statements he finds in books, and this is mere intellectual faith. It is held by the world in general towards the Bible and its contents, and this is simply historical faith. But the faith here mentioned which justifies and releases the soul from sin, is something *more* than all these, although it includes all these. It is a faith of the heart, which works by love. Its chief and distinguishing characteristic is, that it leads to a complete surrender of the will and mind to the control of another. Before any soul savingly believes on Christ, it first surrenders all *to* him, gives all up *for* him, loves him, and obeys him, and then it has gospel faith. This is believing with the heart. Henceforth the soul is not its own, but belongs to Christ.

To illustrate: A man traveling comes to the bank of a wide, perilous stream. He must cross it in order to gain the opposite shore where his treasure lies. The other shore is hidden by a veil of mist. He looks forward and can see only a few feet from where he stands. The sky is threatening overhead, and there strikes on his ear the roar of the waters in front. At the shore he sees a man with a small boat—only large enough in fact for two—one and the pilot. The traveler begins to question. "Can you take me across the river safely?" I can. "Do you warrant the passage?" I do. "How long have you been here?" Very many years—a long, long time. "Have you carried many across?" Yes, there is a large city full whom you will meet on the other side. "Is there any other way of getting across?" No safe way. Farther up the stream

is the remnant of an old bridge which promises well at the start, but it does not reach to the opposite bank; and although thousands upon thousands have tried it, not one among them all ever gained the other shore in safety. Very many come along here every day and inquire for the bridge and go forward; but, as I said before, the bridge is old and full of rottenness and pitfalls, and the lifeless corpses of these travelers come floating past every day. I see them every time I cross. "But do you not warn them of the danger?" Constantly, but they take no heed of what I say; they suppose I want them to patronize me. "What is your price for crossing?" Nothing at all; the government of the city on the other side furnishes the passage free to all who desire it. "But is not your boat small?" Yes, and purposely so; it was only intended for one at a time besides myself. The way across the stream is straight and narrow, and those who go must leave behind all their goods and companions for the time being, and entrust themselves, soul and body, with all their interests for time and eternity, entirely into my hands. They must obey me perfectly while crossing. In short, I take the whole charge of them, and they commit themselves wholly to my guidance. "Must I lose my goods and companions forever?" Your goods you will not need, and your companions can follow, one by one, if they will. And now, have you faith in what I say? If so, step in.

The traveler hesitates, looks forward and backward, and on either side, and then slowly repeats to himself, "I can but perish if I go, I am resolved to try. For if I stay behind, *I know* I shall forever die." And so, with fear and trembling he steps down into the boat, commits himself entirely to his Pilot, and is landed safely upon the farther shore. Now, this Pilot is Christ, the river is the river of life, the city is the New Jerusalem, and committing ourselves wholly to the boat, leaving goods and companions behind for the time being, is gospel or saving faith; is believing with the heart unto righteousness. This faith is an act of the whole being; the act of self-surrender.

As faith without works is dead, being alone, so *saving faith is invariably preceded by repentance, accompanied with confession, and followed by obedient action*; and this distinguishes it forever from all kinds of common or general faith. If Christ frees us, he is to have control of us from that time forward and forever. We are no longer our own, but his; soul, body and all.

A word more in regard to the *results* of this pardon of sin. Being justified by faith, we have *peace* with God. This peace is a permanent state, rather than a transient feeling, although it includes both. When the act of faith is accomplished, and the sentence of justification pronounced, this changes the attitude and relationship between God and our souls immediately, inasmuch as pardon is instantaneous in its effects. One hour we are rebels against God's government, the next, friends and peaceful subjects. One hour we are exposed to death and wrath, the next, free, pardoned, and happy. One hour, liable to feel the penalty of a broken law, the next, released from its grasp forever, unless we voluntarily put ourselves back again. One hour, in the book of life above there is a long, dark catalogue of sins charged against us, the next, the page is expunged and not a single blot or line remains. One hour, the soul is stained with crimson guilt, the next, the ruling power of sin is broken up, and the gradual process of whitening and cleansing is begun. One hour we stand out against God, defiant and stout-hearted, the next we are made humble and submissive. One hour, we are unpardoned sinners, the next, God's children and heirs with Christ. One hour we are lost, the next, saved. So great is this transformation wrought by justification through faith in Christ! We enter into a state of peace with God after a sinful war; peace within and peace above; peace of conscience and of mind; peace, springing from forgiveness, and leading on to purity and holiness.

Is it any wonder that God is angry with those who despise and reject such a blessing? The wonder is that his wrath does not burn against such like an oven, and consume them utterly.

And this it will do at the last. We must take either the law or the gospel and then carry it with us to the other world. Which will we have? Before we can be saved, we must be justified by faith and feel this peace with God. Have we all exercised saving faith in Christ? Are we ready to do it? Will we begin at once—to-day—now?

CHAPTER VI.

The Nature and Power of Faith.

"Nature wept when thou wert gone, but Faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in yon world so fair and bright
Beholds thee in refulgent light.
Nature sees the body dead—
Faith beholds the spirit fled;
Nature stops at Jordan's tide,
Faith beholds the other side;
Nature mourns a *cruel* blow,
Faith assures it is not so;
Nature tells a dismal story,
Faith has visions full of glory;
Nature views death's change with sadness,
Faith contemplates it with gladness;
Nature writhes and hates the rod—
Faith looks up and blesses God."

"The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day or morrow brings
It is His will."

THE Bible declares, "Without faith, it is impossible to please God." What a sweeping, absolute assertion! Good works, zeal, energy, benevolence, uprightness of life, sweetness of disposition, kindness, faithfulness, steadiness, in short, everything within man is incomplete in God's sight until it springs from faith in the soul.

There are three processes by which we arrive at knowledge or come to conclusions. The first is by the testimony or evidence of the senses, which we call *sight.* Take up a book and both eye and finger tell the soul within, that a material object is before it. It possesses all the known properties of matter —hardness or density, extension or size, form, impenetrability, etc.—and if asked how we would *know* there was a book in the hand, we should at once confidently reply, because we can both *see* and *feel* it. This is one process of gaining knowledge, the most simple and obvious one of all, as well as the one most commonly and generally used.

The second process is through mental exercise or logical dededuction which we call *reason.* This takes us into the region of the intangible and includes all that knowledge which comes to us from thought and study and reflection. By this kind of evidence we become convinced of the truths of science and philosophy such as, that the moon reflects the light of the sun, instead of its own light. This is a matter that we cannot determine by the first process nor can we know it through the testimony of the senses; but we know it from argument, analogy and experiment. It is a matter that we reason out, and so arrive at certainty. We observe all the facts, put them together, and then draw a conclusion, and say *we know.* And this process is just as legitimate, regular and valid as the first.

The third process is through the operation of the faith-faculty of the soul by which we take hold of the unseen world around and above and become convinced of the reality of the invisible. These three processes are like three successive steps in the scale of knowledge-getting; each higher than the last and all culminating in faith. The first deals with matter exclusively; the second with mind, science, philosophy and art; the third with the invisible and the unseen—with God, religion, and the soul. And each of these three is just as essential to complete life and action as the other two; each has its own ordained sphere of activity which the others cannot supply nor invade. Accordingly faith *supplies to us that which takes the place of actual demonstration;* and when a man has

true faith, he just as really believes a thing as though he saw it with his own eye, or reasoned it out with his own mind.

It will thus be seen that faith often transcends both sight and reason, and sometimes contradicts them. As an opponent of sight, it very closely resembles the action of its twin-sister, hope; for "hope that is seen is not hope, for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?" Hope, properly, is the mingled expectation and desire of future good, while faith is stronger and goes deeper; being an inward conviction and assurance of the same good. But as the complement of sight, faith begins where sight leaves off, and carries the soul farther onward or upward. Again, faith and sight may, and often do travel together, although they always reach a point, sooner or later, when sight, becoming dimmed and fearful, retires, and then Faith has the field all to herself and shows her full strength and power and glory. Perhaps we cannot better set forth the comparative merit and office-work of these two powers, than by using an allegory.

A human soul looked out of its windows one day, and after gazing long and steadily above, exclaimed in impatient disquietude, "I am not satisfied with my present surroundings and portion; there must be some higher good attainable somewhere, and I am determined to seek it. The earth is good, but I sicken of its food alone; I feel that I want something richer and purer and nobler." No sooner had she ceased speaking, than two of her attendants came to her side, saying, "We will show you an abundance of treasures better than are found in any material mines; and if you will but follow us, we will lead you where those wants you speak of can be fully met." Most gladly will I go, the soul replied, and thereupon the three set out to find the Land of Fruition. Their route lay through the flowery fields and kingdoms of science, philosophy, art, and song, until they finally reached the utmost limits of human thought. At each stage of progress made, the soul, after receiving and enjoying all that her guides brought her from the different fields, made ever the same sad plaint: "The good you promised has not yet come

to me and my great want is yet unmet; is there nothing beyond?"

Her guides began to be in despair; but at last they said, "One thing more we can bring to thee, and then our limit is reached. In the kingdom of literature there is a Book in which, 'tis said, are disclosed treasures superior to all the earth can yield. They are not visible to us, but there is another attendant spirit that can be summoned, who holds the key to unlock all this hidden wealth, and even to reveal still greater and richer stores beyond." They brought the soul the Bible and then disappeared.

In the midst of desolation and sorrow, and not knowing what else to do, the soul opened the Bible and read: "Ask, and it shall be given; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened." "For he that asketh, receiveth, and he that seeketh, findeth." Spirit of God, it cried, "Come to my relief, and show me the Way, and the Truth, and the Life." And quickly a brighter light began to shine around, and another guide came to her side saying, "O soul, thy companions were not able to give thee the good thou didst crave, nor were they able to lead thee to the land of fruition, because they are of the earth; their names are Sight and Reason; they have no power to scale the walls of the material and the actual. But I come from the land of light and rest above; "from the land of our God, and the home of the soul, where rivers of pleasure unceasingly roll, and the way-worn pilgrim reaches his goal on the ever-green mountains of life". Give me a place on the throne of your affections, and put thy hand in mine, never withdrawing it, and I can lead you safely within the crystal walls." With tears of joy and gratitude the soul surrendered itself to faith, and was saved.

But faith is not mere imagining, on the contrary it always rests upon a basis of either moral or tangible evidence. And here we must distinguish again between several varieties or kinds of faith which exist in life. First and most simple of all, is the faith of little children in their parents; a genuine, unsuspecting, hearty and beautiful faith, and the type of

Christian faith; a faith resting on both moral and tangible evidence; a faith that will remain strong until the evidence is taken away, and then it will speedily die, giving place to fear and dread. In other words, when the parent ceases to give evidence to the child of the sincerity of its love, then the child at once loses its faith. This evidence on which the child's faith rests, appeals to his *eye* and *heart;* it is seen in the parent's look, and tone, and words, and felt in the child's soul.

A second kind may be called business faith, but always, as in the first case, resting on evidence, and ceasing the moment that evidence is destroyed. One firm trusts another only and simply because the second convinces the first of its financial integrity and ability. And this kind of faith is so necessary and important, that it lies at the bottom of nearly all the transactions of business life.

A third kind may be termed historic faith; that which is exercised in regard to all books and records that come down to us from the past; but here, as heretofore, the books are valueless in our eyes, so far as they contain facts and documents, until they are well authenticated. This kind of faith many exercise with regard to Christ and the Scriptures, and suppose it to be all that is necessary to salvation; but they make a fatal mistake.

Again, distinctively Christian or Scriptural faith is no exception to this law. No man can exercise true faith in the Bible as the Word of God; or in Christ, as the Son of God and the Saviour of mankind, until the Bible and Christ come home to his soul as the most central and vital of all realities, and real things. The evidence for faith to rest on here, is partly moral, appealing to the soul rather than to the eye, and partly historic, satisfying the mind. In other words, there is external data sufficient to establish the existence of Christ, and the authenticity and credibility of the Gospel narratives, and this is supplemented by the strong internal response of our moral natures, telling us in a manner not to be set aside, that this is *the truth*, and the *truth of God.*

A faith which is purely blind and unreasoning, that rests on no sort of evidence whatever, we rightly denominate superstition; because it is a mere figment of an uncultured imagination. This kind is found principally among the degraded and ignorant heathen, bowing down to gods of wood and stone, and worshiping fire and water, beasts and serpents. A lack of evidence marks just the distinction between blind superstition, and true faith.

But faith to be distinctively Christian or saving in its nature, must come from the heart and work by love. And herein Christian faith differs from all other kinds. The faith of the heathen is made up of fear and dread, and leads only to outward ceremonies and forms. The business man's faith is wholly mental in its nature; and can be held or not without affecting the life; so is that of the student in regard to books. The faith of the child comes nearest to that of the Christian; but in this, the appeal to the eye is and must be always stronger than to the heart; whereas in distinction from this, stands out the declaration of inspired Christian experience that "with the heart alone man believeth unto righteousness."

We have often tried to sketch, mentally, the process of believing unto life, and this would be an outline of it. God first comes to the soul either through the printed page or through the living voice. Truth knocks at the gate of the mind and seeks admission. But the mind is pre-occupied, and says, "I cannot attend to you." Truth knocks again and again, and finally secures an entrance. It then exhibits before the bar of the mind its credentials; or in other words, submits its evidences; and after examination these are accepted and pronounced sufficiently valid and convincing.

Conversion however has not taken place yet—very far from it. This is only intellectual or historic faith; the main part of the work is yet to come. The mind sends down word to the heart or moral nature that Divine truth is present, and is earnestly claiming its loyalty, its obedience and its affection. The heart can now take one of two courses. It can hesitate and refuse this obedience and love; it can take the will, which

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is the bolt of its door, and snap it into its fastenings, and thus bar the truth out, saying, "The throne of my affections is already occupied by my own selfish interests, and I don't want to be disturbed; I have no room for another King;" or, it can throw back the bolt of will and open the door, and give the truth audience and listen to its claims; and, discovering them to be of paramount and supreme importance, it can say: "I yield. Cast down Self that has so long occupied a throne of power, and do thou reign in and rule over my heart, my interests, my life. I do now give myself up in unreserved consecration to thee, and will henceforth live for thy glory, as I should have done long ago." Truth then comes in, occupies the throne of love, the intellect yields its obedience, and thereafter Christ is King of Kings and Lord of Lords; and thus the soul truly and savingly believes and passes from death unto life.

Having thus glanced at the *nature* of faith, let us now consider the second main thought proposed, viz; the *power* of faith. This world and the next are almost always represented in the Scriptures as opponents, each claiming dominion over life, over time, and action. And faith is held up as the agent by which this world is overcome and a victory gained for the other and better world. Or, stating it in other phraseology, this world stands as the representative of finite and created good, and the other, of infinite and eternal good; the one of things seen, the other of things unseen.

Every one knows by experience that the eye takes in evil by seeing it, and opens the soul to all the attractions and pleasures of this world, to the serious detriment and disadvantage of those interests which pertain to the next. We all know, too, that the soul is ever ready to follow the eye; that desires are enkindled by sight; and that the connection between the soul and the outward world, is not only intimate and close, through the bodily senses, but also most dangerous to its spiritual life and welfare. And hence the need of some power or principle in the soul by which the *inordinate* influence of this world upon one's spiritual well-being, can be at least partly counteracted.

And just this power or principle, God in his rich goodness and mercy has given us in the power of Christian faith; the power of taking hold of the unseen; the power which can bring down eternal realities into our souls, and make them even more vivid to us than the scenes of ordinary life; the power which can envelop us in a spiritual atmosphere; the power that can make us regard every action here, as the starting of a wave of influence which stops not in its course until it strikes against the shores of eternity.

Now, if any one asks *how* faith brings about this most desirable result, we answer: in the same way that the morning sun puts out the stars, by eclipsing them; by overcoming them with superior light and glory, by extinguishing them in brilliancy of a higher and stronger order. God does not act so unwisely as to command us to crucify our love for this world, and then give us nothing to take the place of it. On the contrary, by this divine and miraculous power of faith, he enables us to so connect ourselves with the future and eternal world, that *its superior attraction* shall overcome and render harmless the seductive evils and pleasures of this.

Thus, to take the place of the splendor and pleasures of earthly cities, Faith brings to view the city of the New Jerusalem, whose builder and maker is God, whose walls are jasper, and whose gates are pearl, and whose foundations are eternal; and Faith enables the soul to live within those gates and to walk those streets and to sit down beneath that tree of life. In the place of these earthly treasure-houses, Faith summons us to deposit enduring riches in heavenly vaults where no casualty can befall them, and where no burglar ever penetrates. To keep us from loving our homes with all their conveniences and luxuries too fondly, Faith points to a heavenly mansion in our Father's home above. To enable the soul to release itself from a thralldom to social folly and the gay vortex of pride and vanity and display, Faith lifts it up into communion and companionship with the holy and pure society of Heaven, and bids it slake its thirst at fountains whose waters inspire, but never degrade or intoxicate. For

robes of earthly beauty, Faith speaks of garments of glory that wax not old, and of a robe of righteousness in which all-perfect heavenly dress, our souls may forever shine. And while we are necessarily engaged in earthly traffic and commercial pursuits, Faith invites us to carry on holy trade and barter with the land that is filled with heavenly spices and provisions for immortal wants. And thus, at every point, Faith provides the soul with that which will offset and counteract the influence and deadly fascination of a life in the flesh.

The victory that overcometh the world is only secured by this power of a living faith; by being so persuaded of the truth of God's Word, and so filled with its light, and so surrounded by higher and better realities, and so impregnated with love for spiritual things and spiritual communion, that earthly objects and attractions shall lose their hold upon us, and cease to withdraw our feet from the heavenly highway to a truer and better life.

Does any one say that all these blessed results and consequences can never be realized in an earthly life? Then turn to the Bible and read of Abel and Noah and Abraham and Sarah and Jacob and Moses and David and Samuel, and then ask, were these men and women more favorably situated than are the favored dwellers in this nineteenth century? Did they have more light than we, or more spiritual advantages and privileges? Were they not of like passions with us, just as faulty and full of sin and the love of the world? And the answer to these questions will shame such a thought out of any candid mind.

Said Sir Humphrey Davy: "I envy not quality of mind or intellect in others, neither genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious faith to every other blessing. For it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all other hopes vanish; throws over the decay and destruction of existence the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument

of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; calls up the most delightful visions of plains and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, and the security of everlasting joys. And where the Christian believer sees and enjoys all this, the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair."

The fact is, faith as a power in life is even stronger than sight, for by constant sight, as J. B. Walker has remarked, "the effect of objects seen, grows less, whereas by constant faith the effect of objects believed in, grows greater. Personal observation does not admit of the influence of the imagination in impressing a fact; while unseen objects, realized by faith, have the auxiliary aid of the imagination, not to exaggerate them, but to clothe them with living colors and impress them upon the heart. And so the fact is true, that the more frequently we see, the less we feel the power of an object, while the more frequently we dwell upon an object by faith, the more we feel its power."

To the inquiry, how shall I gain this wondrous power? We reply: faith is the gift of God, and a fruit of the Holy Spirit within the soul. Jesus is set forth as its author and finisher, and through his intercession, the Spirit is given in answer to prayer. By diligent reading and study of the Scriptures and hearing of the Word; by fervent, earnest prayer for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; by devout meditation on heavenly truths; by discipline and trial, at length the filmy mists of earth will break away, and the brighter glories of the upper realm begin to unfold. But think not to acquire this power of faith in all its fullness suddenly; imagine not that God will pour it into your souls, as oil is poured into a lamp; but expect it only as the result of persevering prayer and protracted Christian experience. Faith like every Christian grace commences feebly, but groweth brighter and brighter until it culminates in an open vision that shall be forever undimmed and uninterrupted above.

And in the pursuit of this primal Christian grace, Christ will be to us our best example. For he most emphatically was *in*

the world and not *of* it; he mingled with men but was separate from sinners; he walked the earth, but his soul was ever in the skies with his Father. "And like some column whose base is enveloped in an atmosphere of pollution, but on whose summit there streams perpetual sunshine; so Christ walked the earth below, but his soul was ever above, and in the light of that other world he viewed the concerns of this, and conducted all his ministrations to men." So must all live who would be his disciples and followers. And when, like some way-worn traveler who is fainting beneath a burning sun, but gathers new vigor by thinking of his home and loved ones at the journey's end, we grow faint from fatigue and are embarrassed by a thousand cares and are half heart-broken with grief, we must gather fresh inspiration and vigor by calling into exercise this faith-faculty of the soul and through it viewing the King in his beauty and the supernal glories of the land towards which we hasten.

"We need no change of sphere
To view the heavenly sights, or hear
The songs which angels sing. The hand
Which gently pressed the sightless orbs erewhile,
Giving them light, a world of beauty and the friendly smile,
Can cause our eyes to see the better land."

CHAPTER VII.

Regeneration or the New Birth.

"Poor, wandering soul! I know that thou art seeking
Some easier way, as all have sought before,
To silence the reproachful inward speaking—
Some landward path unto an island shore.

The Cross is heavy to thy human measure,
The way too narrow for thine inward pride;
Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

In meek obedience to this heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can find its only peace;
Seeking no aid from any human creature,
Looking to God alone for thy release.

For poverty and self-renunciation,
The Lord yields back a thousand-fold;
In the calm stillness of regeneration
Comes joy we never knew of old."

AMONG the many notable chapters in John's gospel, is that one detailing the interview and conversation of Christ and Nicodemus. It forms, as it were, the impassable boundary-line between truth and error in regard to the "new man" in Christ Jesus, and the new life which Christianity introduces. One is inclined to feel that had not John written this gospel to supplement the three that already existed, and had not this conversation with Nicodemus been recorded, the system of Christianity, as a whole, would have been left incomplete.

Let us glance for a moment at the striking features of this interview. It occurred in the night, and probable late in the

night, when no other visitors would be present, and when there would be no fear of detection. It was an earnest, confidential interview; not one of mere courtesy. Very few, if any, hollow, conventional words and set phrases were uttered on either side. It was a fair, undisguised contact of two spirits, one human, the other divine-human; one eager to learn, the other anxious to teach; the subject matter before them being the most vital and profound that could possibly engage either divine or human thought.

In a limited and modified sense, the two *persons* then confronting each other were representatives of two dispensations; of two great epochs of time; two marked stages of development in God's redemptive plan. On the one side was Nicodemus, a favorable specimen of the better, more intelligent, more inquiring class of the Jews. He was a ruler; had authority; possessed wealth and titles; was looked up to as a guiding mind. He was a teacher of the law; disposed to examine matters and inquire into principles, although blinded as were all the Jews; he was evidently dissatisfied with the existing religious condition of his nation; was looking forward to a change for the better; had evidently kept his eye for some time upon the Prophet of Nazareth; had marked his life; had weighed his words; had closely studied his miracles. He was in a state of doubt and anxiety. "I will go to him" he thought, "and learn from his own lips." And so, when darkness had shrouded the city and the streets had become still and deserted, he sought Christ's temporary dwelling-place. Over against him sat the Lord Jesus Christ who alike baffles and needs no description.

Nicodemus had made his confession, and stated the condition of his thoughts. "And now master," he doubtless said, "tell me what is the fundamental principle of the system you propose to introduce." Jesus answered and said unto him, "Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born from above (as the words may read) he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nicodemus stumbled at the words, as thousands have since; asked an explanation, which was given; and, more per-

plexed than when he came, departed to his home. But the all-important declaration had been made, "ye must be born again," and it never could be lost, nor never changed. There it has stood upon the page of scripture, and ever will stand, as the fundamental principle of Christianity, the standard of a true faith, the touch-stone of saving truth.

Out from this declaration of Christ, and this conversation with Nicodemus, there can come but one subject or doctrine, and that is, *the new birth.* This is the one specific idea which Nicodemus failed to grasp, and which thousands since his day, have also failed to grasp. What is it, therefore, to be born again, or born from above? What particular part of man is included in this expression? Where is the seat and source of the change?

The expression itself is figurative; still, it is a wonderfully apt and forcible figure. None other than unerring wisdom could have made so just and so happy a selection of terminology. Of course there is no literal, outward, physical birth. The mistake of Nicodemus was that he apprehended these words literally, and asked Christ, with profound amazement, how a man could be born when he was old. It is not strange, however, that Nicodemus made this blunder; the Jews as a nation, with rare exceptions, constantly perverted Christ's teachings, until the spirit of truth was sent to them to open the eyes of their understandings. But *we* must not imitate Nicodemus in this respect. The "outward man" as such, including size, shape, features, proportions, general outline and contour, are just the same before as after this new birth. The strength of physical passions and appetites is the same; bodily wants the same. Nothing is changed in man physically; no organs given, none taken away. The only effect of the new birth upon the body is to turn its activities into a nobler channel, and subdue and restrain its ungovernable lusts; in a sense, sanctifying its life by connecting it with higher purposes and spiritual aims.

And what is true of the organs and functions of the body is equally true of the intellect of man. Nothing is given here

in structure, or taken away, by the new birth. The faculties of the intellect are just the same before as after the change; no more, no less. The direction and moral character of intellectual activity is affected greatly by the birth, yea, affected vitally and radically, but not the powers that produce the activity. Reason, memory, imagination, perception, all remain intact. Argument as strong, wit as keen, penetration as profound, insight as sharp, logic as good, are produced by minds unregenerate as regenerate. Some of the greatest masterpeices of human thought and composition have been produced by such minds; although it is only fair to add, that no account is taken in this statement of that unconscious, indirect influence of Christianity on such minds, which reached them through the civilization by which they were nurtured, and from which in great measure they derived their culture and power.

There remains yet undescribed the deepest and the controlling part of man's nature; that part which governs his action, determines the moral character of his thoughts, directs his will; in a word, the ruling power in man. *This is the love of his heart.* Every man pursues that end and object of life which not only commends itself to his mind, but which he really and in his heart *loves*; and whenever there is antagonism between the decisions of reason and the love of the soul, as all know by experience, the love in the end triumphs and carries the man captive. Indeed this love so subjugates the intellect, that very speedily a man comes to *believe* just that which he loves; while the will of man is only the executive power that carries out the heart's desires. A man can no more go contrary to this ruling love of his moral nature, than a rivulet could reverse its progress and flow up a mountain-side, instead of down. The heart is the throne, and Love the king that sits upon it.

But right here we touch not only the center of human personality, but also the center and seat and source of evil in man. This ruling love in the soul, being a sinful love, not only controls but contaminates the man throughout. Partly by a transmitted, hereditary bias towards sin, and partly by

his own voluntary choice, every man by nature loves things earthly, more than things heavenly; loves sensuous and material good, more than higher, spiritual good; loves his own way better than God's way; loves his own projects and plans, his own ideas and notions better than God's revealed plans of life, better than God's revealed truth; loves himself, the creature, more than God, the Creator; loves this world, as an end of being, better than that which is to come.

Now, being "born again," or born from above, is to have this ruling, sinful love of the heart turned away from self and the world, to God and truth. Here is the precise, definite spot that religion touches and occupies in man; here is its fountain-head; here is its throne. When a man experiences religion, this love of his heart is turned about, as to the direction of its activities, from sin which is opposition to God, to fellowship and sympathy with, and belief upon Christ, as God manifest in the flesh, and as in himself constituting "the way, the truth and the life." The new birth then, is *a new love in the soul*; a love of spiritual good and of divine truth; a love of God as supreme, and of man as created in God's image; a love of Christ as God and man united, and so the great reconciler and mediator; a love of the Bible, as the word of God; a love of Christianity, as the product of Christ's teachings and sufferings in man's behalf.

By this change of heart, or, more accurately, this change of love *in* the heart, man's life, which was perverted by sin and turned against his own highest welfare, is restored to its true, normal state, and flows on according to divine directions in the channel which leads to ultimate and perfected glory at God's right hand. Christ becomes to such a one the second Adam; the second progenitor of the race; the Author and Giver of a new, true, higher and spiritual life; and as by the lapse of the first Adam, he became a slave to sin, and the love of his heart was towards and for sin, by the life and death and resurrection of the second Adam, as applied to his soul by the Spirit through faith, he becomes liberated from this bondage to sin, and is made free to serve righteousness; in other

words, he is born of the spirit, or born from above. Before this change in the direction of his love, he could indeed do as he pleased, but could only please to do wrong; for the sinful current of his heart held him fast. And he could no more of himself change that current than a man could lift himself from the ground with his own hands.

But why is this change or conversion of one's moral affections called a *new birth?* Birth includes life and being and organism; and the phraseology would indicate that one was, by this birth, created anew throughout. It *seems* indeed a little thing to change simply the direction of the love of a human heart, and then say the man is born again; but the change in the direction of this love *insures* a gradual change in the man throughout; because this love is the ruling power.

You drop a watch and twist the mainspring by the fall, so that instead of keeping true time, it runs on by a standard of measurement wholly its own and very far one-side of the acknowledged standard. You take the watch to a jeweler, and he turns back the mainspring into its former place, and so establishes the true, normal movement of the works throughout. What has he done? He has set the watch right, by setting the ruling, governing part of it right. In properly adjusting that, he affected it throughout. Somewhat like this is the change in the direction and nature of the love of man's heart by the power of God's spirit at conversion.

Take another illustration. When an insurrectionist with his followers rises up in rebellion against a government, and he, as the leader of the party, is captured, or gives in his submission to the regular, constituted authority, does not that one act in itself lead inevitably to the dispersion or surrender of all his adherents and retainers? Even so it is in the nature of man; when Love, as king and leader of all personal forces, submits to the authority of Christ, all the bodily and mental faculties follow in time the leading of the heart. And hence it is written, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."

Christ himself explained this process by the parable of the

mustard-seed to which he likened the kingdom of heaven. This seed, he said, was indeed the least of all seeds, but, *when it is grown*, it is the greatest among herbs and becometh a tree. So this change of one's moral affections from sin to holiness, is, indeed, so far as outward appearance goes, the least of all changes, but *when it is completed* it is the greatest of all transformations, and becometh a new existence.

For the birth of this Christ-ward affection in the soul produces of necessity a new purpose and aim in life; new motives and desires; new views and thoughts; new choices and deeds. And when all these are changed is not the man "born again?" Is he not a "new creature" in Christ? "old things having passed away, and all things becoming new?" As birth produces life, and life produces thought, feeling, willing, choosing, acting, so all these lead to development and expansion, which culminate in the perfectly redeemed state enjoyed by those who shall sit down at last with Christ on his heavenly throne.

Such, imperfectly delineated, is this fundamental doctrine of regeneration as set forth in the Bible under the figure of a new birth. Such is the precise and definite change which it contemplates in man's nature, and such are the consequences to which it leads. It is no wonder that Nicodemus failed to understand the import of Christ's words. He was a Jew and a teacher of the law; he had been trained in outward religious ceremonies exclusively; he knew but little, if anything, of inward religious life and power. And as he sat there confronting Christ, the omniscient eye of the master looked beneath the questioner's garb and outward seeming, and read easily and accurately the state of his heart. He knew well that before Nicodemus could break away from his strong Jewish prejudices, the force of his early education and religious training, the influence of his position in the nation, and the example of associates; before he could conquer the proclivities and biases of his mental and moral nature; before he could become a follower of the persecuted Prophet whose instructions he was then secretly seeking, a power must come upon him like the power of the spirit of truth, and must

change this ruling love of his soul. And hence, in answer to the ruler's questioning look and words, Christ said, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again."

But yet, Nicodemus was as favorably circumstanced, outwardly, for becoming a Christian as any one can be, consequently, what was indispensable to him, is equally so to all. These words of Christ to Nicodemus should come home to every soul with the power and pungency of a direct, personal application; because they *have* such an application. Said the herald of Christ to the Jews, "And now the axe is laid at the root of the tree." Old Testament symbol-worship, and temple worship, and all merely outward formalism was to close with the advent of Him who came "to thoroughly purge his floor, that he might gather the wheat into his garner, and burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." "The time cometh and now is," said Christ to the woman of Samaria, "when the true worshipers must worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

All outward forms in religion are only valuable in God's sight as they give utterance to an inward life. God being infinitely holy, and possessing infinite penetration and insight into character and motives, it is repugnant to all right conceptions of him to suppose for a moment that he could be imposed upon by a hollow semblance, a mere form of righteousness, when the ruling love of one's being was still unchanged. And yet, owing to the predominance of man's sensuous nature, the inevitable tendency of religious life in all ages is towards a soulless formalism. A certain amount of outward religious obsvrvance is apt to become the mere habit of respectable life, and habits of all kinds grow more and more thoughtless the longer they are continued.

Says Gotthold: "A wild stock has all its branches pruned away and is hewn down to a span's length. It is then split, has foreign shoots inserted into it, and is afterwards bound up. Then it not only adopts the strange shoots and nourishes them with its sap and vigor, but even permits them to gain the mastery so far as to make it forget its wildness, and bear beau-

tiful and delicious fruit. In like manner, if you take a branch of the wild olive and ingraft it upon a good olive, it becomes like a new creation. That which was useless or worse imbibes the virtuous qualities of the good olive and produces its fruit. So in regeneration. The sinner can never bring forth the fruits of grace till he is ingrafted into Christ and becomes a tree of the Lord's planting."

CHAPTER VIII.

Believing on Christ.

"O Christ! thou art the Way!
All ways are thorny mazes without Thee,
When hearts are pierced and thoughts all aimless stray,
In thee the heart stands firm, the life moves free:
Thou art the Way!

Thou art the Truth!
Questions the ages break against in vain
Confront the spirit in its untried youth.
Thou art the Truth:
Truth for the mind, grand, glorious, infinite,
A heaven still boundless o'er its highest growth.

Thou art the Light!
Earth beyond earth no faintest ray can give;
Heaven's shadeless noontide blinds our mortal sight;
In thee we look on God, and love and live:
Thou art our Light!

Thou art the Rock!
Doubts none can solve heave wild on every side,
Wave meeting wave of thought in endless shock;
On thee the soul rests calm amidst the tide:
Thou art the Rock!"

A BELIEF in Christ as the manifestation of God in the flesh, is the one and only distinctive Christian belief. A belief in the general existence of God may be said to be a universal religious sentiment. Not only do all tribes and nations of men recognize the Divine Existence, but this belief is also common among the devils in hell, who are explicitly declared to believe and tremble. This belief is an ineradicable instinct of man's religious nature; one of those truths that find their way into the mind

and heart of man through every avenue of information incorporated in the structure and functions of his moral being. More than this, the whole universe proclaims this truth; the heavens above, the earth beneath, each flower and leaf upon the earth, each bird and insect that lives and moves, proclaim it. The sea roars it, the winds whisper it, the storm thunders it. Man's own moral nature responds to this truth; reason demands and accepts it, conscience announces and enforces it. Given a rational immortal soul, made in God's image, and a world around filled with clear evidences of Divine power and skill, and a belief in God's existence is inevitable. And this accounts for that ancient testimony of Plutarch's, given about the commencement of the Christian era, viz: "Go over the earth and you can find cities without walls, without temples of art, without culture, but a city without gods and sacrifices, no man ever saw."

It would indeed be strange, God having created the world and left the imprints of his workmanship upon it, and having created man in his own likeness and image, with rational and moral powers, if man, God's creature, living in a world of God's creation, should not be able to detect the evidences of his Creator's existence, and read the handwriting of his power and wisdom and glory.

There is nothing, therefore, really or distinctively Christian in a mere intellectual recognition of the existence of God, or in believing on God in a general, indefinite way. There is nothing praiseworthy or meritorious about it, for after a man believes on God in this way, he has done nothing more than is done by the most ignorant and degraded tribes of earth, nothing more than is done by the devils in hell. In believing on God in this general way, he has simply allowed his reason and conscience to work naturally and normally, and he believes because his corrupt heart and desires have not been able to crush the belief out.

Neither is there anything specially praiseworthy in a general belief in the historical existence of Jesus Christ as recorded in the four gospels. These four Gospels come down

to us bearing more evidences of truthfulness, both externally and internally, than any other writings of equal antiquity. No man whose mind is open to evidence of any kind can help believing that there lived in Palestine, over 1800 years ago, a most wonderful and extraordinary being whose name was Jesus. And to believe this is no more praiseworthy or meritorious than to believe in the historical existence of Cæsar, Socrates, or Hannibal. And yet a great many suppose that if they accept intellectually the mere facts of Christ's life and death, they are really and savingly believing on him in the gospel sense. Whereas, the truth is that every man who believes in history at all, is obliged to believe in the existence of Christ whether he wishes to or not. There is no escaping it, except by a universal historical skepticism. He who accepts the histories of Greece and Rome as valid and authentic, must also accept the four histories of the life of Jesus, as recorded by the evangelists, unless he be a man destitute of all candor and impartiality of thought. And only the most incorrigible now have the hardihood to question this point.

All through the New Testament it is constantly reiterated that a real, whole-hearted acceptance of Christ, as God manifest in the flesh, constitutes, as we have already said, the only Christian belief; and that without such a belief, which includes not only intellectual recognition and acceptance of, but personal, unreserved surrender to Christ, no man is or can be a Christian. A general and even devout reverence for God will not save any. The demand is specifically that we believe in, accept of, and surrender to Christ, as the Son of God and as God manifest in the flesh, reconciling the world unto himself. Listen to such declarations as these: "The Father loveth the Son and hath given all things into his hand. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Here it is plainly taught that however much a man might try to reverence and love and worship God as the invisible Father, all such attempts would only incense the Father and make him more angry, if

there were not united with these attempts an equal recognition of the Son with the Father; yea more, unless the belief in the Son was prominent and pre-eminent, more near and vital than the belief in the invisible God could be, if separated from Christ. And again we read, "That all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which hath sent him."

God, as to the nature of his being, is unknown and unknowable to man except through Christ. The heavens over our heads, indeed declare God's glory, but they declare nothing more, nothing further. The universe is packed full of the evidences of his existence, but they tell us nothing of what *kind* of a being he is, or what are his moral attributes. Even the Old Testament dispensation was imperfect in this respect. Christ told the Jews at one time, as they were boasting of their intercourse with God, that they had neither heard his voice or seen his shape at any time. We are also assured, and the statement justifies itself fully to our reason, that no man can see God and live.

The work of specially revealing God to men was emphatically and pre-eminently the work of Christ. There is hardly a moral attribute of God, now familiar to men, which is not thrown back upon him from the manifestation of it in Christ. We have taken the attributes of Christ which he personally manifested, have taken the revelations of God which Christ communicated unto men by his teachings, and transferred them to the Father; so that all, or nearly all, of our present knowledge of God has come to us through this source. Christ said to men, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." The heathen philosophers and sages of antiquity could demonstrate the *existence* of God, but they could tell nothing *what kind* of a being he was. That altar which Paul found at Athens tells the whole story; it bore the inscription, "To the Unknown God." The wise men of Athens knew and felt that there must be, and that there was such a being, but they could find out nothing more. Likewise, the knowledge which

the Jews possessed of God was very imperfect and very incomplete. And it has been only since the time of Christ that men could speak confidently and understandingly of the moral nature and attributes of God.

But Christ as the God-man is a being whom we can at least partially comprehend. He wears the semblance and exhibits in all points the very nature of man. We can attach some definite form and shape to him. We know what he did, and what he said. We have his teachings and his commandments. We know the manner of his life. He is a living, real, breathing personage to us. He is not human alone, not Divine alone, but Divine-human. We can reverence him and worship him, and we can approach him. He knows our frames, our joys and sorrows, our griefs and temptations. He is God, and therefore strong enough to deliver; he is man, and therefore approachable.

Now, it is just because God by the very infinitude of his being is so necessarily *removed* from man, and because Christ by his Divine-human personality can come so *near* to man, that makes just the difference between a belief in one and the other. The one belief is necessarily abstract, the other concrete; one is liable to be merely general and indefinite, the other must, if it is anything, be close, personal, and vital. Christ is too real, too near to us, to be believed on in a general, indefinite way. Every man is, and must be, either for or against him.

Hence, in every true and real conversion, the soul is brought by faith into new and distinct and conscious relations with Christ, as its Redeemer and Saviour. Before this gracious change, Christ is practically nothing to the soul; afterwards, he is all in all. Before, he stands simply as a historical personage whose life is found in the gospels, and who is said to have something to do with the matter of salvation, but just what the soul neither knows, definitely, or cares. Afterwards, Christ is both Lord and King, the Author of life and salvation, the end of the law, a personal Leader and Captain, a perfect Pattern and Model. By this gracious

change, the soul feels a new and distinct life within, which it is sure it derives directly from Christ, through the Holy Spirit. And the movings and workings of this new life, produces what is called Christian experience.

The importance of thoroughly recognizing and preserving this distinction in our thoughts cannot be overestimated. Not that there is any essential difference of nature between God and Christ, because in the deepest and truest sense, God is Christ and Christ is God. But in the economy of redemption, in the working of the plan of salvation, God has been pleased to reveal himself to man under a three-fold form, or as three persons, constituting the indissoluble and holy Trinity. And the *center* of this holy and sacred three, be it ever remembered by us, is Christ the Son.

Conversion does not change a man's essential relations with God the Father. He is as much a creature of God's power, and as dependent upon him before, as after belief; he is as much a subject and under the sway and dominion of God's government before, as after. The only change produced by conversion is in reference to the *attitude* which the soul occupies towards God, and God towards the soul. Before conversion, God is angry with us, and afterwards he is reconciled; and this is all the difference there is between men in their relations to God at different times. But more than this takes place at conversion with reference to Christ. Before believing, the soul knows little and cares less about Christ in any way. He is to such an one as a root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness, and possessing no beauty that it should desire him. Before believing, the soul feels under no obligations to Christ; it does not recognize him except in the slightest and most inconsequential manner. Before believing, conscience within does not naturally convict of sin as committed against Christ, but rather as against God, the lawgiver and ruler. Christ to an unbeliever is practically a superfluity in the universe; there is no special need of him, no special work for him to do. He figures conspicuously in the Bible, it is true, but nowhere else; and to such a soul the

Bible is a dead letter; therefore Christ is the same as a non-entity—simply a being on paper.

But how great the change produced in that soul who lovingly believes! Belief brings Christ at once into the foreground; he is the main actor, the chief personage. As God's anger is removed and his frown disappears and the law is satisfied, he seems to retire, and Christ comes to the throne. The Father crowns him, angels worship him, the soul receives, leans upon, adores, and loves him. Christ now becomes the soul's Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, King, and Leader. The soul enlists under his banner, and he becomes commander-in-chief. His will is law, his word final, his example the model for imitation. Or, changing the figure, the soul by faith is grafted into Christ, and henceforth feels Christ's life and love pouring into itself and constituting at once its strength and hope and joy. It only lives spiritually by connection with him, as the branch only lives when joined to the vine. Christ becomes the literal source of spiritual life to such a soul. As from Adam it drew natural life with depravity, so from Christ, the second Adam, and the new head of the race, it draws spiritual life with power to obey and love, and so to acquire, gradually, a real holiness of character. All this is included in coming into new and conscious relations with Christ, through a whole-hearted belief upon, and surrender to him.

We can now see that this distinct and new Christian consciousness, born of faith, constitutes the best and highest evidence of discipleship. This term, Christian consciousness, may be formidable to some, but it means simply *the mind knowing in itself*. We become conscious of an external object when we see it before us; we become conscious of an internal state *when we feel its power*. And by Christian consciousness we mean the mind's knowing with itself that it bears these new relations to Christ. The question is not, do we believe in the existence of God; we can't help believing it. The question is not, do we believe that Jesus of Nazareth lived in Palestine eighteen hundred years ago; we can't help

believing that, if we believe any history. But do we accept him as God manifest in the flesh, and have we unreservedly surrendered to him as *our personal Lord and Redeemer*, and are we daily following his example and obeying his words as the law and guide of our life? These questions will settle the matter of our belief at once. No one need be in doubt for a single moment. If Christ is to us all that has been stated, then we are Christ's indeed; if he is not, then he is saying to us, as he said to his disciples of old, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Not many years ago there arose a school of critics in Germany known by the name of Rationalists. Professing to discard all belief in the inspiration of the scriptures, and having constructed and laid down their own canons and rules of critical testing, they proceeded deliberately to demolish the Bible, as they thought, by picking flaws in its statements and exhibiting what they were pleased to term its contradictions and inconsistencies. Being possessed of some mental calibre, and occupying prominent positions in the world of letters, they had, and are still having, considerable influence over the minds of the timid and hesitating.

But after a while a good and great man arose by the name of Schliermacher, who said to these critics, You can't destroy Christ in this way, for the real heart and root of the matter is beyond your reach altogether. While you are quibbling about the Bible records, *the active Christian consciousness* of every believing soul goes on steadily increasing and developing, and is an evidence by itself which overcomes the weight of your objections faster than you can produce them. This Christian consciousness which Christians have, must be an evidence of Christian life, and Christian life must come from personal faith-union with Christ himself, and you can't account for its existence in any other way. And so, if you should sweep away the Scriptures entirely, which of course you cannot do, there remains within this Christian consciousness undisturbed and untouched, and which bears its own independent and powerful testimony to the truth of all which

you deny. Tennyson put the same thought in the following form:

> If e'er, when faith had fallen asleep,
> I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"
> And heard an ever-breaking shore
> That tumbled in the Godless deep;
> A warmth within the breast would melt
> The freezing reason's colder part,
> And like a man in wrath the heart
> Stood up and answered, "*I have felt.*"

Men saw the force of this reasoning, were reassured and strengthened, and Rationalism ever since has been comparatively harmless except to those who inwardly and strongly desire to embrace it.

How broad and well founded, therefore, the proposition announced at the outset of this chapter, viz: A belief in Christ, as God manifest in the flesh for the sake of the soul's personal redemption, is the real, and we may add, the only, distinctive Christian belief; and that unless the soul exercises this gospel faith in Christ, which includes acceptance of, and surrender to him, as its leader and Lord, it is not and cannot be converted in the true sense of that word.

But, on the contrary, if one has thus believed, to him applies the soothing and assuring words: "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." Though the heavens were removed, and the earth should fail, and all other supports give way, on Christ the everlasting rock, the soul can find a sure and safe foundation. To such an one,

> "Christ and his love will be his blessed all
> For evermore!
> Christ and his light will shine on all his ways
> For evermore!
> Christ and his peace will keep his troubled soul
> For evermore!"

CHAPTER IX.

Christian Love.

"I ask Thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching, wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes.
For a heart *at leisure from itself*
To soothe and sympathize.

In a service that thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart has learned the truth
That makes thy children free—
That a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty."

"I love thee, O my God, but not
For what I hope thereby,
Nor yet because who love thee not
Must die eternally.
Not with the hope of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But fully, freely, as thyself
Hast loved me, O Lord."

AT the outset of this chapter, we must distinguish sharply between love as exhibited in the Bible, and all other forms of its manifestation. Commencing at the bottom of the scale, the lowest form of love is simply animal passion, commonly called sensuality. Closely akin to this in nature, is the love of food and drink and dress. One step higher, comes the love of that which contributes to mental pleasure and profit, such as love of books, scenery, intellectual association, etc. Still higher, comes the love of parents for

children, the love of home and family, and natural brotherly love. Still higher yet, because purer and less selfish, is the love of country, or patriotism. And highest of all, is the love of God or Christian love.

All the lower forms of love mentioned are merely transient passions or feelings, now strong, then absent altogether. The next grade is very largely the result of mental habits and acquisitions; something that can and ought to be cultivated by all. The next higher, parental love, is an unselfish instinct, not the result of cultivation wholly, but partly native, and common to animals as well as human beings. Pure patriotism, or love of liberty and law and right, as such, not simply for self but for all, high and low, rich and poor, is probably the highest and purest natural affection of which fallen human nature is capable; because it is farthest removed from mere animal desire and takes hold of the deepest and noblest qualities of the soul.

But Christian love is *supernatural in its origin.* It is begotten in the soul by the Holy Spirit, and is one of his fruits. No man can know or feel Christian love unless his soul is open to receive heavenly communications, unless he is in immediate contact of spirit with God. For John says specifically and pointedly, "Love is of God, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

It follows, therefore, that if Christian love comes from God, it must be godlike in character and characteristics. There will always be certain marks by which it can be known. What are some of these? First, Christian love, like God, will be no respecter of persons, as such; will not be affected by any earthly and factitious distinctions, such as eminence of birth, the possession of wealth, power, beauty, fame, etc.; but on the contrary will regard highly those excellences of character which are of great value in themselves and in the sight of God, such as faith, humility, benevolence, Christian zeal—in a word, spirituality. Love of persons, as such, is simply a natural love, and not at all Christian or divine in its nature. Love of persons may be proper and may be sinful—

that depends entirely upon circumstances; but this and Christian love are never to be confounded, for they are just as distinct and separate in character as is the natural man and the spiritual man. One is earthly, the other heavenly. One takes note of the outside and external, the other of the internal and spiritual.

This natural love and a spiritual love, however, may coalesce, may exist together in the same mind and heart and at the same time and place, but still their existing together does not make them one and the same. It is common for all to love persons, as such; to love them for what they can do for us, or for what they *have* done for us; love them for their beauty and excellency, for their natural traits of character or disposition. There may be and often is a sort of flavor or relish about a person's conduct and appearance and words that suits our taste exactly, and we love such persons in spite of ourselves. And on the other hand, there are those whose presence is distasteful and repugnant to our feelings. But there is nothing Christian about all this, unless deeper than form or feature or words or looks, we discern the lineaments of a soul for which Christ died, and which is to live forever in happiness or misery.

True Christian love exists in its purest form, perhaps, when in exercise towards those who may be personally repulsive to us. Just as Christ when on earth mingled more freely with the despised outcasts, than with the chief priests and scribes, and walked and talked more with those whose characters stood at the farthest remove from his own, than with the outwardly high and moral, just so Christian love seeks especially to do good to those who are personally degraded, or unlovely and uncongenial. True Christian love will be just as strongly moved to labor with those whose personal presence is anything but pleasant or agreeable, as with the cultured and favored ones. It will visit homes where to remain over night would be the greatest cross imaginable. It will not shun hovel or mansion, palace or cottage. In short, it will lead one to do just as Christ the Master did; not be affected or

governed by person or position, but always having high regard for character, moral worth, and earnest need and want. Its objective point will always be the soul's spiritual condition rather than the bodily advantage or earthly, physical life of humanity.

This personal element in Christian love has been the cause of very much mischief both in Christian life and church life. The church is viewed by a large portion of its supporters as simply a social institution; a place where one can go on the Sabbath and have their religious sensibilities moved upon a trifle, where they can nod and bow to those whom they wish to recognize and pass the rest by, and where they can form themselves into little clans or cliques for mutual admiration and attentions. The idea of working for the good of souls as Christ worked, hardly enters their thoughts; and if it does, it comes as an unwelcome guest, and is not entertained. It may, or may not do harm for Christians to love each other as persons, provided this personal affection or dislike does not break up the exercise of the divine, spiritual love which lies underneath. But when personal considerations alone govern Christian or church life, the results are disastrous and lamentable in the extreme. One reason why many churches are not more homogeneous and united as solid, compact, working bodies, is because there is so little Christian love in them, and so much strong personal regard and dislike. As spirituality declines, so Christian love declines, for no one can dwell in love without first dwelling in God, and God in him; hence the way to regain a love for souls, as such, without regard to person, is first to love Christ and his cause and truth more deeply and warmly, and this union with Christ will inevitably bring about a union with one another.

Again, Christian love is *pure*, or in other words, first pure, then peaceable, and full of all good fruits. It is pure as opposed to selfish. It has often been asserted that Christian or divine love was more analogous to a mother's love than to any other known symbol; but when we come to examine the comparison closely, it utterly fails. Parental love is nothing

more than an instinct, primarily, although it often develops into something higher; and an instinct, moreover, that is common to animals as well as human beings. The bear will fight for her cubs and protect them and care for them to an extent that often surpasses any human affection. She will even die for their sakes more readily than many human parents. We all know of persons in whom this instinct is sadly deficient, and who do not seemingly care for their offspring half as tenderly as do the lower orders of life beneath them. Therefore we say there is nothing inherently divine or supernatural in parental love. It can be called an unselfish instinct only because all instincts dominate over reason, and act spontaneously. Every mother's love, when disconnected from the higher influences with which it often unites, has in it a very large amount of personal pride and selfishness, and is therefore not a type of true, Christian love; for besides being wholly personal in character, it is always born of the flesh and not of the spirit.

This however is not saying that a mother's love *cannot be made* a type of Christian love, for it often rises into that, and then it displays a strong, almost heavenly character which has made it the theme of song in all ages. But parental love, divested of its personal element, ceases to be merely parental love, but passes over into Christian love, and takes on a higher and supernatural character. It is now parental love exalted, or rather sublimated into spiritual and Christian love; and in this form it might be a true symbol of the fruit of the Holy Spirit in the soul, but not in its natural state. The nearest approach to true Christian love in the natural realm of life, would be seen in pure patriotism, or love of country and love of right and justice and truth, wholly irrespective of personal or selfish considerations. This patriotism, like Christian love, is love of man, as such, without regard to distinctions of birth, or color, or external condition; it is love of right and liberty regulated by law; it is love of truth and justice; it is a love of human welfare and human prosperity; of all that contributes to the genuine advancement of the individual in the scale

of being. But here the comparison ends; for patriotism does not aim to affect the souls and spiritual welfare of men only through their civil and social relations; but Christian love, while taking in all this, is principally concerned with the welfare of the soul when this brief life is over. It considers the spiritual side of man's being as first and foremost in importance, and aims as did Christ while on earth, to bring that out, and lead it forward in holiness and purity.

True Christian love then, cannot be selfish in character, it does not work merely for reward, it does not think about reflex influences and personal returns. For the moment these ideas predominate, it ceases to be Christian love. As Christ said, "If ye love those that love you, what thank have ye? Do not even the Publicans the same? If ye do good to friends only, what do ye more than others?" True Christian love leads one to imitate God who sendeth his rain upon the just and the unjust, expecting no return; in the words of Paul, "it suffereth long and is kind; it envieth not; it vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up; it seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; hopeth all things and endureth all things," that God may be honored and souls benefited and saved.

But as Christian love is supernatural in its origin, and derives both its name and characteristics from Christ, so the best delineation of it which can be given is an enumeration of the characteristics of the love which Christ exhibited. This love of Christ was, first of all, a *tender, patient love.* Its tenderness and patience were displayed perhaps most conspicuously in his continuous treatment of the chosen twelve. Christ had many difficulties to contend with, but none greater than his own disciples. How he bore with their faults and errors, their weaknesses and shortcomings! How kindly and tenderly he nursed their weak faith. How gently he corrected their mistakes, being always careful not to break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax of genuine piety, and never refusing to instruct them over and over again on the same points.

Look for example at the disciples in a boat crossing the sea of Galilee in a storm. Notwithstanding they had seen so many displays of Christ's power before, had seen him cure the sick, raise the dead, feed the multitude miraculously, yet now when the wind blew a little too strongly, and the waves rolled uncomfortably, and they were getting wet, and there was more water in the bottom of the boat than there ought to be, and affairs looked threatening generally, they go to him in mingled alarm and terror, almost rebuke him with words of remonstrance and ask him to save them. Notice his reply. He readily complied with their wishes, rebuked the sea and the winds, instead of the disciples who deserved it, and then turned around to them and simply said with plaintive accent, "Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?"—and dropped the subject.

Take the case of doubting Thomas who refused to believe in the reality of Christ's resurrection until he could demonstrate the fact by the touch of his hands. The proofs of the resurrection were ample, and they all appeared to be convinced, but Thomas remained incredulous. Mere human love would have felt hurt at such an exhibition of unbelief, and would doubtless have said, "Well, if he wishes to be so obstinate, let him become convinced as best he may," and then left him. But Christ did not so. He saw that here was a soul in real difficulty; for the incredulity of Thomas was not a matter of obstinacy—if it had been, Christ might have left him—but rather of temperament and disposition. Thomas was slow in his mental processes, lacking the natural gift of faith; he was a man who came to his conclusions laboriously, and then held them firmly and tenaciously. And Christ knew that to leave Thomas as he was, with his turn of mind, was perhaps to throw him off forever; and so he appeared to Thomas when in company with the rest of the disciples, and accommodated himself to his mental and spiritual demands in the presence of them all. It was an amazing act of tender, patient love on the part of Christ; and see what wonders it wrought in that disciple's views and feelings. It brought out that noble con-

fession of divinity, the strongest but one in the whole gospel history, "My Lord and my God," and also fastened the soul of that disciple to the ways of truth forever. Looked at in one light, the demand of Thomas was unreasonable, but Christ saw it was the great turning-point of his spiritual history, and so his tender, patient love let itself down to the required examination.

But the greatest exhibition of tenderness and patience in Christ's love was seen on the Cross. In those last hours of Christ's life you see his character intensified and concentrated. What appears as good in his ordinary life is brought out in far clearer light by the scenes of the Crucifixion. As Christ hung there nailed to the wood, he was suffering intensely, unjustly, and innocently; and if there is anything that will make the human spirit irritable, it is to suffer unjustly. Yet, looking down upon his cruel and stony-hearted executioners, instead of upbraiding them, he tenderly prays for them, saying, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Then, looking round again he sees his mother and John standing there, and although his mother had frequently tried to hinder him in his work; had betrayed a spirit of non-appreciation, not to say hostility, with regard to his public course and life, yet mark how tenderly and patiently he loves her still! Instead of leaving her to her fate, he says to John, "Son, behold thy mother," and to her, "Woman," which was a title of respect, "behold thy son." And from that hour John took her unto his own home.

This love of Christ was also an *impartial* love. In his spiritual ministrations, Christ recognized no class distinctions. Although he knew they existed all around him, yet he expressly said that in religious life there was neither Jew nor Greek, male nor female, bond nor free. And accordingly we find Christ now in the house of the rich Pharisee, and again with the poor and outcast by the wayside. If he paid attention to any one class more than another, it was the despised and oppressed. It was thrown at him as a taunt that he was a friend of Publicans and sinners and kept their company.

And it was true; not that their company was preferable to that of others, but he came to seek and save those who were lost, and in the fulfillment of that mission he passed by none.

On one occasion a certain wealthy Pharisee invited him to dine at his house, and Christ went in and sat down to meat. While there, a woman of the street came in, stole softly up to his couch, and began to break upon his feet an alabaster box of ointment and to wipe them with her hair. Christ spurned her not, neither encouraged her, but continued his meal. Looking across the table, he perceived a fierce conflict going on in his host's mind. Says Simon to himself, "What kind of a man is this, who will allow such a woman to stand there and anoint him? If he was a prophet, as he claims, he would read her character and send her away." Now here was a critical case, requiring wise and impartial treatment. Simon's prejudices were to be rebuked and answered, the penitent soul at his feet must be saved, and still no approval of her sin must be given. Not appearing to heed Simon's indignation and abhorrence, Christ opens the case, by saying: "Simon, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee." He replied, "Master, say on." "A certain creditor had two debtors; one owed him 500 pence, the other 50. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Which, think you, will love him most?" Oh how evenly and impartially the scales have been held here! 500 and 50; Simon and the woman both debtors, but with this difference in character. Then he went on: "Seest thou this woman? I entered thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet, no kiss, but this woman hath not ceased to kiss my feet and to wash them with her tears. Therefore her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."

Moreover, this love of Christ was a *strong and enduring* love. It never faltered or failed. It carried him through one painful experience after another, it carried him on to the painful close of his life. Human love, even when existing in purity is soon exhausted; vigorous when in prosperity, feeble in adversity. It is so easily turned aside from its object, so

weak, unstable, fickle! But in Christ no fires of persecution could consume, no waters of sorrow drown his love. "Having loved his own, he loved them *unto the end.*" Notwithstanding at his trial his disciples all forsook him and fled, yet he met them after his resurrection just as affectionately as ever. Their bad conduct seemed to make no impression upon his spirit, or feelings.

And in that terrific Gethsemane experience, when the love of his heart and the greatness of the curse he must bear were contending for the mastery, his love was strong enough to endure the strain, and come out victorious. Who but Christ could have looked such a horrible death full in the face, and still have pressed on toward the cross? Such love, indeed, is as "high as heaven, broad as the earth, and deep as the sea."

But best of all, this love of Christ was pre-eminently a *self-sacrificing love.* Perhaps this was its most distinguishing trait. *We* love for the sake of being loved again; and unless the return love is prompt and satisfactory, our love soon ceases, or is very liable to grow cold. It is thus pre-eminently a selfish affection; but Christ's love was self-sacrificing all the way through. It *originated* in self-sacrifice.

No one in this world can ever realize what a sacrifice it was for Christ to leave heaven and come to earth at all. What a difference in the two places! What a difference in society and surroundings, difference in enjoyment and employment, difference in treatment and usage. What a stoop from the Infinite to the Finite; from the companionship of God to the companionship of guilty, hardened, persecuting sinners! Take a person of rare, delicate, refined susceptibilities, brought up in affluence, screened from contact with evil, and transfer him from that home of plenty and peace and honor, and compel him to become a homeless, penniless wanderer among those who not only did not understand or appreciate his worth, but who constantly hunted for his life, and you have only a faint analogy of the sacrifice of Christ in coming from the court of Heaven into that manger at Bethlehem—a very faint analogy, indeed. But yet his

love was equal to the descent, equal to the transfer, equal to the humiliation. But what an amazing act of condescension, what a stoop unparalleled when the Prince of Glory left his throne and allied himself with his guilty subjects!

Again, look at the poverty-stricken experiences of his boyhood and manhood; see what a contrast between being in heaven and working at a carpenter's bench on earth. And then, worst of all, to have no real companionship or sympathy while doing this work. As far as his earthly relations went, Christ lived a solitary, lonesome, home-sick life. No one understood him, no one entered fully into his spirit and plans. He walked the earth essentially and really alone. All the intercourse which strengthened or sustained him was carried on with his home above. Between him and every human being there was a natural and moral gulf which could not be bridged. He was sinless, all others were sinful; and this in itself separated him forever from all earthly companionship or equality. He could not be on a level with others, nor could others with him; for while they were of the earth wholly, he came from above. And so not only his birth, but his whole life was *one continued act* of self-sacrificing love. And how strong that love must have been, to have kept him up through it all!

But the greatest is not yet told. If his birth and life were acts of self-sacrificing love, what shall be said of his trial and crucifixion? It were humiliation enough if he had died easy and peaceful, surrounded by loving and loyal hearts; but to be insulted, jeered at, mocked, falsely accused, tortured, spiked to the cross like a brute, treated as a vile malefactor, oh, this was cruel to the last degree. And yet that love of his never gave way! It carried him through not only his outward sufferings, but through the darkest valley of all, viz.: the hiding of his Father's face. This last was all the comfort he had enjoyed from the beginning; on this he had leaned all the way through; and now to have this last solace removed, it is no wonder that he bowed his head, and gave up his spirit in wild and utter dismay. Medical men say that Christ died

literally of a broken heart; that his grief was such as to force blood and water into the heart in such quantities as to cause a literal rupture, and so to produce death instantly.

Lastly, this love of Christ was a *burning, indignant* love. Burning in the sense of consuming and destroying; indignant in the sense of avenging. This God who so loves us is not imbecile, or weak, or foolish, but rather a perfect being, and as such is capable of wrath and anger. The connection between love and hate is more intimate than many realize. One writer hath said that hate is only love turned over, as though love and hate formed the two sides of one and the same affection. And without doubt this is substantially true. All those books which profess to give the workings of a human heart that has been abused and betrayed, have a basis of terrible fact lying underneath them. Nothing can exceed the fierceness of that avenging spirit which is roused up in strong, tender, loving natures when suffering wrongfully. Take two hearts that have loved strongly and purely, and let that love be turned to hate by any wrong, wicked act, and how awfully bitter that hate becomes! There is nothing on earth which can be more cruel.

Now it follows that if love and hate are so closely connected, psychologically, the stronger the love, the more terrible the anger. And so it comes about that the most dreadful malidictions, the hardest and harshest words of denunciation, the most fearful curses that ever fell from human lips, came from this gentle, tender, patient, suffering, loving Christ. Read his words to those false-hearted moralists, the Pharisees; see him when he drove the buyers and sellers from the holy temple; hear him upbraid the cities which repented not at his coming; mark his words to Judas who betrayed him; and from all these examples learn that he who loves as no one ever loved before, can also have enkindled within him a fire of wrath that will burn to the lowest hell.

Now Christ asks of those who would be his followers not a love that equals his, but that which resembles it; not love of the same strength, but of the same kind. A pearl of dew

will not hold the sun, but it can hold a spark of its light. A child by the sea trying to catch the crystal spray, cannot hold the ocean in its tiny shell, but he can hold a drop of the ocean water. So with true Christian love as compared with Christ's love. It must be a genuine drop from His infinite sea.

CHAPTER X.

The Holy Spirit.

"Holy Ghost dispel our blindness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great Distributor of grace!

Manifest thy love forever;
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our Reliever,
Guard and teach, support and guide.
Let thy kind, effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways;
Show thyself our new Creator,
And conform us to thy nature."

WHO and what is the Holy Spirit, and what are his offices in the Church and in the world, are questions second in importance to none that can be viewed by a Christian mind. Christ said at one time that unless he should go away, (that is go back to the right hand of God above) the Spirit would not descend upon his people, and consequently the work in them and through them which the Spirit has since performed, would never have been accomplished.

There will always be more or less of mystery connected with these utterances of our Lord. Why the Holy Spirit could not operate when Christ was personally on earth, and why he did not operate more powerfully during the three years of Christ's personal ministry, are matters that can never be fully understood by us, until we understand all the relations

which exist between the three persons that compose the Triune Deity. The simple scriptural facts are, that the Spirit did *not* operate as powerfully as afterward until Christ went away and sent him down; and that, after he was sent, the work accomplished by him exceeded all that had been done before.

How many disciples Christ himself made when on earth we have no means of definitely ascertaining. Great multitudes followed him, and were healed by him and fed by him, and a great many believed on him in different parts of the country, but how many were spiritually regenerated, as they have been since the advent of the Spirit, we cannot say. Christ's life and ministry on earth were not a failure by any means, neither did they accomplish all that we would naturally think ought to have been accomplished, considering who the teacher and preacher was that labored.

Three things, without doubt, combined to make this difference. Christ had not yet died for our sins, according to the Scriptures. He had not yet risen again for our justification, and ascended up on high as our Intercessor and Advocate. The Holy Spirit had not yet taken his *full place* in the scheme of redemption. But at Pentecost, the sacrifice had been offered, and the resurrection and ascension were facts testified to by friends and enemies; then last of all the keystone of the spiritual arch, that which completed and held together and made effective all that had been done before, was dropped into its place, when "there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, filling the house where the disciples (120 in number) were gathered, and appearing as cloven tongues of fire, sitting upon each of them, and causing them all to be filled with the Holy Ghost, and to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

And as far as the Scriptures represent, had not this last work been performed, the arch would not have been complete, neither could it have stood firm. The scheme of redemption would have been defective, and the gospel shorn of its sin-subduing and heart-conquering power. The Church would not have been born as a propagating agency, and the millions

who have believed would never have enjoyed, as they have since, the blessings of spiritual power. Glorious day for man when the communication between heaven and earth was fully established; when an invisible cable-wire extended from every believing heart straight up to the eternal throne, on which messages could be despatched both ways, and by which God's light and love and power and blessing could be received and felt in human hearts and homes. A day hardly inferior to that in which the babe of Bethlehem was born, or that in which the heavens were shrouded in blackness, or that in which the great stone was rolled away from Christ's tomb.

The word *Comforter* in the Bible is not an adequate representation of the original term. In fact, there is no one English word that does represent it fully. It is found only five times in the New Testament; four times in two chapters of John's gospel which were spoken by Christ at one time just before his arrest, and once in the 1st letter of John (2: 2,) where it is translated *Advocate* and applied to Christ himself. "If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." *Paracletos* signifies primarily a helper, an assistant, a representative, as well as a comforter and an advocate, thus showing how many are the offices which the Holy Spirit performs in the work of salvation and sanctification, and how full of power and blessing he can be made to man's soul. It is significant also that Christ chose this word at a time when he wished to instruct his disciples fully concerning their future life and work, and also to take their minds off from himself and transfer them to this *other helper* which he was about to send them.

While reference is made to the Holy Spirit and his work some 300 times in the New Testament, yet he is called the Paraclete only five times. Why is this? We reply, it is to set forth the relation of the Holy Spirit to the triune Godhead, and also set forth the very important relation which he was henceforth to sustain to Christians and the world. Said Christ in the 14th chapter of John, "If ye love me, keep my commandments, and I will pray the Father and he shall give

you another comforter (or helper) that he may abide with you forever." Notice here that Christ places the Holy Spirit on a level with himself, thus making him God. *Another* comforter, another helper, another representative, like myself. And he shall be to you more than I have been. Therefore, "it is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away, he cannot come." This person whom Christ was to send, was to come from the Father, even as he had come, thus indicating equality of origin and equality in nature and power. As he had been God on earth, so henceforth the Holy Spirit was to be God in the human heart; only he himself had been visible, but the Spirit should be invisible. This other representative of God should in one sense take his place on earth, while he himself went back to the right hand of the throne to act as Mediator and Intercessor.

And thus the matter stands to-day and evermore. In the absolute and impenetrable depths of his own infinitude, dwelling in light that no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen or can see and live, is God the Father, the Self-existent, the Eternal, the Changeless One. At his right hand, standing between the throne and the earth is God the Son, our Saviour and Mediator. But both of these are in heaven and away from us. We can pray unto them, but we cannot come near them. Have we, then, no God on earth? Are we bereft of the divine presence and power entirely? Ah, no; Christ made provision for this need when he sent into the world after his departure this *other* representative of God, the Holy Spirit, that he might abide with us forever. "Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him;" but Christians know him because they have been born again by his power, and he dwelleth with them, and is in them.

But we must indicate a few of the Spirit's special offices. When he comes to a soul he finds it spiritually insensible, paralyzed, blind. The Scriptures use concerning it the phraseology, "dead in trespasses and in sins," thus making it without spiritual life or motion; physically and intellectually and emotionally active, but destitute of spiritual life and power.

The soul can hear about the gospel, but cannot spiritually understand it, and has no desire to accept it. Sometimes the soul knows what it ought to do, but like a man paralyzed it cannot do what it wants to. As Paul says, "To will is present with me, *i. e.* I have power to will, my will operates freely, but how to perform, I find not," *i. e.* I cannot carry it out; I cannot do what I know I ought to do, and what I sometimes wish to do.

The Holy Spirit first accompanies some word of truth to the insensible mind. New views of self, of life, and of God now begin to crowd the mind and to produce deep agitation. Instead of being insensible, the soul begins to be awakened, begins to see and feel and desire. The Spirit continues to press all these new considerations upon it until its past sins loom up like overhanging mountains and threaten to crush it forever. It then begins to be in agony and cries out to God for mercy, and for the first time is led to pray.

Then having shown the soul its own lost state and led it to realize its sinful thralldom, the Spirit next turns the soul's attention to the remedy, and begins to take of the things of Christ and show them to the soul. This at first only aggravates the distress, because it adds a new accusing thought, viz: the thought of rejecting so long the means of salvation which God has provided. Finally, the Holy Spirit begins to give the soul power to believe, and it then surrenders itself entirely to him who says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life, and he that believeth on me, though he were dead yet shall he live." The soul now passes from a state of condemnation to one of justification, from insensibility to life, from blindness to sight, from paralysis to vigor.

Up to this point the Holy Spirit has applied the word of truth and set in motion a course of religious thought and reflection and meditation. Before the Spirit operated, the soul was careless, indifferent, proud, and self-complacent. It rejected as an insult what the Scriptures said concerning its essential and natural depravity. But the Spirit continues to use his sword, which is the Word of God, so vigorously that by and by the heart is all cut to pieces and broken up by

sharp strokes and rapid blows, and is glad to avail itself of any method of escape. Then the Spirit applies the blood of cleansing. This expression of course is figurative but very truthful, nevertheless. The real work is to get the soul to surrender itself to Christ, utterly and entirely, and then make it feel that Christ has received and pardoned it, and that henceforth Christ's merit is imputed to it. And then follows peace and pardon and joy, expressed in song and praise and prayer.

The Christian life has now commenced in the soul, but the Spirit's work is not yet done. Now, he is to enable the soul to grow in grace and in knowledge, to help it resist temptation and overcome sin, within and without; to help it pray the effectual fervent prayer that availeth much before God; to enable it to understand the Scriptures and feed upon them, and also enable it to work effectively and faithfully for the salvation of others.. All the work of sanctification is the Spirit's work. All the Christian graces are his fruits within.

In trying to state what the Spirit does for souls spiritually, the difficulty is rather to find what he does not do. The work of conviction is his, of enlightenment, of subduing, of believing, of understanding, of enabling the soul to pray and preach and exhort, of resisting evil, and growing in holiness. Says Dr. Jenkyn: "As the same shower blesses various lands in different degrees according to their respective susceptibilities, making the grass to spring up on the mead, the grain to vegetate in the field, the shrub to grow on the plain, and the flower to blossom in the garden; so the influences of the Holy Spirit, descending on the moral soil, produce convictions in the guilty, illumination in the ignorant, holiness in the defiled, strength in the feeble, and comfort in the distressed. As the Spirit of holiness he imparts a pure love; as the Spirit of glory he throws a radiance over the character; as the Spirit of life he revives religion; as the Spirit of truth he gives transparency to the understanding; as the Spirit of prayer he melts the soul into devotion; and as the Spirit of power he covers the face of the earth with works of faith and labors of love."

CHAPTER XI.

Prayer.

"Prayer was not meant for luxury,
Or selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's plea
At his Creator's feet.

True prayer doth humbly set the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly
It hangs, O Lord, on thee."

"Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of faith upborne,
The world I leave.

For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know."

THE famous Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans, said of prayer that it was "the rope in the belfry: we pull it, and it rings the bell up in heaven." Mary, Queen of Scotland, used to say: "I fear the prayers of John Knox more than an army of ten thousand men." With both of these characters, so opposite in themselves, prayer was real. And so it is, or must be, to all who would be Christians. It is a fact that God has condescended to put himself in real relations with men, so that their approaches unto him could be approaches unto a real, living being who knew what they said and was abundantly able to respond. This conception of reality is essential to the very existence of prayer. Before we can be said to pray at all we must believe and realize *thoroughly* that

God is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. Nothing is more vital, important, or absolutely indispensable than this. It is the secret of all effectiveness, as it is the source of all differences in prayer. One prayer is more powerful than another, simply because one suppliant is more real and true and sincere and believing than another. The mere form of words has nothing to do with prayer, but the underlying spirit is everything. And hence the Scriptures insist so strongly upon *faith* as an indispensable pre-requisite of prayer, because faith *makes God real to the soul.* It brings him before it as a ruling, reigning King and Creator and Father, and makes an approach unto him a real, vital act.

But prayer in itself is not only real, it is also *reasonable and entirely consistent.* It is the aim of much of heathen and modern philosophy, as well as the special teaching of the current scientific theorizing of our time, to convince the mind that prayer is an impertinence; that it is absurd to suppose that it can possibly do any good, or cause anything to be changed in the divine mind or in the divine method of working in the world. These would-be wise men very gravely affect to look down with a smile of pity and contempt upon what they are pleased to term the weakness and fanaticism of those souls, which, in undoubted sincerity of belief, look up to God in prayer and expect their prayers to be efficacious. And they assert as the reason for their views and feelings, the impossibility of ignoring, superseding or contravening established natural law.

There are two ways of meeting this objection; by a faith-argument and by logic. These objectors *assert* one thing and the Scriptures assert another, entirely contrary; so the whole matter is really a question of authority. Which knows the most and is the best entitled to credence, the Bible or modern science? Which carries with it the most weight of age and experience, of application and truth, of reverence and of power? Before the flippant assertions of these skeptics can supersede the declarations of the Bible, science and philosophy must first dislodge the Bible from the impregnably-fortified posi

tion it holds in human history and in human thought. And while they are busy at that, the world can keep on praying without much alarm as to the result. For if this position could have been carried, it would have been, long before now. Satan and all his forces on earth have endeavored through thousands of years to storm it, flank it, surround it, and undermine it, but there the Bible stands as it ever has stood, deep-rooted and eternal as the everlasting hills, serene and undisturbed as the face of the heavens.

The *logical* argument is as follows: No one will deny that God is an unchangeable being, knowing neither variableness nor the shadow of turning; no one will question the existence of established laws in the physical and moral worlds; but these two facts do not throw out the reasonableness of prayer, because prayer is not something that has sprung up *since* the laws were established, and which was not recognized in the divine thought at the time, but rather when these laws were first ordained and established, they were arranged with direct reference to the answering of prayer. In other words, in the original system of law, direct and special provision was made for prayer; a place, so to speak, was left for it and has been filled by it, from the days of Seth before the flood, down to the present time.

To deny this arrangement of law, is to deny God's omniscience and perfection of character; for it represents him as a being who did not think about prayer when he established the laws of the universe and so left that out by mistake; and it represents him as requiring prayer of men, when he knows all the while it never can be answered! Away with such shallow nonsense! Those who believe such a doctrine, ought to be very cautious and modest in calling any one else weak and fanatical.

The unchangeableness of the divine character, therefore, so far from being any obstacle to prayer, is rather its sure and certain guaranty. Prayer is sure to be answered when offered in accordance with the divine will, simply because God *is* unchangeable, and never fails to fulfill his word. If he were

fickle, the answers would of course be uncertain, but as he is immutable, the answers are sure. Neither is the existence of established law any obstacle to prayer, but rather, like the character of God, a pledge and surety of its success. For as God in the exercise of his wise omniscience and foreknowledge, seeing clearly the end from the beginning, made arrangements for the answering of prayer through all time, and incorporated those arrangements into the immutable system of law, it follows, that so long as any laws are in force, so long will prayer be answered when offered aright. Nay more; instead of prayer being an outside, disturbing force in this system of law, it is an integral part of the system—a link in the chain—and is even necessary to the very existence and working of the system as a whole; and instead of prayer being a superfluity in the universe, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the universe, under prevailing forces, could exist long without it.

Let no souls think, then, or feel, when they pray, that they are doing aught unreasonable or inconsistent in itself with any known perfection of God's character, or with any system of law which he has established in the realm of matter or of mind. For there is no act of a man's life more reasonable, or more in accordance with the dictates of his highest intelligence, as certainly there is none more in accordance with God's will and pleasure, or more thoroughly consonant with the established method of the divine government in the world, than is this act of prayer. Indeed, that is a rare and truly beatific moment for the soul when, closing its eyes to all outward impressions, it lays itself open to the divine inspection and pours out its desires and confessions and thanksgivings into the divine ear. Then, and then alone, does the human spirit attain unto its highest and truest possibility of exalted intercourse with a superior intelligence.

But what *good* does prayer do? What good has it done? Says Dr. Ryland: "Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshaled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of

the moon, arrested the sun in its rapid race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered devils, and commanded legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer has bridled and chained the raging passions of men, and routed and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven."

But all this is historic; what good does prayer do in individual lives, and in the practical working of events? We answer: prayer *helps God do his work in the world.* It does this in two ways. First by bringing the suppliant into that moral condition in which alone it is possible for God to bless him. This is called the *reflex* benefit of prayer. God cannot bless any soul while rolling in sinful indulgence, or while stoutly maintaining its attitude of defiant hostility. There must be repentance, submission, and a humble, loving return of the soul to God before blessings can descend upon it *from* him. And there is no exercise in the world so adapted to bring about this receptive state in the soul, as prostration in prayer. When men are on their knees begging for blessings, they place themselves, as it were, by that act, under the spreading branches of God's great tree of life, and all he has to do to answer such petitions is to shake the branches a little, and down comes the golden, life-giving fruit into needy and anxious hearts!

The parable of the prodigal son teaches that all that can be done for the soul while remaining in the far-off land of alienation and wandering, is to send the Spirit to work upon the conscience and if possible induce a return; as the Father did not set out to meet his son, until the son had first started to go back to his father, and even then the fatted calf was not killed until the return-journey was entirely completed, and the son was safe in his Father's house. A great many seem to think that God's plan of salvation is so accommodating in its nature that it goes through the world bending and curving this way and that, to suit individual peculiarities and notions; rather is it like an iron railway track, straight-forward and un-

bending, and all who would avail themselves of its blessings and privileges, must come where it is and fall in with its appointments; else the opportunity of salvation will sweep by and leave them behind. But prayer *takes us into the line* of God's movements and appointments. Sin in the soul acts like paralysis; it prevents the soul from moving toward God, and prevents God from moving toward the soul; as there ever is, and ever must be, an eternal and unquenchable hostility between sin and God. Therefore, one way by which prayer helps God carry on his work in the world is by so putting men into that condition of moral affinity and sympathy with him, through submission to his word and will, that he can fulfill his promises to them, and thus increase the effectiveness of his witnesses and workers in the world.

A second way in which the same result is brought about is by providing God, so to speak, with a channel of communication to other hearts. This can be called the *intercessory* benefit of prayer, and it is as real and great and important as the other. It is expressed in the couplet,

> "Prayer is appointed *to convey*,
> The blessings God designs to give."

What the Croton Aqueduct is to New York city, furnishing a channel through which water is conveyed from a distant lake to thousands of needy homes, that to the world is prayer. Shall we understand, then, that blessings have been bestowed upon men and upon the world which would not have been given had there been no prayer? We answer, such is the most emphatic teaching of the Scriptures throughout. The passages and instances are too numerous for citation; they are found on almost every page of both Testaments. Not that prayer ever *made* God do anything against his will, or against the principles of his government, but it has furnished both the occasion and the means of unnumbered mercies to men.

God blesses in answer to prayer, because it is his nature and will to do so; because such is a part of the eternal plan and arrangement established in the beginning, and because there seems to be an inherent necessity that divine favors should come to men through human media in order to be effective.

The spiritual current from God, which is the grand source and agent of heavenly blessings, is like electricity in the air; it demands a conducting medium, a wire on which to run, a channel through which to flow. And as, if you should take down all the wires in the land you would stop instantly all telegraphic communication, or if you should only remove a piece no longer than a finger's breadth, you would cause a fatal interruption of effectiveness until the breach was repaired, so if you should stop all the prayers in the land, you would instantly stop all spiritual communication between God and human souls. Not that this cessation would change God or his plan and method of working at all, but it would destroy the *conditions* of effectiveness and availability. And how abundantly and mournfully these facts have been illustrated in the history of religion on earth! How many thousands have grown cold and so become destitute of all spiritual communications and influences from God, because they ceased praying and thus cut the wire running from earth to heaven. How many churches have almost died out spiritually from the same cause. How many revivals have been nipped in the bud, or have been stopped even while in progress, because the workers ceased to pray in faith and work with heart and zeal. How many ministers' labors have been thwarted and rendered inoperative from the same fatal cause!

There is hardly any doctrine of scripture about which the world is so practically skeptical as about this one of the efficacy of prayer. Multitudes admit it in theory that fail to believe it in practice. Nor is there any doctrine concerning which it is easier to go astray than this; or easier to run to extremes either one way or the other. There should be a great deal of thought and attention paid to the proper understanding of this subject, as it is so vital to the interests of souls, and to the church of Jesus Christ in the world. Of course only those prayers are efficacious that are offered from right motives, and with a supreme deference to God's will; offered for things in themselves calculated to bless and benefit, rather than simply gratify; offered in faith and earnestness. But with these

limitations, which are unavoidable on account of the vast superiority of God to men, and the infinite excellence of his wisdom and knowledge, there is an open and unobstructed field, and an urgent command given to go in and occupy it.

And God is as much interested in our prayers, as we ourselves are, or can be. For the more true prayer there is in the world, the more he can bless, and the more will the world be brought into a right moral state before him. The more prayer there is, the more are hindrances removed from the progress of Christ's kingdom among men, and the more speedily will the redemption of the world be accomplished.

It follows, then, that prayer is at once a duty and a privilege for all. It is one of the legitimate spiritual weapons which men are to wield for the pulling down of sin's strongholds within, and for the upbuilding of the kingdom of righteousness without. It has been well said that prayer is not to be looked upon as a kind of spiritual luxury, or as a sweet, selfish exercise; but rather that souls are to present themselves before God to plead for certain definite, specific favors and mercies to meet certain definite wants and necessities, both in themselves and in others. Men are never to pray as a mere matter of form, but whenever real wants present themselves, then their requests should be made known unto God.

And as we value our soul's eternal happiness, the salvation of others, the extension of Christ's kingdom, the perpetuity and moral renovation of the world, the increase of power in the church, the fulfillment of God's decrees, the universal reign of righteousness, so we should pray; pray at all times and everywhere; pray whenever we feel a need, or a want; pray in public and in private; with our hearts, and with our lips. For, humanly-speaking, everything depends upon it. "We are laborers together with God." Christ intercedes in person before the throne; we intercede in his name on earth by prayer. The sick and sorrowing need our prayers; the tried and tempted need them; our fellow Christians need them; and the ungodly world needs them more than can be expressed. Yea, more and greater, in some high sense, God

in heaven needs them, that he may carry on and out his purposes of mercy toward the race.

"Traveler in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine has no leave to dwell;
Sailor on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!"

"With a God of peace above thee,
Canst thou languish or despair?
Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet,
Scale the walls of heaven with prayer.
'Tis the key of the apostle
That opens heaven from below;
'Tis the ladder of the patriarch
Whereon angels come and go!"

CHAPTER XII.

Conscience.

Oh, Conscience! thou tremendous power
Who dost inhabit us without our leave,
And art within ourselves another self,
A master-self; * * * * *
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds,
Make the past, present, and the future frown;
How, ever and anon, awake the soul
As with a peal of thunder to strange horrors
Through the long, restless dream of life?

Young.

He that has light within his own true breast,
May sit in the center and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under a mid-day sun;
Himself, his own dark dungeon.

Milton.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish.

Byron.

GOD has set up two tribunals before which all men are, or are to be, arraigned for trial and judgment; one is in the soul, and the other is in the Bible. One is the bar of conscience, and the other, the bar of absolute or revealed truth. One is temporary and uncertain, the other, final and unerring. One constitutes a kind of lower court to the other, and its decisions may be reversed in the higher, or they may be approved, according to the facts and circumstances of the case. There is greater ability and more

light and a clearer exposition of law always in the higher tribunal; but still, the decisions and the condemnation of the lower court are not thereby to be despised. For should a man be condemned in *both*, as he is very liable to be if the case at first goes against him, nothing but the mercy of God can help him.

Dropping the figure, however, and speaking plainly, the human conscience, which is referred to in the simile, is a faculty implanted within the sentient soul for the purpose of telling us when we do right and when we do wrong. Its function is that of a moral judge; it is, literally, the moral judiciary of the soul. It does not make moral laws, it only passes sentence according to the standard set up, and the laws already accepted. The work of making moral statutes, in all cases where they are not clearly revealed, belongs to the intellect and reason, and these statutes, so made and accepted, are handed over to the conscience which immediately proceeds to pass sentence in accordance with their provisions. The intellectual faculties in council, constitute that mental and moral legislature or law-making power in the soul which is always in session; and conscience is the heaven-appointed judge to pass sentence according to the laws there laid down.

Hence it follows that the decisions of conscience must always vary according to the light and knowledge possessed. If the intellect and reason are darkened by sin or prejudice or ignorance or malice, the moral standard set up by such a mind will necessarily be defective and vicious; but yet conscience will pass sentence of approval or condemnation in accordance therewith. If a person has never enjoyed the light of Christianity, has never read the Bible, has never received right instruction, the moral standard in such an one must be low; his ideas of right and wrong must be erroneous; and so necessarily the decisions of his conscience will be very liable to be wrong.

And this accounts for the wide variation which we find in the decisions of this faculty under different circumstances and among different kinds of people. We have all recognized this

variation or difference, and have often wondered at it, and wondered how it could be. The conscience of one man tells him that such a course of conduct, or such an act is right or wrong, and the conscience of another man will tell him just the contrary. The conscience of a Christian accuses him if he does not follow and obey Christ, the conscience of a heathen mother accuses her if she does not throw her babe into the Ganges to be eaten up by the crocodiles. And on account of this wide variation or difference in the decisions of this faculty, men have been so puzzled and perplexed as to say, "Conscience is no moral guide at all; it has no original, inherent power. It is simply the result of education; men can grow their consciences as they do their vegetables, by proper cultivation and training."

But the general confusion of thought upon this subject has arisen wholly for the want of a little clear-headed mental philosophy. Men have confounded the operations of the intellect with those of the moral faculty. Men have thought that conscience in itself was the law-making power within, instead of merely a judge to interpret the law already laid down. And none can ever understand this variation and difference in conscience until they remember that it never makes moral laws, has no inherent power to do so, but its function is simply to pass sentence according to the laws already established by a previous action of the other mental and moral faculties.

Hence the decisions of conscience will always serve as a tolerably correct index of a man's mental and moral state or standing. If the mind is a heathen mind, the conscience will be heathen also. If a man has perverted his advantages, has become hardened and reckless and throws away all moral laws and considerations as many do, then the conscience will also become hardened and seared as with a hot iron, as the Scriptures declare. If a person is filled with prejudice, superstition, or ignorance, the decisions of his conscience will reflect the same condition. If a person is weak or sickly in mind, conscience will indicate it like a thermometer. And, on the

other hand, if a person is enlightened and properly trained, and above all, if a person has received and enjoyed the light of God's Word and of the indwelling spirit of truth, then the voice of his conscience will be to him as the voice of God, and to violate it will be to commit a positive sin.

In all cases, conscience is not to be violated unless it is opposed to some *known higher law*, and then, of course, its decisions are worthless and can be thrown aside. The heathen who has received no higher moral light than the light within, and cannot get any other, must obey the decisions of his conscience whether right or wrong. There is no other course left open to him. He must obey something and follow some moral guide, and until he has the light of truth and the light of life, conscience is his highest moral teacher. But the moment his mind has access to greater light and will not receive or use it, the case is changed. From being innocent and blinded, he will become doubly guilty because he does not heed the voice he hears, and because he does not try to make that voice clearer and more authoritative.

Hence it can be asserted that the voice of conscience, *when not opposed to any known higher law*, (mark and weigh well this qualifying clause, for it constitutes the line between truth and error in this matter); we repeat it, the voice of conscience, when not opposed to any known higher law, is not to be disregarded except with peril. "For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart." In such a case, the decision of this judge within, will be very likely to prove only the echo of the decision of the Judge above. This lower court will simply anticipate the verdict of the Supreme Tribunal. There are few worse sins than to go on violating the law of right in the human soul from day to day!

But while all are bound to heed the warnings of conscience, and commit sin if they disregard them, this obligation is increased tenfold in the case of a Christian. An evil man's conscience may be wrong, or may be silent and feeble, but a true Christian is one who has been enlightened from above, and his conscience is, or ought to be, more tender, active and

correct, than that of a hardened or worldly minded man. And although such a conscience will not be always correct or all ways active, still it is more liable to be a hundred times over, especially if its possessor is daily living and walking with God.

As men recede from the written and revealed Word of God, or throw aside its teachings, the light of truth falls more and more dimly upon the mind, and the moral standard set up is proportionately weak or incorrect, until finally a point is reached where the mind has nothing but the feeble light of nature left, and even this is perverted and obscured by vicious habits, sinful indulgences, and wrong religious training; so that conscience can only sit and grope in the darkness, or act uncertainly and inconsistently according to the light it has.

There are few more horrible things to carry about with one than a *guilty* conscience. It is something that men cannot shake off or avoid. It follows them, it haunts them, it lies down with them at night. They have to face it in secret hours, meet it in the street, meet it everywhere. It is an invisible and omnipresent enemy. And how terribly it can sting the soul! It makes men afraid of themselves, afraid of God, afraid of death, afraid of everybody and everything. It is, in fact, an anticipation of the bitterness of hell.

"The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the scorpion girt by fire;
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly searched by thousand throes
And maddening in her ire,
One and sole relief she knows;
The sting she nourished for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain
She darts into her desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse has riven,
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!"

But conscience can be made an instrument of blessing as well as of torture. Says the Bible: "If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God;" confidence to come unto him as children come unto a parent for bread or for protection; confidence to ask him for mercies we need, for the pardon of our sins, and for greater light and love. Then have we confidence to come unto God in prayer for blessings upon others, and confidence to feel that our prayers will be heard and answered in God's own time and way; confidence to look up to him in filial gratitude and unpresumptuous trust.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Voice of Duty.

O Duty! daughter of the voice of God,
Thou art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou art also victory and law
When empty terrors overawe.

WORDSWORTH.

Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man.

MRS. HALE.

"Birds by being glad, their Maker bless;
By simply shining, sun and star;
And we whose law is love, serve less
By what we do, than what we are.
Since service is the highest lot
And angels know no higher bliss,
Then with what good his cup is fraught
Who was created but for this!"

THERE are times in every man's life when he is compelled to choose between two courses of conduct. Beckoning to him from one path he sees selfish inclination and a prudent regard for worldly good; and from the other he hears the words, "Ye ought to obey God." Peter and John were in just such a predicament when arrested at one time and commanded not to preach or teach in the name of Jesus Christ. But they said first to themselves and then to the magistrates, "We ought to obey God." This word *ought* embodied to their minds the law of conscience, the law of duty, and the law of right; and the authority of these three

combined was greater and higher than the authority of the Jewish Sanhedrim, or of self-interest and worldly prudence combined. Hence it is to be inferred that the voice of duty is the voice of God. The very word signifies that which we owe to God. Our duty is made up of our *dues;* that which we owe, and are under solemn obligation to perform. The idea of duty within us comes from the idea of right. It is an original instinct of our moral nature; a sentiment divinely implanted for moral purposes. As God made man in his own image and likeness, so he incorporated into the very texture of his moral constitution, a distinction between right and wrong; and as before said, the idea of duty is the correlative of the idea of right. If we see anything to be right, then we have a duty to perform in regard to it; and the duty is just as real and sacred as the nature and existence of the right itself. It is right to speak the truth; hence men are under obligation to speak it, and to speak it at all times. It is right to be honest, hence it is the duty of men to be honest; and so on through all the list of moral commandments. Everything that God says is right, hence men are under obligation to heed and carry out whatever he enjoins.

The foundation, therefore, of human duty is two-fold. First, the idea of duty flows from the idea of right, and the idea of right is implanted within the soul by virtue of its godlike nature and capacities. In other words, God put the idea of right into us when he created us in his own image; and once in posession of the idea of right, the idea of duty or of moral obligation inevitably follows.

If now we wish to go one step deeper and inquire, what constitutes right, we shall find that three things enter into it. Everything is right which is in accordance with the will and nature of God; this is one element. All morality and all right and all duty come ultimately from the All-perfect and immutable One who lives and reigns above. No God, no morality, no right, no religion, no anything in fact. God's nature, as revealed to us in his word and works, is the source of both the substance and the idea of goodness, truth and

purity. We refer everything in the last analysis back to God. What an argument this for the reality of his existence, as well as for the truthfulness of the Bible records concerning him and ourselves! Human nature, depraved as it is, is not able to throw God out of its thought. What an evidence this that we are His offspring and the work of his hands. For if we did not come from God, and were not made in his image, as the Scriptures declare, how is it that in all our thinking God is an ever-present factor? How is it that in the last analysis our thought runs right back to Him as inevitably and spontaneously as the needle turns towards the pole? Why is it and how is it that when we have reached the conception of God as eternal, immutable, all-wise and all-perfect, our thought naturally comes to a halt, and rests itself there contentedly and securely? If no God existed, and we were not made in his image, would all this be so? Every mind utters a spontaneous No. Hence we say, right is made up of all that grounds itself in the nature of God. Whatever he says or does, is, and must be, eternally and immutably right; and whatever he forbids is wrong. And with our moral natures as they are, this cannot be otherwise and will never be changed.

Again, that is right which is in accordance with the truest and best interests of the world as a whole. Every man has in his mind a moral scheme according to which he knows or believes the world must move, if it moves harmoniously and prosperously; and all that falls in with this scheme in his mind he calls right; while that which opposes it he calls wrong. This moral scheme or plan in his mind comes there partly by original endowment, as all moral ideas come, and partly by his reading and reflection and education. The study of the Bible and the knowledge of God's character derived therefrom, especially have much to do with its formation and clearness. In every devout and well-balanced mind this scheme is a kind of transcript of God's plan.

Hence we are led to say that all things are right which contribute to the highest and truest and best interests of the world together; while everything is wrong which disorganizes,

undermines, upsets, or overthrows that which should exist; everything which takes the world away from God and God's plan. There are certain rules and regulations in society which every one pronounces right, because every one knows unless these rules and regulations exist and are carried out, society cannot exist. And the same is true of civil government. Consequently, all minds lay it down as one of their fundamental tenets that every practice, habit and custom of the world which injures its own highest and best welfare is wrong; while all that contributes thereto or enhances that welfare is right.

Further: that is also right which contributes to the highest and best welfare of each individual being, composing the world. All men have a moral scheme of their own lives. They have an idea of that which is for their best good; they also know what will injure them materially. They know how they should live and act with reference to all the varied objects and interests which surround them. They know that a departure from a certain course will be wrong, because it will destroy or break down the true order of life which they believe that God has established. And their idea of right and duty has reference more or less to this moral scheme in their minds. They feel under obligations to conform to this plan of God concerning them. They know it to be wrong to do or say anything which will injure the highest and best good of their souls.

Here, then, is the threefold source of our idea of right. That is right which God commands; that is right which contributes to the highest and best good of our fellow-beings about us; and that which contributes to our own best and highest good. Now, if man was an unfallen being all would go along smoothly. His idea of right and of duty would be identical; there would be no conflicting interests to come in between duty and its fulfillment. The moment anything right was presented to the mind, there would be a spontaneous movement of soul in the direction indicated. But as it is, both right and duty have to fight for their lives and contend stoutly for every inch of ground they occupy. The conflicting interests are so

numerous and powerful that right and duty are often pushed aside or compelled to stay in the background. And hence arises a great moral and religious conflict which is going on in every human heart all over the world, between what it *ought* to do, and what it would *like* to do, between duty on one hand, and inclination or pleasure on the other.

For example: here is an act which we feel and know that we ought to perform. Conscience urges it and reason approves of it. We ought to do it, because it is our duty to do it, and it is our duty because the act in itself is a right act; one which God enjoins and which is in harmony with the truest interests of self, and the world in which we live. On the contrary, here is another act which we ought *not* to perform. It is a wrong act. And why wrong? Either because God has forbidden it, or because it is injurious in itself, both to self and the world around. Thus these words, "ought" and "ought not," stand as representatives of the combined voice of God, conscience, divine right, and human duty. When we feel and know that we ought to do this or that, the "ought" here is not only the voice of duty to us, but also the voice of God. Said Peter and John to the magistrates, "We *ought* to obey God rather than men." Why? Because it was their duty to do so. And why their duty? Because it was right. And why right? Because God had commanded it and because such a course would contribute to the best welfare of their own souls, and the world around.

It is quite common among the careless and thoughtless to pay little or no attention to the dictates of conscience in this respect. It is quite common to hear persons say with a laugh, "Yes, I suppose I ought to do thus and so, but then, we ought to do a great many things that we do not do, so that isn't of much consequence." But if duty is not of much consequence, then God is not of much consequence; for whenever we feel the *ought* pressing upon the mind and heart, we feel the pressure of God's truth, to disobey which is to die. Whenever we hear the *ought* speaking in tones of persuasion or admonition or warning, we hear the voice of duty and of God speaking.

To disobey the *ought* is to disobey God, and thus commit sin and wrong ourselves.

The number of influences opposing this sentiment of duty in the mind and heart, are manifold and some of them are quite powerful. Let us take the case of Peter and John as a sample, and compare our condition with theirs. In their case the first thing opposing the idea of duty was the command of the civil authority. The Sanhedrim was the highest Jewish tribunal, and it had commanded them under pain of severe penalties not to teach or preach in Jesus' name. This opposition of the civil authority without, would naturally awake within them the idea of self-preservation, personal safety, and worldly prudence. Should they heed these, or obey duty? They decided without much debate that they would cling to duty, and let their personal safety take care of itself; and so they said to themselves and to the magistrates, "We ought to obey God," and we are determined to do it, irrespective of personal consequences. In this land and at this day we have no civil authority to confront the voice of duty, but we have that which perhaps is worse, viz:—an irreligious public sentiment. On the whole, we think it would be easier to defy and break through a positive civil enactment, than this negative, indefinite, yet all-powerful public feeling or opinion against the commands of God. And so it comes to the same issue after all; we have the voice of God on one side and the voice of men on the other, and are called upon to decide which we will heed and obey. The contest here is between *duty* and *inclination*, between what we ought to do, and what we would like to do.

The disciples had to break away from the mass and follow their individual convictions of right and duty; and in so doing they had to be singular, and to take a position in advance of those about them. They had to stand where they could feel no help from earthly friends or associates. And so it is now, and so it will be forevermore. When the dictates of God and the dictates of an unbelieving world come into collision; when right and duty are on one side, and custom and prevail-

ing public sentiment on the other, then no one is a Christian or can be a Christian, until, like Peter and John, he says "I *ought* to obey God, rather than men," and I am determined to do it, irrespective of personal consequences.

Again, in the case of Peter and John, there were all of the *selfish* influences opposing the ought, such as love of ease, love of pleasure, desire for personal advancement, etc. They might have said, "Now, if we keep on, we shall hurt ourselves more than any one else; we shall bring ourselves into reproach and contempt; we shall destroy our own comfort and happiness; in short, we shall make ourselves miserable and wretched in every way. Besides, we shall be pointed out as disturbers of the public peace, and we shall incur the displeasure of those who are good, honorable, upright, and law-abiding citizens. They might have weighed all these matters in their minds, but whether they did or not, the law of conscience, the law of duty and the law of God triumphed, and they said, "We ought to obey God" and therefore we *will* obey him.

The same or a similar contest between duty and self-interest goes on in each soul not entirely given over to hardness and blindness. And what a struggle it is at times! There is the love of ease, the love of sinful pleasure, the desire for personal advancement, the craving of ambition and lust, all pulling one way, and on the other side, there is this all-powerful sentiment of duty; there is the feeling of the "ought" and the "ought not;" there is the voice of conscience, and of right, and of God; and what a battle there is in the breast over these great moral issues and questions relating to personal choice and conduct! Sometimes indeed it seems the heart would be rent asunder by the fierceness of the shock; but in every Christian soul the *ought*, the sentiment of duty, finally conquers. No person is a Christian, or can be one, until selfishness in all forms gives way before the voice of duty (which is the voice of God), whenever the two come into collision. That which is agreeable is not always the most useful, and that which is pleasant is not always the best. Present enjoyment

must always be sacrificed when it stands in the way of higher and more lasting good.

Suppose Peter and John had heeded the voice of self-interest instead of the voice of duty, how disastrous would have been the result! They would have lost all that they tried to gain; ease, pleasure, personal honor and all; while, as it was, never thinking of self-interest, or at least not heeding it, being willing to give themselves up entirely to the guidance of duty, they gained all the happiness and honor which they did not seek. And hence the truth of the Saviour's words, "He that seeks to save his life shall lose it, but he that is willing to lose his life for my sake the same shall find it."

This sentiment of duty, this feeling and knowledge expressed by the word *ought*, is designed of God to be the great REGULATOR of every Christian life. It is easy enough to obey God's commandments when the soul is full of warm, strong feeling; when the tide of love is high; but these seasons are short and inconstant, and when it is ebb-tide in the soul, there must be some great *principle* to govern life; and this regulating principle is the voice of duty, which is the voice of God. Does the question ever arise, why should we obey God? Let the sufficient answer be, because we *ought* to. Do not try to add any other inducement to that simple voice of duty, the feeling of the *ought* in your heart and mind. Bring yourselves to this standard, and your life will cease to be fitful and uncertain, now up, now down, now one thing, now another; but as the sentiment is duty is constant, so your action will be the same.

Why should we pray? Because we ought to, and that is enough. Why should we labor for souls? Because we ought to. Why should we live a correct and consistent Christian life? Because we ought to. This is our duty. Why should we give money to God's cause? Because we ought to. Why should we refrain from all sinful and vicious habits? Because we ought to. Why should we discountenance all wrong? Because we ought to; wrong is injurious. Why should we

love and serve God? Because we ought to. It is God's command and hence right.

And so all through the Christian life. This sentiment of duty, this feeling of the *ought*, must govern and control us in all that we do and say for God and human welfare. To let self-interest govern us, is to let the idea of pleasure govern us; to let worldly prudence govern us, to let the fear of man, the love of praise, the love of ease, the dictates of wicked authority govern us, is to give ourselves over to serve the devil. But to ask simply, "What is right? What does God command? What is duty?" and then to do it courageously and humbly, is to be a Christian.

CHAPTER XIV.

Time and Eternity.

"Dropping down the troubled river,
To the tranquil, tranquil shore;
Dropping down the misty river,
Time's willow-shaded river,
To the spring-embosomed shore;
Where the sweet light shineth ever,
And the sun goes down no more.

Dropping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea;
Dropping down the narrow river
To the blue and ample sea,
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
And the sky is fair and free."

"Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the Home of homes!"

NOTHING is truer in the world of fact than this: time, left to itself, inevitably runs to waste; and when once gone, the soul has no bugle-call with which to summon back the years that have flown, like birds, away. Hence the control of time is a prize, because it incloses such vast possibilities of achievement. A day or a month or a year, seems an ordinary thing, viewed superficially; but who can estimate the results which may flow therefrom? All that makes life pleasant or profitable, all that confers distinction and renown,—wealth, fame, happiness, love, beauty, virtue

goodness,—hang pendent, like golden fruit, from the boughs of this tree of Time. To the scholar, it can bring that knowledge which is power; to the business-man, fame, and to the maiden the rewards of love and home. Every moment, therefore, as it flies, goes freighted with incalculable value. What the air is to birds, or the sea to fishes, that to the soul is Time. Time builds all our cities, constructs our highways of travel and transportation, and develops the resources of our fields and forests. Time builds up our benevolent institutions and carries forward all ameliorating and industrial enterprises. Time establishes kingdoms and overthrows monarchies and empires. It develops the resources of human life and character, making the mind an instrument of untold power in the management of the world; enabling it to forge thoughts of such power that, when fitly expressed, they become like the calls of a trumpet in the ears of mankind; enabling it to set in motion agencies and movements which affect the destiny of generations and nations. In a word, Time constitutes the foundation-soil out of which the plant of achievement springs, and on which it displays all its beauty and fruitage.

But, added to these material and mental possibilities inclosed in the germ of Time, there are also possibilities of spiritual culture and improvement. In time, we can establish a connection with heaven, and can form friendships with the pure and good, below and above; can partly at least overcome the power and dominion of sin in the soul; can link our life and destiny with Jesus Christ, the world's Creator and Redeemer; can become the recipient of angelic ministrations, and make ourselves an heir of God to an inheritance beyond the skies.

More than this, the rising sun of every morning gives us all a fresh start in life. Our mental and bodily powers are recuperated and re-invigorated. Waking from unconscious sleep, is waking up to new possibilities of achievement and conquest. All the avenues of industry open up afresh each new day, and present new and added features of interest, and greater opportunities for success. The beauties and glories

of the outer world, the genial light, the varying landscape, the majestic forests and rolling rivers, hill and dale, mountain and lake, cloud and sky, are all given us to use or enjoy each new day. Knowledge and acquirement become more and more vast each day. Experience has broadened and deepened, so that the mistakes of yesterday can be avoided or counteracted by the enlarged wisdom which we bring to the work of the morrow.

Time also possesses great value from the fact of its intimate relation to Eternity. It is not enough to say that Time is the prelude to Eternity, because it is more than this; it not only goes before, but also determines the character of the hereafter. For Eternity will take us up just where, and just as Time leaves us. If there were no hereafter, if this life and this world were all we had, then this succession of years would not be a matter of particular notice. Time would only be valuable to us for what it brought from day to day. But this is not the case. It is not only true that Eternity is an ocean and Time a rill running into it, but the rill preserves its individuality even when joined with the ocean. This rill is not lost and absorbed in the sea, but maintains its own character forever. Better is it to say that Eternity is a temple and Time the ante-room to it, because there can be no change of garments when once ushered within. Time and Eternity lie like two contiguous apartments, side by side, with but a thin veil or partition between. The actions in one are initiatory and determinative of those in the other. In one we strike the opening notes of an anthem that is not only to be ceaselessly prolonged, but prolonged in the same joyful or joyless strain in which it is commenced.

A stone cast into the midst of a pond or lake produces immediately around it a little circling wave; this gives rise to a second, larger and wider than the first, and the second produces a third, and the third a fourth, each larger and wider than the preceding one, until the influence of the first wave is felt to the uttermost shores. So it is with our words and deeds in Time; they reach out in ever-widening circles until

their influence is felt upon our lives and characters forever.

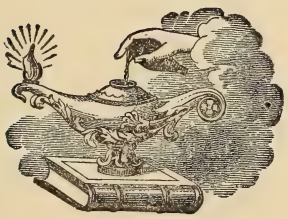
Previous to the building of Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, the materials were all prepared at a distance from the site to be occupied. Some were prepared in the forests of Lebanon, other materials in other places, and when completed they were brought to Jerusalem and set up. Can we not see, if there had been defects in the preparation of the materials, those defects would have appeared and remained in the temple as finally erected? Even so it will be with each man's temple of character. In time, we are working out the materials to be transported to eternity and there set up as the habitation of our souls forever. And whether the building is to be marred and imperfect, or whether it shall be to us a mansion of glory and beauty, depends upon the manner and completeness of the preparations here.

Time not only merges into Eternity, but colors it; and whether the tints are to be golden and bright, or sombre and dark, will depend upon how we use the brush and hues below. Time also molds, as well as colors; for as is the pattern here, so will the materials be fashioned there. Time cuts the gar ments of Eternity; and whether our covering shall be a robe of righteousness or of sin, depends upon the improvement of these passing years.

Now to redeem time from the control of evil will cost a large amount of resolute determination and earnest endeavor. All virtues and all blessings have their price; and if one desires to make these his own, he must pay the price of them. Nothing that we most need in life ever comes to us of itself; it must always be redeemed or bought up by paying something for it. If the scholar desires knowledge, he must pay for it, and frequently it costs him not only the sacrifice of ease and pleasure, not only days and nights of toil, but even his health and strength. If the business man desires wealth, he must pay the price of it; and frequently that price is the loss of honor and character, to say nothing of harassing care and devouring anxiety. If the woman desires to be a leader of fashionable society, she must pay the price and penalty of

the position; and frequently the price is worth more than the object gained, for she not only has to surrender all sweet contentment and inward peace, but also her moral welfare. And so it is with the redeeming or buying up of Time; it costs something to get it out of the hands and control of evil.

The on-rolling stream of Time must be served as we serve any other stream that we desire to utilize for human welfare; it must be turned out of its naturally wild and often useless channel, and made to flow into another one where it will turn wheels and propel machinery. And when both water-power and time-power are thus forced out of their natural course into a useful one, they are said to be redeemed. The element of Time is like all other elements, fire or water for example, a good and indispensable servant, but a bad master. If Time controls us, it will surely drift us downwards to endless misery; but, controlling it, we can yoke it as a winged steed to the car of resolute thought and holy effort, and compel it to bear us safely and honorably through life, and then set us down triumphantly at Heaven's pearly gates.



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